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JOHN NELSON GOLTRA, M. D.

Foundation Stones of Success

Edwin Markham, Editor-in-Chief

VOLUME IV

Health and Strength

By

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Introduction

This volume undertakes by means of stories of the games and sports of childhood and youth to teach the great lessons of life which boys and girls must learn before they can be strong in character and successful in life. No better form of instruction can be found than by bringing out the big factors in character-building by means of the right kind of athletic stories.

The sports and games of childhood and youth are now generally regarded as a normal, healthy and effective agency for the development of character, for in them there is constant recurrence of decision upon moral actions. Here also definite standards are set and recognized for judging the right or wrong of an action and with a constituent body of public opinion to aid by moral pressure in the enforcement of the right action.

The standards of right and wrong are definitely set in athletic games, and there is a constant moral pressure behind the youth to be honest and play fair. Nowhere else do we find the chances for the development of courage and nerve in the best sense of the terms as in the sports of youth, where the stimulus of not showing the "yellow," of not being a quitter, is constant and pressing at all times. Nowhere else do we find the development of will and determination more constant and successful than on the athletic field, where the youth learns to fight hard in the best sense of the term. Nowhere else do we find the discipline of subserviency of self in team-play, of self-sacrifice for the sake of the team, of the discipline of self by a personal regimen of diet and training to get the greatest individual results, as in the athletic sports of later youth.

Nothing appeals to the youth more than stories of the feats of athletic heroes in contest. Just as deeds of dar-

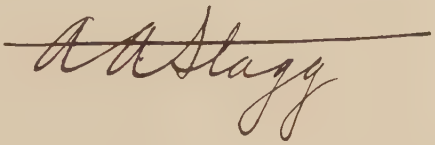
ing in actual warfare thrill and inspire the imagination of boys and girls, so do the stories of wonderful achievements or brilliant accomplishment in athletics take hold of the imagination. Therefore any book which tells of brilliant plays, of exhibitions of courage and daring, of unusual acts of quick perception and head work, especially appeals to the youthful mind.

If these achievements also carry with them exhibitions of the overcoming of handicaps, fighting against odds, unusual expressions of will power, rising to an emergency, successful combating of a critical situation—making the tackle which saves the game, hitting out the base hit which brings in the winning run, striking out the batter when the game depends upon so doing, putting the last ounce of strength into the lunge for the tape, fighting off your competitor in the last desperate dash in the distance run, clearing the bar on the last jump, tossing the final free throw when the game turns on it, kicking the goal which decides the game after the touchdown—then the effect of the narration is all the more powerful and lasting, and carries with it moral values which have a strong influence upon the youthful mind. In fact, next to actually participating in the contests themselves and getting the moral value out of playing the same, no better form of moral instruction can be had.

Narratives of this sort have vastly greater pedagogical value than any abstract teaching could possibly present, because as the youth is carried along with the narrative and his imagination is fired with the story, his hero becomes a real part of his life for the time being, and he assumes to himself the feelings and motives which are developed by the actor in the story.

A further value to be gained from stories of this kind is the stimulation of the reader to participation in games and sports and the encouragement to practice the same sort of inhibitions and exhibitions which were developed in the story. Any stimulus which can be given to the

youth to indulge in athletic sports and thereby secure the physical, mental, and moral values out of them, is worthy of all commendation, and this book more than justifies its publication from that standpoint.



Preface

This is an age when much is being said and written concerning the influence of environment on the shaping of character. The words "heredity" and "environment" are familiar to every reader of educational themes; and, while each group of elements expressed by these terms is receiving its due share of attention by students of child life, there seems to be a growing tendency to lay particular stress upon environment.

To the eminently practical minds of the great majority of fathers, mothers and teachers, summer vacations and public playgrounds make a stronger appeal than do the principles of eugenics. It is, in a sense, true that the training of a child should begin with the selection of its grandparents. But it is also true, in a larger sense, that no amount of consideration as to ancestry can insure a useful and successful maturity for the child unless we also recognize the tremendous influence of environment. Perhaps one-half of the foundations of destiny are laid in the training of the plastic mind and body of the child.

The basis of success in life is character. Character is established by growth, and growth proceeds through expression. And so it is that parents and educators to-day, more than ever before, are realizing the all-inclusive and far-reaching significance of play as a factor in the development of the child. To stimulate and direct the play of the child so that he may gain therefrom the necessary physical, mental and moral strength to start him on the business of living a successful life—this is the problem of his elders. It is with some such thought in mind that this volume has been prepared.

Since the building of character is a process depending upon the activities of the child himself, the book is ad-

dressed to the child; and, since the child can be reached only through the medium of interest on his part, it has been written in the form of stories, each story being complete in itself, yet at the same time forming a part of a whole. Thus, through his interest in the story the child drifts into the way of larger interests, and by it may be led to pursue his play along lines which are conducive to strength of character. Moral lessons have been inculcated without, it is hoped, causing them to fail of their purpose by being too obtrusively didactic. Aside from the broader aim of making the volume all that it should be as a general aid in character-building, special consideration has been given to those things that may be regarded as fundamental to physical health and strength.

This volume is first of all a book of the out-of-doors. It is from Nature herself that the most impressive lessons are learned; and an understanding love of the trees, the flowers, the birds, the stars, and all of God's visible creation is an element of true greatness of character. Certain chapters, notably IV, XVIII and XXI, place particular emphasis upon the importance of an acquaintance with Nature.

Good health is a prime essential to a successful life; and as health depends largely upon hygienic habits of living, Chapters II, III, V, VIII and IX are concerned with matters of sleep, diet, habits of eating and drinking, the value of fresh air, hints about bathing, problems of sanitation, etc. Other chapters, particularly X and XII, lay special stress upon the value of outdoor exercise. Sports, like swimming, wrestling, skating, etc., are taken up in Chapters I, VII, XV and XVI. In more than one story, as in Chapter VI, the element of courage, whether physical or moral, is emphasized. Chapters XI, XIII, XIV, XVII, XIX, and XX contain instructions for playing certain outdoor games; and, in addition to these, directions for a number of other games are included in an Appendix to the work.

In short, the aim throughout has been to place before the juvenile reader, in a manner attractive to him, certain facts, principles of conduct, and fruitful suggestions, which may be regarded as foundation stones to success. Health and Strength, both physical and spiritual—these are the great corner stones.

J. N. G.

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CHAPTER I

THE WINNING OF HENDERSON'S FIELD

IT WAS plain that a question of no small import was about to be decided. There was much talking and gesticulating, affirmations, contradictions, reiterations and denials rising in quick succession above the general disorder. Apparently, the entire juvenile masculine element of Weston was divided against itself, and its individual members in imminent danger of falling one by one.

Which Ward?

"We ought to have the say about it, by rights," young Spencer was heard to assert, "because the field's in our ward."

"In your ward? Who said so?" demanded one of his hearers. "Didn't Mr. Henderson say it would give us boys a chance to get outside of the corporation so that we could have all the fun we wanted without disturbing anyone else? It isn't in any ward—it's neutral ground, I tell you."

"Well, by rights, it belongs to our ward," young Spencer insisted, "it's closest to the West Side school." Spencer was a stickler for "rights."

What Would Mr. Henderson Say?

"What does the school have to do with it? You ought to be glad that Mr. Henderson bought it and is giving us a chance, instead of standing around chewing the rag over who is going to be boss of it. What would he say if he could see how you fellows are acting—that's what I'd like to know!" This came from little Harold Long, hitherto an onlooker and not a "rag-chewer."

"Well, what would he say?" Spencer asked in reply. "I'm thinking he would say just what he said to us when we asked him which ward could have it. He told us to

fight it out among ourselves—just like that, he said it, 'Aw, fight it out among yourselves,' didn't he, Karl?'' Young Spencer gave a fairly accurate imitation of Mr. Henderson's careless drawl.

The Donor of the Playground

The fact is, the donor of the new playground had been a little careless in his use of words, though not at all careless in his intentions. Mr. Henderson was a very kindly old gentleman, very wealthy, and very graciously disposed to see the boys and girls of Weston rejoicing in what they chose to call a ''good time.'' The Hendersons lived in a huge, gray stone house set back among the trees on a little hill not far from the West Side schoolhouse. Mrs. Henderson was a rather unimportant little old lady, seldom seen by anyone save when she rode out with her husband and sat meekly in the dark interior of the car wrapped in a big and somewhat antiquated fur cloak. She seemed to bear about the same relation to her husband that the dollar mark bears to the figure that follows it: she was something with him, but nothing without him. There were no Henderson children; there were only the Henderson dog and the Henderson pony. Mr. Henderson, as has been intimated, was kind—too kind, in fact, if kindness can become a fault. He was kind to the boys and girls of Weston, kind to the servants, kind to the dog and the pony, kind to philanthropists who pestered him for money, kind to beggars and tramps, and it was even said that he once entertained a burglar until morning because he was too kind to call the police.

''Fight It Out Among Yourselves!''

It had been a source of great pleasure to Mr. Henderson to be able to purchase this field, and to present it to the boys and girls of Weston who had long coveted the opportunity of making a playground of it. He had not felt inclined, however, to expose himself to the possible displeasure of either ward by tacking on any provision as to proprietorship. To that question he had replied with his characteristic, kindly smile and a whimsical suggestion to the boys that they settle the matter to suit

themselves. Karl was obliged to admit that Mr. Henderson's indifference had been extraordinary—he had actually said those very words, "Fight it out among yourselves."

"Well, then let's fight it out," someone suggested. "Let's do as Mr. Henderson said."

"How? Fist fight?" asked Harold, nervously, averse to any such means of settlement but anxious to have the matter decided.

"Fist fight!" sneered Spencer in his bullying way. "Do you think that you little shrimps would stand any show against us other fellows?" Spencer swelled himself up and swaggered out in front of Harold and his comrades. "I tell you, size is what counts! The field belongs, by rights, to the strongest!"

Decision by Fist Fight

"Size doesn't always count," Harold retorted, feeling himself growing a little indignant, "and being strong isn't always having big muscles and showing them off. Using your head counts as much as using your hands—sometimes more."

"We're talking about fighting—what do you mean, using your head? Fighting like a sheep?"

Loud guffaws from Spencer's comrades reminded him that he had certainly not been using his head, and he hastened to reinstate himself by attacking Harold on another point.

"Oh, you're one of these fellows that thinks that nobody amounts to anything if he hasn't got what you call a 'clean body' and a 'clear mind'—eh? Isn't that right? You're that kind, I suppose," taunted Spencer. "I suppose you'll be telling me to stop smoking, won't you? I've no patience with such namby-pamby stuff—there's not a bit of truth in it!"

Size vs. a Clean Body and a Clear Mind

"Who has been getting the highest marks in school?" Harold began, "and what did Miss McAllister say about—"

But Spencer, not caring for any invidious compari-

sons on this score, interrupted Harold. "Well, let's fight this out now, if you want to, and see if all this dope about being clean-bodied and clear-minded and all that has anything to do with it. I tell you I'm just as good a fighter as anybody!" Spencer emphasized this remark by strutting up full height to Harold.

Spencer's Challenge

Harold's ire was roused. "We will see," he fired back, undaunted, "and we'll show you that it isn't all in size—not even in fighting—brains count—"

"Boys! Boys!" interposed Karl. "I am positive Mr. Henderson never even thought of a fist fight—what is all this getting you? Nothing!"

Then arose a discussion of another kind concerning the proper interpretation of the word "fight" as used by Mr. Henderson. Had that worthy old gentleman foreseen the consequences of his indifferent and whimsical remark he surely would have been more explicit in the wording of it. All were agreed in that the matter must be fought out, but there was a disagreement—a woful disagreement, so it seemed—as to how it should be "fought." At last young Spencer appealed to Harry Creighton, in whose big soft brown eyes he thought he saw a solution of the difficulty.

Now, Harry Creighton had thus far refrained from expressing any very definite opinion one way or another, and he had good reason for so refraining. In the first place, he found himself in an anomalous position: he was neither a member of the gang nor an outsider. His parents had but recently moved to Weston, occupying a house just outside of the corporation line not far from the disputed territory. Harry had not identified himself with the boys of Weston—on account of a certain timidity, perhaps. Comradeship, to Harry's way of thinking, was largely a matter of school association; and school was out for the summer. On the other hand, the boys of Weston looked upon Harry with a kind of awe, welcoming rather than seeking his companionship, probably be-

Appealing to Harry

cause it seemed to them that a boy so unusually attractive in manner and person must be a superior kind of fellow. Now, however, Harry felt himself called upon not only to give his interpretation of the word "fight" as Mr. Henderson had used it, but to align himself definitely either with Spencer and his comrades or with Harold and Harold's comrades. Which would it be? He liked all the boys, though he felt that Harold was, as he would term it, "a little more his style." Then, too, he resented Spencer's insolent manner toward Harold, and admired Harold's bantam courage. So Harry stood for some time, apparently in great perplexity of thought.

Harry's Perplexity

"Well, what do you think Henderson meant?" Spencer demanded again.

"I think," Harry began, aiming to show his dislike for Spencer's disrespectful way of referring to Mr. Henderson, "that Mr. Henderson meant for us to settle it in any way that we might choose when he said 'fight it out.' But he didn't mean a fist fight, he meant—"

Here Harry was interrupted by a clamor from certain of Spencer's followers for a settlement by means of a fight—a "regular fight"—and he saw that it would be useless for him to try to speak above this clamor. After it had ceased Harry attempted to continue. But he was again interrupted, this time by Spencer.

"Say," began the latter, by way of calling attention to the fact that he wished to do the talking himself, "remember the time we had an Indian fight over in the woods along the creek? That's the thing! We'll have an Indian fight!"

An Indian Fight Proposed

An expectant hush followed in which each boy pictured to himself the advantages and the disadvantages of this method of warfare. Harold had a recollection of foul play on the part of Spencer and his comrades during the particular escapade to which Spencer had alluded, and the longer he considered the desirability of this method of settling the matter the more vivid grew his extravagant

visions of scalpless heads and dripping tomahawks, figuratively speaking; yet it seemed useless to protest, since there must needs be war of some sort, and Spencer seemed to be the leading spirit of the day.

"Every fellow come armed and we can fight it out on this field this very afternoon," said Spencer, adding, with a curl of his lip toward Harold, "and we'll see if it's this 'clean and clear' stuff or size that counts!"

Harry did some quick thinking. Plainly, it would never do to let Spencer have his way. A glance at Harold's countenance told him this. Spencer was a bully and disposed to resent anything in the way of opposition to his scheme, yet he must somehow be turned from his intention of settling the matter in an unfair manner. Harry felt that here was his chance to establish his own standing with the boys. If he could adjust things satisfactorily to please both parties he would accomplish much, but if he could do it within the next few minutes he would accomplish more. Spencer's mention of an Indian fight suggested a plan.

Harry Decides

"Boys," he said, knowing that he must appear for the time to agree with Spencer, "I'm going to tell you how we used to make bows and arrows where I went to school in the country. We had such fine ones that we even went hunting sometimes with them. Indians used to fight with bows and arrows, you know, but they didn't fight with just the kind that we had."

"What kind did you have?" questioned Spencer, seeing that Harry was disposed to wait for permission to begin. Spencer was inclined to speak as one who waits for an unimportant and irrelevant detail to be gotten out of the way before a discussion of the real issue is to begin.

Speaking of Bows and Arrows

"Oh, ones that we made ourselves," Harry replied, with the air of one who intrudes.

"How? How did you make them?" questioned someone with growing curiosity. "Tell us."

"Well, you see we had contests to see which fellow

was the best shot with the bow and arrow, and our bows and arrows were made for that. But if you want me to, I can tell you about the way we made them."

"Sure—go ahead and tell us."

"I'll tell you about the wood for bows first," Harry began. "We made ours of apple wood sometimes—and sometimes of sassafras. Sassafras is much better if you can get it, but sometimes a fellow has to use what he has, and not what he would like to use. The best wood—I mean the best wood in this country—for bows is mulberry. Black locust is good, too, but not as good as sassafras. A fellow, if he is going to make a real bow, ought to have a stick of wood from four to six feet long and about three inches in width and thickness. Then, when the piece of wood has been shaved down until it is circular and about two inches in diameter it should be laid away to dry. Of course if you have seasoned wood in the beginning this is not so important. Then, to finish the bow, you first find the exact centre of the piece of wood and measure off five inches for the handle—you lay this off in the direction of what is to be the lower end of the bow. When the place for the handle is marked, you taper the bow toward the ends, dressing it down until you find it to be of the stiffness and power you want. But one side you should leave flat—the side that is to be the back. That must be left flat and even with the grain. If you want your bow to be a fine one you should smooth it with sandpaper until it is as smooth as glass. A piece of plush glued to the bow makes the finest handle, though a fellow can use something else if he wants to. For the ends, if you want a very fine bow, you ought to use horn—I mean the ends of cows' horns, turned and bored out to fit the ends. I have a bow that I'll bring sometime and show you. Father helped me make it, and it's a dandy. It has horn ends."

Choosing the Wood for a Bow

How to Make a Bow

"How long is it?" asked someone.

"It's five feet from tip to tip. The regulation size is

six feet. Mine has a weight of twenty pounds, though fifty pounds is the usual weight, Father says, for a big bow."

"Twenty pounds? Is it that heavy?" exclaimed Harold, wondering how such a bow could ever be handled.

"Oh, no," Harry laughed. "You don't understand. I don't mean that it would weigh twenty pounds if put on a pair of scales. I mean that when I draw the bow with a spring scale and note the number of pounds when the string is drawn ready to let the arrow fly, that the scale registers twenty pounds. Do you see?"

Measuring the Power of the Bow

"Oh, yes—a good way to measure, too."

"Of course you can't always tell the real power of a bow by this, because some kinds of wood will spring back more quickly than others, and a good deal depends upon the elasticity of the recoil."

"The what!"

"The elasticity of the recoil—that is what Father says. He means the springiness in the wood. Black walnut and slippery elm make good bows, too, and sometimes hickory, but mulberry and sassafras are the best. A fellow can spoil a good bow by not taking good care of it. It should never be allowed to get damp. It is a good plan to rub the bow with linseed oil and beeswax once in a while."

Some of the boys expressed surprise that a bow should require such careful selection of wood, such painstaking manufacture, and such particular care. One or two expressed a growing desire to have bows of their own. Harry noted this and was pleased.

"Now I must tell you about the bowstring. Of course you can buy bowstrings—and bows, too, for that matter—ready made, but it is great fun to make them. The best material for a bowstring is hemp. Next to hemp comes flax. The string is slack-twisted and not doubled, and is waxed. I used shoemakers' threads to make my bowstring. In the centre of the string, where it is liable to be worn by the arrow and the fingers, it is a good

The Bowstring

plan to have it wrapped with silk thread and thoroughly waxed with beeswax. The ends of the string, where the loops are to hold it to the bow, should be thicker than the centre. At the lower end of the bow the string is permanently fastened, but at the upper end it can be slipped out of the notch when the bow is not in use."

"And what kind of arrows do you have?" asked Spencer, showing for the first time an interest in Harry's description of his bow.

"Well, the best wood for arrows is hickory. Next to that comes ash and elm, though pine is good. An arrow must be perfectly straight, and mine are about two feet long and a little more than a quarter of an inch in diameter. Mine are made of pine. Father says that pine is about the best wood there is for ordinary target arrows. For an arrow head I used the blade broken from an old pair of scissors and filed down. It is set in a notch in the end of the shaft and wired with fine wire to hold it in place. The regular arrow heads that you buy for target arrows slip over the end of the shaft like a thimble. But the main thing is the feathering of the arrow. A little more than an inch from the notch that fits over the bowstring there should be three feathers, set at an angle of about one hundred and twenty degrees to one another—Father says that means that the feathers should be equally distant from one another, around the shaft. One feather should be at right angles to the notch. This is called the cockfeather, and is often colored so that it can easily be seen. It should always be next to the thumb of the hand when shooting."

Making Arrows

Feathering the Arrow

"What kind of feathers?"

"Oh, just the broader side of the feather stripped from a goose quill and glued to the shaft of the arrow. Of course they will have to be trimmed to the right size. For light arrows they should not be more than a half inch wide. For long shooting the feathers should be narrower than for short range."

"Say!" cried one of the boys in a burst of enthusiasm, "wouldn't it be fun to make bows and arrows! What do you say—let's do it!"

"You'll show us, won't you, Harry?" asked another.

Harry expressed his willingness to do whatever he could to help the boys to make bows and arrows for themselves. In the enthusiasm of the conversation that followed the dispute concerning the proprietorship of Henderson's Field was momentarily forgotten. Even Spencer, while not as absorbed in asking questions and laying plans as the others, showed interest. Seeing the boys were bent on giving their whole attention just then to the matter of bows and arrows, he said something about settling "that other matter" later, and strode from the field. The other boys followed later and some of them were soon trying to enlist Spencer in the scheme that they were forming for a contest in archery some time in the future when their bows and arrows should be ready.

A Contest in Archery

"It'll be great," they told him, "more fun than we've had for a long, long time."

"Maybe," he admitted, not being disposed to commit himself wholly on this point, though at the same time unable to hide his increasing interest. "What kind of wood was it that he said was best for bows?"

During the next two weeks preparations went forward day by day for a contest in archery. Harry's services as professional bow and arrow maker were in constant demand. Those of the boys who, for one reason or another, found it impossible or impracticable to have bows and arrows of their own, had a part interest in a bow with one of their comrades, and busied themselves in making arrows of their own. There were not less than three of these jointly owned bows, and no less than four arrows for each bow. Those boys who were fortunate enough to have bows of their own individual make vied with one another in polishing and decorating them, and in marking their arrows with fanciful devices after the fashion of bowmen of old.

Imitating the Bowmen of Old

PRACTICING FOR THE ARCHERY CONTEST.

Every day that it was possible for the boys to get together there was an inspection and a comparison of weapons, and many were the speculations as to the power of this bow or that, the accuracy of this arrow or the other. Not infrequently these comparisons aroused much spirit of rivalry.

Spencer and his comrades, being one day offended by a chance remark, withdrew to themselves and continued their preparations and practice thereafter apart from the others. This act on the part of Spencer was the beginning of a genuine hostility that grew from day to day until the time of the contest. One unfriendly remark led to another, and before long the old issue concerning the control of Henderson's Field came up for settlement. Then it was that Harry, in a manner in the highest degree creditable, managed to turn the coming archery contest into a contest for the possession of Henderson's Field. At first some of the boys were for objecting, but Spencer stoutly insisted that that would be the only way now that the matter could be settled.

Two Hostile Camps

"We'll show them who has the best arrows and the strongest bows," he boasted. "Just because Harry takes sides with the other fellows is no sign that they can do any better than we can when it comes to shooting."

Day by day the practice continued. Day by day the archers grew more proficient in the use of their bows. Occasional references were made to the desirability of possessing Henderson's Field, but for the most part the interest in expert marksmanship was too great to permit other interests to creep in. It was enough to shoot for the mere fun of shooting.

The Fun of Shooting

Toward the end of the second week Spencer and his comrades refused to discuss their scores with the other boys. They were good marksmen, they said—better than any others in Weston—but they preferred to show what they could do, rather than talk about it.

"Just wait till we try it out together," Spencer threat-

ened, "we'll make you fellows look sick! You may as well make up your minds that we are going to have our way about that ball diamond on the field."

But Harry and his friends were not discouraged. They went on with their practicing and continued to improve their weapons in every way possible, and at last the great day arrived.

The Targets

For the contest Harry had devised targets of heavy paper mounted on easels. These targets were two feet in diameter with a centre of yellow four inches in diameter. Outside of this centre circle were concentric rings colored respectively red, white, black, and white. For this coloring chalk was used.

"Now," said Harry, when the target had been set and all was in readiness for the contest, "the distance is twenty yards. When you hit the gold—the yellow in the middle—it counts nine; when you hit the red it counts seven; when you hit the inner white it counts five. The black counts three; and the outer white counts one. We'll let all the fellows on both sides try first, then the best two on each side will shoot to see which will try for the championship. How will that be?"

All were agreed, and the boys lined up for the shooting. But before it began Harry and Spencer, as leaders of their respective sides, took their men aside and reminded them of certain points to be observed.

Some Good Archery Rules

"Now remember," said Harry, "what I told you about holding your bow. Draw with your right and push with your left hand after you have placed the arrow and have turned your bow vertically to shoot. When you let go of the string your right hand will be touching your right ear, and you will be looking straight at the target. Always look at the target—never at the arrow. Don't try to 'take aim'—just feel that your arrow is going to hit the place you are looking at. That's the only way to shoot."

"All right," called Spencer, "all ready!"

One by one the archers took their places and did their best. Little was said. There was a tense expectancy in the air, and an evident wish to have the preliminaries over as soon as possible so as to eliminate the poorer marksmen. When the scores had been compared it was found that Spencer and his friend Henry were the best marksmen on the one side, and Harry and Karl on the other. Spencer and Henry were to compete first.

The Contest Begins

Henry advanced and drew his bow. His arrow flew straight to the centre of the target, piercing it just at the edge of the yellow.

"You can't beat that!" someone ventured, as Spencer stepped up.

And Spencer did not beat it. His arrow only tore through the inner white.

Next came Karl. Slowly, and somewhat carelessly, he drew his bow and let go, doing no better than Spencer had done.

Harry was last, and felt a little nervous. His arrow struck the red. Spencer's comrades exulted. Henderson's Field would be theirs!

Now, Harry and Henry cast lots to see which should shoot first. The lot fell to Henry. His arrow, as before, flew straight to the yellow!

Harry was ready immediately. Not a boy spoke. Some were holding their breath. Harry drew, let go, and a second afterward his arrow was quivering in the yellow, a half inch nearer to the centre than Henry's!

The Winner

Henderson's Field was won!

As soon as the boys had ceased applauding Harry for his skill in archery he stepped out before the target and announced that he had something to say.

"I have a proposition to make," he began, as the boys gathered around, their hands on one another's shoulders. "Every fellow did so well that I move now we say that Henderson's Field belongs to all of us—one side will have just as much to say about it as the other. Besides I

used to shoot in the country, so it's hardly fair to say that one side is better than the other. What do you think?"

"Sure! Sure!" the boys clamorously assented. "Three cheers for Harry and Henderson's Field!" And amid shouts and waving of hats and bows Harry was lifted up and carried around the field to celebrate the victory.

Archery Is a Success in Weston

A half-hour later when Mr. Henderson himself rode by the new playground in his big automobile, all the targets and bows had been stacked in a pyramid in the centre of the field and around this the lads were executing a spirited Indian war dance. He saw them suddenly sit down in a solemn war council. What he did not know, however, was the subject under discussion in the clamorous powwow. For these enthusiastic young archers were devising how to interest the Denwood boys in archery, so that the boys of Weston could challenge them to a contest.

CHAPTER II

A DOUBLE SURPRISE PARTY

"ISN'T this just too grand to be true!" Lucille exclaimed as she stretched herself languidly upon the old rug beneath the trees and regarded her friend Anna with a satisfied smile. Lucille was lithe but not particularly active, and her attitude was characteristic as indicating her love of ease. "And to think, Anna—we have you to thank for all of it, haven't we? How could you think of so many things?" Lucille's blue eyes were turned admiringly upon her friend.

"It is a cozy place, isn't it?" returned Anna, "I knew you would like it." Anna was holding a half-dozen hairpins between her lips while she twisted up her short brown hair after the fashion of her mother. Mrs. Grayson held her hairpins in the same manner sometimes, and it seemed such a wonderfully grown-up thing to do that twelve-year-old Anna could not refrain from assuming a patronizing air as she talked. She patted her budding Psyche knot with great satisfaction.

Introducing Anna and Lucille

"You see," she purred through her hairpins, "I knew you girls would like a place to play—and Father wouldn't care if we came to the orchard—and Mother would let us have some things to fix up a place—oh, I had it all planned a week ago." Anna indicated with a wave of her hand that she had reference to the rugs, the cushions, the set of tea things, the dolls, and a book or two with leaves fluttering in the breeze. Anna Grayson was a very bright girl, and she was not unconscious of the fact. Her schoolmates characterized her as "smart," and her teachers spoke of her as "precocious," whatever that may be.

Anna was sure to be the leading force in the planning of a "good time" whenever possible.

"Now what?" demanded Lucille, as Anna jabbed in the last hairpin and surveyed her coiffure in a bit of broken mirror propped up in the fork of a tree. "Are we to do up our hair, too, and put on long skirts and powder our faces and all that?"

Pretending to Be Grown Up

"No, not all of that—though don't you think it would look more dignified and genteel, you know, if you put up your hair? For a tea party—why, Mother always goes to the hair-dresser right after lunch when she is going to have a tea party." Anna pivoted about before the tiny mirror, giving her hair coaxing little taps with the tips of her fingers, as she had often seen her mother put on finishing touches.

"A tea party!" The girls looked at one another, as if proud that Anna should be so clever. "Just ourselves?" they asked.

"No, I've asked Harry and Harold and the boys—we'll have a real tea party just as mother has. The boys will be along pretty soon and it would be ever so much nicer if we pretend we're grown-up ladies—don't you think so?"

There was an immediate demand for hairpins, and a quick twisting up of braids, some of which were scarcely more than very brief pigtails.

Anna's Plan

Now Anna had not told the boys what she meant to do—they might have hesitated to come if she had. She had only asked them to come and see how fine it was to play under the apple-trees, promising them a surprise if they complied with her wish. Even then she had felt it necessary to hint at "something to eat" in order to insure a response to her invitation.

"But boys won't care about a tea party," someone ventured when Anna had laid her plans before them.

"Oh, yes, they will—you'll see," she replied. "Did you ever see a boy that wouldn't fall right into a plan

if he saw a chance to get something to eat? Ever see a boy that wasn't hungry?"

There was no response—only a tacit acknowledgment that Anna's knowledge of youthful masculinity was sufficient for all practical purposes. The fact is, Anna knew a great deal about boys, just as she knew a great deal about a number of other inconsequential things. She knew that boys liked rough play; that they sometimes delighted in teasing the girls (providing the girls allowed themselves to be teased); that they liked to make things (tea tables of boards, for example), and that they liked good things to eat. Of this last point she felt absolutely certain. Although Anna had no brothers of her own, she knew that boys could be "managed" if one went about it in the proper way, and she believed that she knew the proper way. But boys are very complex creatures, and it is barely possible that Anna might have overlooked one or two minor considerations in her conclusions that day concerning boy kind.

"Managing" Boys

When the boys presented themselves in the corner of the orchard that afternoon their manner said plainly that they were rather bored. Then, too, Anna had not chosen to tell them exactly what her reasons were for inviting them, and boys are a little sensitive about being guests at a playhouse party. Anna was conscious that her cordial welcome had not wholly dispelled this feeling on the part of her boy guests.

The Boys Arrive

"Don't you think this is just grand?" Lucille asked by way of clearing the atmosphere, calling attention to the rugs, the mats, and the general coziness of things.

The boys cast unappreciative glances upon the luxurious furnishings, the tea things, and the array of dolls. No one volunteered more than a half-hearted voice of assent. It was rather nice (Anna imagined their thoughts) —for girls, but girls are such "sissy" things.

"Say something, why don't you?" Lucille demanded a little abruptly. This was, of course, a very undiplo-

matic remark for Lucille to make, and a most undiplomatic way to make it. She might at least have altered the arrangement of her words; but Lucille Anderson, like Anna Grayson, had miscalculated in her estimate of boy nature.

"What do you want us to say?" asked Harold, a little peevishly. "Didn't we come up here just to see this—think we'd come if we didn't think it was worth while?"

A Spirited Disagreement

"I guess you didn't come just for that," Lucille retorted, not forgetting the evident lack of appreciation the moment before. "You wouldn't have been so anxious if you hadn't thought Anna had a secret to tell."

"Anxious!" Harold snorted. "Do we act anxious? Boys don't care for secrets, anyway."

"Yes, they do."

"No, they don't."

"Yes, they do," Lucille insisted.

"No, they don't—do they, boys?" Harold appealed to his comrades.

Anna feared there would be a quarrel if Lucille continued in her blunt and uncompromising manner, and deemed it her duty as hostess of the coming tea party to ward off further unpleasantness.

The Tea Party Scorned

"Now listen, everybody," she broke in, giving her head the most effective pose, "we girls are going to have a tea party—you remember I said we'd have something to eat—and you boys can—"

"Huh!" ejaculated Harold, "that's no secret."

Anna continued somewhat more injudiciously. "You boys can fix a tea table—"

This remark was greeted with a grunt of disapproval from Harold.

"—can fix a tea table, and we'll all meet here at half-past five, and each one will bring something for the party."

So that was Anna's scheme! Harold broke out in open rebellion against any such procedure.

"If you're going to have a party, why don't you have a real one?" he began, but Lucille interrupted him.

"A real one? How can you have a real one without tea and things, I'd like to know—and a table and everything like that?"

"Tea!" Harold sneered, "tea! Tea and wafers—bah! Why don't you have a fire out in the woods, and roast something?"

"Sure!" echoed Harry. "Have a camp fire and roast potatoes or corn or something."

"Roast your faces, too, maybe," Anna snapped, her impatience getting the upper hand for the moment.

"Yes—a camp fire!" ridiculed Lucille. "Bugs in the milk, cinders in the frying-pan, worms down your back, ashes in your mouth—that would be fun, wouldn't it! Just like a boy—always wants dirt in everything—you probably wouldn't know how to act at a real tea party!"

Girls' Idea of a Camp Fire

Anna's face flushed at Lucille's courageous opposition to the idea of a camp fire. Harry saw the mischief he had started and hastened to offer a compromise.

"Well, let's have a marshmallow roast, then."

"Sure—a marshmallow roast!" the boys agreed, "and we'll buy the marshmallows!"

But the idea of a marshmallow roast was accorded much the same reception by the girls as their tea party idea had found among the boys. Imprudent remarks and mocking allusions were made by both sides, and soon an agreement was impossible.

"Well, then, go and have your old marshmallow roast," Anna was heard to say, "and see if we care? We can have a better tea party without you!" She turned her back haughtily and stalked away.

The Marshmallow Roast Scorned

"All right, boys," Harold said, "come on—we don't want to hang around for any fussy old tea party. Let's get some marshmallows."

"Well," Anna scolded, "you won't build your fire in this orchard, that's certain," and she made gestures a

little more emphatic, perhaps, than necessary. Their force was not lost upon the boys.

"No, of course not," Harold replied. "We have a field of our own at the other side of town."

"Our new playground, Henderson's Field," added Harry, "that's a fine place for a marshmallow roast."

The Boys Depart

The boys had gone and the girls were alone. "We'll have a party anyway, and there'll not be any horrid boys to spoil it," said Anna. "We'll dress up our dolls and put on long skirts and have the best time ever."

Lucille was in no humor to think of parties, but Anna went blithely on, regardless of the fact. "Mother will let us have some tea cakes, I know, and we can do just as they do at real tea parties." Anna felt herself somewhat relieved to find harmony reigning once more, but secretly sorry that she had been so undiscerning in her attitude toward the boys.

"Let's!" the girls cried, a little forlornly, and in the next breath someone added, "But it would be fun to roast marshmallows, wouldn't it?" and someone else said something about "a big fire and darkness all around, and all in a circle—how nice it would be!"

After that preparations for the tea party lagged. Nobody seemed to be able to accomplish anything definite. Occasionally a reference to the boys' suggestion would creep in, but the girls looked to Anna and Lucille for any proposals along that line.

The Girls Make New Plans

Then suddenly—no one could tell just how or why—they were discussing the very thing that was uppermost in their minds, and were actually talking about a big fire and roasted corn and potatoes.

"You know the sandy place down by the creek," Anna was saying. "That's where we'll have our bonfire."

"And what'll we have to eat?" asked someone, just as if they had been planning a bonfire from the first. "If it's going to be a regular meal, we ought to have meat, oughtn't we?"

"Why can't we have eggs?" Anna suggested. "My physiology says that the white of an egg is made of the same stuff as lean meat. Eggs will take the place of meat—even fat meat, for the yolk is mostly fat." Anna was pleased to have an opportunity to air her knowledge about foodstuffs.

"That must be why I don't like the yolks of eggs," Lucille remarked, "I just can't bear fat meat."

"But you like butter, and that is much the same thing."

"Eggs in place of meat and butter, then," said Lucille, "but how about bread? Shall we make sandwiches?"

"No, that's too much trouble. We'll have roasted potatoes as the boys said—my physiology says they're very much the same as bread—and for vegetables we can have roasted corn on the cob." **Planning the Menu**

"And I'll bring some plums," Lucille added, "and we'll have a real dinner complete. What is it they call it when one has just the right amount of each kind of food?" Lucille turned to Anna for information, since Anna seemed to know what the physiology said.

"Oh, you're thinking of a balanced ration."

"A what?"

"A balanced ration."

"What's that?"

"Why, it means just so much of each kind of food—as so much bread, so much meat, so much vegetable, and so much fruit—just the right amount of each kind to keep a person strong and in good health. It's been figured out how much of each a person ought to have—that's why it is called a balanced ration—it's balanced." **The Balanced Ration**

"Oh, yes, I see—a ration is an allowance of food, isn't it?"

"Sure—and we'll have a well-balanced ration if we take eggs, potatoes, green corn and plums to-night."

"How's that?" the other girls chorused.

Anna expressed a mild surprise that they should be so

ignorant concerning those things that the physiology had emphasized in such unmistakable terms, and then she gleefully proceeded to enlighten them on these points. A mixed diet is best, she told them, because one food is not likely to contain all the proper elements in the right proportions, and because a steady diet of one thing soon becomes monotonous.

Then Anna went on to say that foods are mixtures of various animal, vegetable, and mineral principles. The animal and vegetable principles are three in number—albuminoids, fats, and carbohydrates. The words seemed big and strange, as they rolled forth from her rosy lips, but Anna delighted in explaining what they meant. "The white of an egg, my dears," she said, patronizingly, "is almost purely albuminoid; and lean meats of all kinds, as well as certain vegetable foods like beans and peas, are rich in proteids or albuminoids. Fats are found in vegetable as well as in animal foods, as in nuts, for instance. Carbohydrates include sugars and starches, which are really very much the same thing, and are found principally in cereals, vegetables and fruits."

A Very Young Domestic Science Lecturer

"Is that why some dishes taste so good when they are fixed up?" Lucille inquired. "Is it because they have the right amount of each food principle?"

"You know we always eat butter on bread," Anna continued, sagely. "Well, that's because bread and butter together form almost a balanced ration in themselves. It's the same way with pork and beans—they go well together—and macaroni and cheese, and milk custard, and other things that we often have cooked together."

Bread and Butter Philosophy

The girls marveled at Anna's prodigious knowledge of foodstuffs, and for a time the picnic was almost forgotten.

When the girls met again at the same place a few hours later the sun was setting behind the trees. It was an ideal evening for a camp fire. The girls had a supply of eggs, potatoes, green corn, plums, matches and the few other requisites, and Anna had arranged with her mother to

come at the proper time to see them home. Altogether it would surely be the best picnic they had ever had. If only the boys could know of it—they would enjoy it, too.

The place selected for the camp fire lay along the creek, across the field from the orchard. The path leading down to it was narrow and closely bordered by scrubby bushes with tall weeds here and there along the way. It seemed a little uncomfortable to some of the girls to be following this path at such a late hour of the day, but no one said anything. Although there were no complaints, there was some little difficulty in finding one who would confess to knowing the way well enough to go ahead. There were a few anxious inquiries concerning snakes and their habits, but not one girl thought of turning back.

Alone in the Forest

Anna could not help thinking, as she led the way, that Harold or Harry or Karl or some other boy could have taken her place to so much better advantage. Perhaps snakes that crawl by night were less afraid of girls. Perhaps the trees against the sunset would not look so weird if boys were leading the way. Anna wondered why she had been so cross to them that afternoon.

Kindling the fire, too, was rather a gloomy business. The trees made it darker than the girls had expected it would be. Anna smothered an unaccountable tendency to talk in subdued tones, and even to whisper; and the breaking of a twig under foot was sufficient to startle any one of the more timid. Very little was said, save once when Anna and Lucille made some remarks about boys' knowing better how to kindle a fire than girls.

Building the Camp Fire

But when at last the blaze lighted up the surrounding darkness and was reflected from the trunks of the trees and the bosom of the stream it produced a feeling of cheer, and tongues were loosed and faces grew bright again.

"It's just like the camp fires you read about in books, isn't it?" someone exclaimed.

"Yes, only we ought to sit around in a half-circle and tell stories."

"That's exactly what we'll do!" exclaimed Anna. "We'll have to wait, anyway, until there'll be enough coals to roast the potatoes. Come on, girls, let's fix a place to sit."

Two small boughs were dragged up from a near-by brush heap, and with much giggling and many expressions of satisfaction the girls arranged themselves in order facing the fire. While they were thus engaged the fire had burned down until it suddenly showed symptoms of dying out altogether, dwindling and flickering in the most alarming manner. Sticks were hurriedly pulled in from the edge of the night and the blaze kept going.

Telling Stories Around the Fire

In the midst of one of Anna's most interesting stories about her mother's college days, all faces were blanched by a short, quick scream from one of the girls.

"Somebody's in the woods!" she whispered hoarsely.

Every ear was strained in fearful expectancy—every form was as rigid as a statue. Lucille said she thought she heard voices, but Anna assured her that it was only "nerves," and after several uneventful minutes the story was resumed.

Soon it was manifest that someone must go into the woods and fetch fuel. No one volunteered to go. The woods seemed to have contracted suddenly so that they extended up to the very edge of the fire, and the pile of brush had apparently receded several rods into the forest. The path by which the girls had come was lost in gloom a few feet from the fire; the trees loomed up black and awful against the stars; the creek glided noiselessly in from the vast unknown and was lost again in the night; and beyond the creek a great Cimmerian darkness enveloped everything like a pall. All sat for a few minutes as if waiting for the fire to die out entirely, when Lucille frightened the other girls by jumping up suddenly to demand the boughs that they were sitting on.

Need of Fuel

"What for?" they asked.

"For the fire, of course," Lucille retorted, pleased to be able to appear resourceful at such a critical time.

"Why didn't we think of it before, I wonder?" Anna remarked helplessly, feeling that someone was watching them from the darkness.

Obedient to Lucille's suggestion, the boughs were dragged over, tipped up on end, and allowed to fall upon the fire. The result was what might have been expected: a dull thud, a puff of sparks and ashes, one or two feeble gasps of flame, and the fire was out. For a full minute an awful silence lay upon the little group—a silence so impressive that, as Anna observed afterwards, one could actually hear it. It was broken at last by Anna herself, whose voice rang out courageously from the darkness.

The Fire Goes Out

"Who's afraid of the dark? There's nothing to be afraid of—not a thing. Lucille and I will gather fresh kindling and we'll soon have a fire that you can't put out by just looking at it."

The spirits of the party rose perceptibly at this assurance from Anna. Inspired by her example the girls ventured out beyond the edge of the darkness. They had proceeded as far as the pile of brush when things began to happen to confirm all previous fears. Without doubt there were noises in the bushes and faint sounds as of footfalls along the path. Anna explained the phenomenon by telling the girls that they had only heard her as she was gathering sticks for the fire; and Lucille, who had heard a sound, too, reminded the girls that cattle sometimes grazed in the field next to the woods. But when a blaze had been kindled again and the girls' fears were calmed the woods were as quiet as before.

Queer Sounds in the Bushes

Now there is no pleasure quite comparable to the pleasure of roasting potatoes in the hot ashes and coals of a big outdoor fire. The cold lumps of soggy starchiness become magically transformed within a half-hour after they have been tucked into the ashes, and come out

deliciously browned, dry, mealy, and split open as if impatient to offer themselves up to waiting mouths. Green corn, too, held on a sharpened stick over a bed of coals, becomes brown and savory with that peculiar flavor that comes from an open fire and an outdoor appetite. Eggs should be put into the cooler ashes first, with a little water sprinkled over them. Let those who have never experienced the delights of such a feast imagine, if they can, what it is like, and they will not forego the first opportunity to try it for themselves.

Roasting Potatoes, Green Corn and Eggs

Before the merry camp fire the girls were partially forgetting their fears in the pleasant anticipation of the coming treat. The bed of coals that had by this time formed was, as Anna observed, "just right."

"Girls, I can hardly wait," she said, "I feel as if I could eat a dozen of these potatoes."

"Well, maybe you'll have the chance," Lucille laughed, "we've roasted enough of everything to feed a regiment."

"Wish the boys were here," someone ventured to say.

"So do I," echoed another.

"Maybe we could send for them."

But this suggestion met no response, though all felt that it deserved one. Perhaps when Mrs. Grayson came to see the girls home, they could manage in some way to send the boys what was left over. It was very bright and cheery around the fire, so Anna hinted, and no one cared to leave just then. And how tempting was the repast that lay spread out before them to cool!

Wishing for the Boys

"Come on, girls, help us out," called Anna, as she came dragging up a fresh supply of fuel. "The fire's getting low, and we don't want to eat in the dark."

There was less timidity now than before, and a moment later the little party had scattered and was fast gathering a supply of fuel sufficient for all emergencies. All fear had seemingly vanished, and only the expectations of a delightfully "good time" remained.

Suddenly every worker stopped dead still, seized by a paralyzing apprehension of danger.

"What was it?" whispered one.

"Didn't you hear it?" whispered another.

"Did you see anything?"

"Sh—wait—maybe we'll hear it again."

Then, as if in response to this, there came to the ears of the frightened girls a repetition of the sound. A shriek, wild and unearthly, unlike any sound from human lips, beginning in a weird quaver and ending in an eerie screech, rang through the woods and echoed from the surrounding gloom. Immediately afterward all was quiet —quieter than before. Speechless, the girls peered through the darkness at one another, then fled to the friendly light of the fire—a ring of horrified faces around the dying blaze. Once again the peaceful night atmosphere was torn by that uncanny shriek, so terrible and so real.

A Shriek in the Night

"Oh, why doesn't Mother come?" wailed Anna. "Oh, why did we come to this awful place? Lucille, I know it wasn't a cow—a cow never, never makes a noise like that! It must be a—"

Anna ended her sentence with a jump and a scream. Just at that moment something splashed into the water behind her, as if to warn her not to say too much at such a dreadful time. The girls rushed instinctively away from the direction of the creek, some screamed, some stumbled, and Lucille fell and burned her hand by smashing a hot potato. The fire was almost out.

"Oh, why did we come?" Anna moaned. "Will Mother never come to get us? If only the boys were here—they wanted to come—they thought of the fire first—they said they would—and I was so mean to them—oh, girls, what shall we do?" Anna turned to her companions with a look of abject helplessness and sank down upon the ground, her face in her hands, the fading firelight flickering on her funny little knob of hair.

Tardy Repentance

"Let's run home—let's get away from—"

But Lucille's timid suggestion was interrupted at the very beginning. Anna was determined not to move.

"Go home! Girls, I wouldn't leave this place for a million dollars! I'll stay by the fire."

"Well," Lucille snapped, a little impatient and somewhat vexed at Anna's unreasonableness, "if you don't leave the fire it will leave you—it's almost out this very minute!"

Terror and Flight in Haste

What Anna's rejoinder might have been it would be hard to say. Just at that moment there was an unmistakable sound as of someone moving in the thicket, another unearthly shriek from the outer darkness, and a second splash into the creek. The fire had burned so low that it was impossible to distinguish any object more than a dozen paces away; but fear sharpens the senses, and the girls needed no firelight to tell them that something was approaching through the bushes. For a minute they stood close together, grasping one another in terror, then fled panic-stricken from the fire, turning blindly to the path that would take them toward home. Corn, potatoes and eggs were left to be devoured by the goblins of the forest. There was but one thought—to get away—anywhere, no matter—only to get away.

The Rescue Party

Hardly had they entered the bushes before they were aware of being pursued. Then screams and cries of fear and surprise were mingled with laughter and familiar voices, and the girls found themselves surrounded by Harry, Harold, Karl and the rest of the boys.

"What's the matter?" shouted Harry, "what are you running away from? What are you so scared about?"

Anna made a half-hysterical effort to explain, but Karl interrupted her.

"I told the boys," he said, "not to frighten you girls when we came up, but Harold wanted to chase a screech owl from his perch in that old elm yonder by the creek, and threw a couple of sticks at him."

"Say, girls," called one of the boys, "don't you know that your fire is almost out? Bring up some wood, fellows—let's have a regular bonfire—and hustle up with the marshmallows, these coals are just—halloo! what's this! a regular feast—and all laid out, too—whee-ee!"

Marshmallows and Harmony

"Sorry we didn't get here earlier," Karl explained, "but when we first came over and found you here ahead of us, we went back for some more marshmallows, so that we could surprise you."

"Well, you surprised us, all right," Anna informed him. "We thought you were over in Henderson's Field."

"Hooray! Hustle up!" called Harold from the fire. "This is the best place ever to roast marshmallows—lucky we changed our minds and came over here—we didn't know we'd find such coals all ready."

"Everything is done but the marshmallows," Anna announced, as she pinned up her hair a little tighter, "and we'll have them for dessert."

When Mrs. Grayson arrived an hour later she listened to a long and exciting tale of a double surprise party.

CHAPTER III

THE BEST TEACHER

NOT many days after the events related in the preceding chapter the girls' playhouse in the orchard was the scene of another animated conversation. Lucille had received a birthday present.

"Why, of course," Harold was explaining, "it takes pictures just like any other; just because it happens to have a different kind of an arrangement on the front—that doesn't make any difference."

Harold was secretly pleased to have an opportunity to air his knowledge of pocket cameras, being himself the possessor of a certain secondhand specimen that, with the aid of a little judicious tinkering now and then, was still capable of performing the work for which it was designed.

Harold Airs His Wisdom

"Could you show me how to work it?" Lucille inquired, regarding her gift much as she might regard it had it been a strange animal from the zoo. "There's a little book of directions—"

"What's the use of a book of directions? Miss McAllister had a camera like that last spring and I took pictures with hers—I can do just as well with this one." Harold assumed a very capable attitude. "It's easy—it isn't much—you just hold it this way—see—and then—"

Camera Pointers

The others gathered around in an attentive little circle while Harold demonstrated his ability to "work" the new camera. Such an opportunity for the display of superior knowledge was not often vouchsafed to one of ordinary attainments, and Harold reveled in the chance

to parade his accomplishment before the eyes of his companions.

"But remember this," he concluded, returning Lucille's gift to her own hands, "experience is the best teacher. You have to have experience—in fact, you can't say you know much about it until you do have experience. That's what counts." Harold thrust his hands into his pockets and tilted his head a little to one side in a most impressive way.

Extolling Experience as a Teacher

"Experience may be the best teacher, all right," Anna ventured, a trifle nettled at Harold's tendency to swagger, "but we can't all have experience the very first thing; did you ever think of that?"

"Oh, sure, I understand," Harold replied a little vaguely, "you have to have the chance to get the experience, of course. I can show you a lot about it, but I'm not the best teacher—experience is the best teacher, the best teacher in anything, no matter what."

From cameras and the value of experience the conversation drifted to other matters of more general interest—to the possibilities of the orchard as a playground, to an expression of opinions concerning Mr. Henderson's new automobile, and finally to a discussion of the recent double surprise party. Anna maintained that the success of the latter venture was due, very largely, to the fact that the menu consisted of a balanced ration.

The Balanced Ration Is Again Discussed

"That's why we all felt that we had had such a good picnic, that's why everything tasted so good. We tried it out. I knew it would be that way." Here was Anna's occasion for airing a special knowledge quite as important as the secrets of picture-taking. "You remember, Lucille," she continued, "I said at the time that we ought to have a balanced ration, and I was right. Experience is—" but Anna checked herself, fearing that she might be guilty of the very fault that she deplored in Harold. "Crowing" was not in good taste.

"Balanced ration! What's that?" There was a hesi-

tation in Harold's manner of asking the question, due to a dislike of being obliged thus to confess himself ignorant of Anna's meaning.

"Lucille can tell you; she knows. You might trade some of your camera talk for a few words on something that everybody is interested in."

The Importance of Dietetic Rules

Lucille, therefore, with a word here and there from Anna, made known to Harold and the boys what she had recently learned concerning the significance and importance of a balanced ration.

"But that isn't all," Anna added, not able to resist an impulse to enlighten her companions further. "It's just as important to know how and when to eat as it is to know what to eat."

"How and when!" exclaimed Harold somewhat contemptuously. "Don't we all know how and when to eat? Pooh! It's silly to talk about how to eat—just as if eating was like taking pictures!" Harold laughed derisively.

"And there's cooking, too," Anna went on, apparently unconscious of Harold's scornful remarks.

"Cooking! That's for girls!"

"Just the same," Anna retorted, "I'll bet you can't tell why we always cook most of our food."

"Why—why—because it makes it taste better," Harold declared, triumphantly. "Anybody knows that!"

Why Food Is Cooked

"Well, that's one reason. If food tastes good it digests better—but can you tell why?" Anna had a very clear mental picture of the upper part of page eighty-one in her physiology text book.

"Well, who'd have wanted to eat the potatoes and the corn raw the other night? And how many like raw eggs?"

"But why not?" Anna persisted. "I'll tell you—because the starch in the potatoes is in tough little capsules and the digestive juices can't get at it until the woody coverings are broken. Cooking destroys the capsules and

makes the starch grains burst. That's on page eighty-one—and if you had been more attentive to Miss McAllister you would remember."

"Capsules—juices—grains," muttered Harold, as if in an effort to refresh his memory. "Then what about meat? Lucille said that meat doesn't have starch in it like potatoes and corn and other things. Like as not it would be just as well to eat meat raw!"

Danger in Eating Raw Meat

"Oh, it might digest as well raw—I don't know about that—but it wouldn't taste as well, would it?"

"Some folks like it. Didn't you ever see anybody eat rare beefsteak?" Harold felt immensely pleased at being able to "come back" at Anna so effectively. Surely, she could have no reply to that.

Anna knew that there was a very good reason why meat should be well cooked, but she tried in vain to think of it. "Well, maybe," was all that she could think of to say. She had forgotten that certain foods—meats in particular, and especially pork—contain parasites, or little living organisms, that may do the human body great injury unless the danger is removed by a proper cooking of the food.

"A person can learn to eat almost anything that is fit to eat," Anna went on, somewhat helplessly floundering about in an effort to change the trend of the conversation. "Miss McAllister said that it is a mistake for one to encourage a dislike for any kind of food if that food is nutritious and digestible, for sometimes one can't have just what he likes."

Liking All Sorts of Food

"Well, if I didn't like it I'd wait till the next meal and make up—that's what I'd do," declared Harold.

Anna regarded him with an air of displeasure. Boys can be so stubborn, she thought, when they set about it to be stubborn.

"Then you wouldn't be giving your stomach a fair chance, would you?" said Anna. "The stomach, like every other organ of the body, is capable of doing just a

certain amount of work well, and if you put too much upon it at one time the body has to suffer." Anna quite surprised herself by her little speech; it sounded so like Miss McAllister.

"Suffer! How?"

About Overtaxing the Stomach

"Why, it gets tired, of course. Don't you suppose that the stomach needs rest just the same as your muscles need it? Isn't the stomach mostly muscle?" Anna felt a little uncertain about the sufficiency of her knowledge on this point, but she was willing to hazard a few statements, at any rate. Perhaps Harold might learn something.

"How am I to know when I have eaten enough?" questioned Lucille a little anxiously, feeling just then an interest in her stomach greater than her interest in amateur photography. "I might be working my poor stomach to death this very day—I was so hungry this morning."

"Miss McAllister says," Anna explained, suddenly feeling that she had taken upon herself a responsibility too great to be borne alone, "that it is always well to quit eating as soon as one's hunger has been satisfied."

Harold laughed derisively. "Who eats when he isn't hungry? That's the funniest thing ever!"

"Lots of people," said Anna doggedly. "Haven't you ever gone on eating until you feel uncomfortably sure you've had more than enough? But Miss McAllister says that never, at any time, should one eat all he can. He should always leave the table feeling that he could eat more. And he must take time to chew all his food thoroughly."

Planning a Camera Outing

"Oh, I'm tired of all this talk about eating—what does it amount to? Besides, it makes me hungry. When are we going to try that camera?" Harold intimated that Anna had controlled the conversation longer than was agreeable to the others.

Lucille held her gift out at arm's length and surveyed it with pride and pleasant anticipations. "I wish we could get some very good pictures for the first—you

know what I mean—trees and grass and maybe a brook with cows in the water. I just love that kind of a picture! Do you think we could make the cows drink while they're having their picture taken? It looks so nice."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Harold, "we'll go out to that field by Denwood Lake—out by the inlet—that's the place!" The Place to Go

"But we can't go until after luncheon. Let's go to Uncle Tim's farm; Uncle Tim has a creek, and a pond too," Lucille suggested.

"Oh, that's too far. We couldn't get there in time. We don't want to try pictures after four o'clock—not this day." Harold eyed the sky with a professional eye. "Denwood Lake's better."

"It's just as far," objected Anna.

"No, it isn't."

"Yes, but it is."

And finally Harold admitted that, according to the best calculations, it was. Out of deference, however, to his willingness to make this admission and out of respect for his superior knowledge of pictures and picture-taking in general, Denwood Lake was agreed upon instead of Uncle Tim's. Anna reasoned that it was best to keep Harold in a good humor since the success of the venture must depend largely upon him. Anna prided herself upon her ability to "manage" boys. Anna "Manages" Harold

"Now we'll have to hurry through with luncheon," remarked Lucille, "and I don't want to eat too fast. It's a good thing it isn't dinner time."

"Oh, what's the difference?" expostulated Harold. "Eat all you want—eat as fast as you want—that's all right. Just so we're ready by half-past one." Harold had evidently profited little by the recent talk on how, when and what to eat.

"By half-past one?" Anna echoed. "Why, you'll not be here by that time; how can you be? You've farther to

go than any of us. We'll do well to get back by two—but that will give us time enough. I shan't eat in a hurry—not if we don't get any pictures to-day." Anna felt that it became her to practice what she had been preaching.

Harold Scorns All Dietetic Precautions

"Well, as for me, I'm going to eat a regular meal—eat till I'm satisfied—and I'll be here at half-past one waiting for the rest of you—you people that spend so much time chewing and digesting and all that sort of thing. You'll see. Harry lives close to me. Maybe we'll come together."

"All right," sighed Anna, "come at half-past one if you want to—be a pig if you want to be—but you'll be sorry for it afterwards—you'll see. Then, what's the use? We'll not come and bring the camera till two—and you can't take pictures without a camera."

"Ho, ho!" Harold mocked, "what's there to hinder me from eating in whatever way I like, I'd like to know?"

A moment later the party had broken up to go to luncheon.

A "Regular Meal"

Harold was hungry when he sat down to the table that day. True to his word, he ate a "regular meal"—ate till he was actually uncomfortable. Not often had food tasted better than it tasted to him then. The lamb was tender and juicy, the peas were rich and creamy, and the dessert was his mother's own best. What more could a hungry boy ask?

"Why, Harold," his mother inquired anxiously, "what has come over you? Didn't you have any breakfast this morning?"

Harold replied with a request for another helping of sliced cucumbers. Once while he was eating he thought about what had been said that morning in the orchard about the importance of chewing the food well. He remembered that his mother had often lectured him on this same subject. He tried the experiment of masticating thoroughly a few mouthfuls of food, but gave it up as

a waste of time. Cucumbers were such hard things to chew—especially when one was limited as to time. Harold decided to eat the cucumbers in a hurry, as he had eaten everything else, and trust to luck to escape a lecture from his mother. He must be at the meeting place at half-past one.

"No, my son, not another helping until you have cleared your mouth—actually, I'm ashamed to see you so greedy. Do you want to be sent away from the table to-day?"

Eating in Haste

Harold tried to explain that he was in a hurry—that he had promised to meet some of his friends in order to show them how to operate a camera that afternoon. The cherry pie was delicious, and he asked for a second piece.

"I think, if you're in such a rush, that you haven't time for a second piece of pie," his mother remarked. "You may have it for dinner to-night."

On the way out of the dining-room Harold managed to pocket an apple as a substitute for the forbidden second piece of pie. When he turned in the direction of the orchard, nibbling his apple as he went, it occurred to him that he did feel decidedly uncomfortable, just as Anna had warned him he would feel. Perhaps, after all, another piece of cherry pie would have been too much—an apple was better.

Harold Is Punctual

It was exactly twenty minutes past one when Harold arrived at the playhouse in the orchard. He threw himself on the ground to wait. It would be well, he thought, to let that dull, heavy feeling have an opportunity to subside a little.

"How a fellow's stomach must stretch when he eats!" he thought.

It was very pleasant to lie and look up into the green branches of the trees. The clouds were sailing by far beyond—sailing across the little openings here and there between the leaves. The continual soft whispering of the breeze in the foliage was very soothing. Harold lay very

quiet for some time. Presently the sun was shining through a rift in the branches and, after another look at his watch, he put his hat over his face to shade his eyes. How cool the breeze was! How soft the sod! How pleasant the sound of the sparrows chirping in the trees!

Once or twice Harold found it necessary to change his position a little in order to relieve the persistent discomfort he felt. He thought of the cucumbers again and of the cherry pie, the peas, too—why had he eaten so many of them? If someone were to come now and offer him a helping of the most delicious peas in the world, he could not possibly touch them. Harold could not but marvel at the change that had taken place in his attitude toward things to eat. The breeze seemed to be dying down a little, and the sparrows were going to another part of the orchard for their confabulation. Harold began wishing that the girls would be late—it would give him more time to lie and rest. He was tired. It would be a long, wearisome jaunt to Denwood Lake. Of course, he felt bound to do his best to get a good picture for Lucille; his professional honor, so to speak, depended upon it.

Repenting at Leisure

How soft the breeze felt! Harold wondered if he could manage to show Lucille how to handle the camera, and then let the girls go on without him. Probably the girls were on the way by this time. How fortunate that he knew about the camera—what would Lucille have done without him? Why not take pictures in the orchard? Or why not in the pasture over the fence? There were cattle in the pasture—and a brook. Maybe he could climb a tree and take a picture from the treetop.

The Dullness of Over-feeding

Harold heard voices. He stirred drowsily and the hat slipped from his face to the ground at his side. What! Going to sleep! This would never do, he thought. To have others coming to you because of your superior knowledge about cameras and things of that sort, and then to be found sound asleep! Harold straightened

himself, keenly conscious of the fact that he was still very uncomfortable. No matter—the rest and the doze had helped him a little. He would say nothing about it to the others when they came.

The voices were the voices of Anna, Lucille and Harry. They had with them Lucille's camera and a covered basket. Harold wondered, as he rose to greet them, what use Anna expected to make of the basket, but he asked no questions. Assuming his most professional air, he brushed the cobwebs from his brain and tried to ignore that uncomfortable inner feeling, while he explained how they could reach their desired destination by the shortest and easiest route.

The Camera Expedition Sets Out

Harold had not noticed before that Lucille's camera was so large. Come to think of it, he did not remember that he had ever seen a camera just like it. It seemed so heavy and so ungainly, and he found himself actually wondering which was the front of it. As they were on the way across the pasture he managed to examine it when no one was looking. He had thought the mechanism of it would prove quite familiar when once he had a chance to look it over carefully, but the examination failed to enlighten him as he had expected. In irritation he proposed that Harry carry the camera; for it was continually dangling about in the way and forever slipping from his shoulder, and he wanted to be rid of it. Harry only laughed in a bored way as he fixed the strap over his shoulder. Now what could that laugh mean, Harold wondered. Did Harry guess his predicament?

They were going across the pasture. Such a beautiful sky, with scurrying masses of fleecy clouds and irregular patches of the deepest blue! Harold remarked that it would make a fine picture if only there were some way of taking it. Just as he was about to hazard the experiment of cloud photography from a treetop, Lucille happened to see some cattle in the brook. Here was the chance she had been longing for!

The Cattle in the Brook

"Oh, see! One of them is going to drink! Quick! Get the picture now before they see us!"

But Harry had the camera, and before Harold could open it and get it focused, the cattle were leisurely mounting the bank of the stream to gaze at the little party of picture-seekers with great wondering eyes. At this the girls were inclined to be frightened, but the boys calmed their fears and proved to them that the cattle were perfectly harmless.

A Long, Dull Trip for One of the Party

The remainder of the way to Denwood Lake seemed to Harold to be a long and utterly profitless journey. Somehow the sky lost its beauty, the landscape became uninteresting, and the lake had lost its lustre. While the girls and Harry were properly enthusiastic over the little pictures as they viewed them in the finder, Harold felt sure that not one would turn out well, for the camera was a continual puzzle to him. Sometimes it behaved like any other camera, but for the most part Harold had a dreadful foreboding that he had ruined it by tinkering with it so much. No doubt, too, he had spoiled most of the films, but he had done his best and that is all anyone can do. After he had expended all his small stock of patience and had used up all of the films, he returned the camera to Harry, and tried to forget how exasperatingly unlike other cameras it had been.

Again the Cattle in the Brook

As they were crossing the pasture again, they saw the cattle in the stream just as they had been before. Harry surprised the party by producing another roll of films, and Harold was about to try again to catch the pretty pastoral picture when the cattle, disappointing them the second time, wandered up the bank and stared at them as before. The girls were still a trifle timid and withdrew to the farther side of a small clump of trees a short distance down the stream.

"Now we'll have our lunch," said Anna in her most aggressively businesslike manner. "Open the basket."

The four seated themselves facing one another with the

HAROLD'S DREAM.

basket at their feet and Lucille turned back the cover, revealing a generous and well-prepared lunch. Harold was acutely conscious of that uncomfortable inner feeling that he had been keeping to himself for so long. What could he do, however, but eat?

"We thought you would be hungry, Harold, having to eat in such a hurry at noon, you know," Anna explained, arranging on a white cloth the contents of the basket. "Help yourself, we fixed it especially for you."

Harold surveyed the repast with a sickening aversion. Cold lamb chops—who ever heard of taking cold lamb chops for a picnic lunch! Green peas, cucumber salad and cherry pie! With more of a martyr-like feeling than he had ever before thought himself capable of, Harold began to eat. The girls were so solicitous in their attentions that he scarcely had time to chew one mouthful before they had urged him to have another, and every mouthful was more uninviting than the last. Still he felt himself obliged to eat. He had intended at least to overlook the sliced cucumbers, but his plans were frustrated.

More Cucumbers and Cherry Pie!

"Eat the cucumbers, Harold," Anna urged. "The rest of us don't care for them, and we brought them particularly for you."

Harold never knew how he managed to dispose of those sliced cucumbers. Never had he felt such a painful aversion to swallowing anything at all, and never had he been under such a necessity of devouring the very thing of all things that he did not want to eat. He began to feel intense pains, followed by overpowering drowsiness. He was wondering how much longer he would be able to endure all this when Lucille broke out with an exclamation.

Harold Grows Drowsy

"Oh, look!" she cried, "the cattle again! Quick! The camera!"

Sure enough, there they were, standing placidly in the water, some of them with their noses in it, drinking.

But alas, just as Harold was about to focus the camera, they quietly waded out and up the bank, gazing as before with great round eyes at the children.

The Cattle a Third Time

For the third time the girls were inclined to flee, but Harold assured them that the cattle were perfectly harmless. Hardly had he repeated this assurance, however, when he observed that, on the contrary, one of the herd seemed to be directing a look at him that was anything but harmless. A bull, heavy and long-horned, was staring directly at him with an ugly menacing light in his eye. For a moment Harold felt afraid.

The others had already gathered up the remains of the lunch and were well on their way to the fence before Harold had the courage to turn his back upon the bull. Then he began walking away, not too rapidly at first, and not in the direction of the fence. As he glanced cautiously over his shoulder from time to time, he noticed that the bull was following him, keeping always about the same distance behind. This troubled Harold a little and he increased his pace. The bull did likewise. Presently Harold broke into a run. The bull began to trot along with his eye still on Harold. The bull was gaining. Harold ran faster. The bull began to bellow.

Then Harold heard a pawing and a tearing up of the sod that warned him to seek the first available place of safety. He spied a tall elm tree about forty rods ahead and made for this tree. Now the bull was bellowing and snorting in a most terrifying manner and the distance between him and Harold was fast diminishing. Harold had no idea that he could run so fast himself; never in his life had he put forth such effort and never had he been so frightened. If only he could reach the elm! He ventured a quick glance over his shoulder and had a glimpse of the bull, red-eyed, head down and tail in air, tearing up the earth and foaming at the mouth.

A Race for Life

Then the tree! What a relief! There was a moment of paralyzing fear when Harold made one or two ineffectual

attempts to climb it, but once started he did not look down until he was well up within the branches. He could hear the bull bellowing out his fury and pawing the ground below. When he could get an occasional glimpse of the beast through the branches of the tree, it seemed to him that he always saw the horns first.

By and by he recovered somewhat from his fright and was venturing out on one of the limbs of the tree to get a better look at the bull when the limb broke and he fell!

A limb below caught him. He clung to it, limp and helpless.

When he came to himself again and had climbed to the very top of the tree in order to get as far away from the bull as possible, he became suddenly conscious that those pains in his stomach were worse than ever before. He writhed in agony and pulled himself along to the outer end of a long overhanging bough. It seemed to him that he would feel better if he could get out where the breeze could reach him. The pain increased and he found himself unable to keep his hold on the branch. It swayed with his weight and he grew dizzy. There were two bulls below now, instead of one. Suddenly he was seized with a violent cramp and knew that he would have to let go his hold. He shut his eyes.

A Frightful Predicament

He was falling! He must save himself!

"Oh—oh—oh—oh! O-o-h! O-o-h! Oo-oo-oo-oo!"

"Why, Harold, what is the matter?" Anna was saying. "Have you been having a horrid dream?"

Harold pulled himself to a sitting posture and rubbed his eyes in a daze. He felt acutely miserable. His head ached frightfully. There was a sharp pain in the region of his stomach.

Awaking in Anguish

"Speak up, old fellow. What's the matter? Are you sick? We could hear you groaning a long way off. We left you for a while to sleep it off, you know." Harry extended a hand to assist Harold to his feet.

Harold rubbed his eyes again and regarded his com-

panions with a sheepish look. The breeze was blowing, the clouds were sailing by, the leaves were whispering, the sparrows were chirping—it was a lovely summer day. But poor overfed Harold could only put his hand over his stomach and groan.

"Too much cucumbers and cherry pie for you, old fellow," laughed Harry in what Anna considered quite a heartless way. "Remember and go easy on the lunches next time."

Humiliating Retreat

"Harold, you are sick," declared Lucille, "and you go right home this minute and get your mother to give you some ginger tea. Never mind about the pictures. Father showed us at noon how to work the camera and we can manage it alone. Harry will help us."

"And even if we make mistakes and spoil all the rest of the films," Anna announced significantly, as Harold started homewards, "we shall be getting experience and experience is the best teacher, isn't she, Harold?"

CHAPTER IV

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

DENWOOD LAKE lies eight miles from Weston in a northwesterly direction. It resembles an artist's palette in shape, having a neat little island in place of the thumb-hole. Bordering the low shores on either side are patches of hardwood timber, while within the curve at the smaller end, where there seems to be no shore at all, the trees give way to willows, bulrushes, flags and water-lilies. At the upper end of the lake the shore is lined with boat houses, back of which flights of wooden steps lead up to summer cottages perched upon the bluff among the trees. Other points of interest might be mentioned, but that which concerns us most in connection with Denwood Lake just now is its fish.

The Charms of Denwood Lake

Experienced anglers would doubtless pronounce it a poor place to fish, but as experienced anglers rarely visit the lake no time need be taken in discussing this point. Besides, it all depends upon what one is fishing for. Denwood Lake is all that can be desired if one is fishing for sunfish, blue-gills, rock bass or others of the same fish family. Then, too, there are the perch, near relatives of these, and certain members of the catfish family known at Denwood Lake as bullheads. With its supply of these fish the lake offers most satisfactory opportunities to the juvenile fishermen of Weston who go out from time to time to "try their luck."

Fishing Fever

There are times in every boy's life when he succumbs to that which, for want of a better term, must be designated as fishing fever. The attack may come at any time during the summer, though on certain days it is wellnigh

inevitable—and no boy is immune. Girls, too, are affected, contrary to the popular belief that they are not; and grown-ups as well—in fact no one seems to be safe from fishing fever.

A Fishing Party of Six

So it was that a party of boys and girls from Weston were on their way one midsummer forenoon to Denwood Lake to fish. There were five in the party: Karl Williston, his two friends Harry and Harold, and the girls Anna and Lucille. Karl's Uncle Tim, whose spacious automobile furnished the means of conveyance, was a sixth member of the party. Uncle Tim was a fat, quiet, good-natured old bachelor farmer with plenty of money and a peculiar squint in one eye that gave him the appearance of being very shrewd. At no time during the summer was he safe from an attack of the fishing frenzy, and Karl had profited by one of these attacks to get up a little fishing party for the day. The eight-mile ride through the country was filled with delightful anticipations of the coming pleasure and made more delightful by two or three good fish stories from Uncle Tim.

Henry and His Bait

The automobile drew up before a boat house at the upper end of the lake and Uncle Tim began at once to negotiate for the rent of boats and fishing tackle. Bait was, of course, a necessity. The boys were preparing to add to the small store which they had brought with them, when they met Henry Billings, a schoolmate who spent his summers at the lake. Henry volunteered to tell the boys where they would find an abundance of "the biggest and juiciest" worms, and while the boys were busily digging up and storing away the wriggling prey Henry viewed the preparations with a wistful eye.

"Enough?" questioned Harold anxiously, shaking the bait can and bringing to light a writhing mass of pink earthworms.

"Hardly," was Karl's laconic comment. "Don't get in too big a hurry—we don't want to run out of bait while we're out on the water."

Henry saw an opportunity that he had been waiting for. "I have a whole lot of worms already dug," he burst out confidentially, "and I'll let you have the whole mess if you'll give me a chance to fish, too. I'll bet I could catch more fish than anyone on the lake if I had the chance."

Karl and Harold regarded one another for a moment, recalling Henry's annoying habit of talking about himself to the exclusion of everything else, and finally decided to ask Uncle Tim whether Henry's presence would mar the pleasure of the fishing if they took him along.

The Bargain Is Made

Uncle Tim settled the matter by offering to buy the bait of Henry, tendering him a liberal price for it.

"No, I'll not sell it," objected Henry, doggedly persistent, "but I'll give you the whole of it if you'll take me along. I can show you where the best fishing is, and tell you where I caught a rock bass that weighed—"

"Well, come on, then," said Uncle Tim, determined to have the bait at any price.

Accordingly, Henry brought out a quantity of fresh, rosy angleworms and took his place in the boat with Harry and Harold. Karl and the girls followed in another boat, while Uncle Tim led the way in a boat of his own, remarking that he "never could fish with a bunch of kids rocking the boat." The girls were somewhat timid on the water, and sat a little stiffly, often cautioning the boys to be "careful."

Out on the Lake

Uncle Tim, carelessly disregarding Henry's proffered information, led the way straight out across the lake in the direction of the island. The sun was almost directly overhead, hot as only a midsummer sun can be, but obscured by a haze that scattered its rays, causing it to cast a metallic lustre upon the smooth, glistening water which stretched out before them like burnished steel. The ripples in the wake of each boat, spreading out in an ever-widening V, crossed and re-crossed one another, making geometrical designs upon the surface behind.

Once anchored in the spot of Uncle Tim's selection, the strange stillness that hangs over a lake on such a day was particularly noticeable. Voices floated across the water with that peculiarly flat intonation due to the absence of an echo, and the noise of an oar on the gunwale or the rattle of a bamboo pole on the bottom of the boat had a singularly "watery" character that cannot be described to one who has never heard such sounds at such a time. Only those who have experienced an attack of genuine fishing fever can properly appreciate these things.

The Girls Bait Their Hooks

The baiting of the hooks brought forth squeals and exclamations of disgust from the girls, and expressions of sympathy for the poor angleworms that must endure such treatment.

"Ugh! See how he twists himself up and squirms around," said Anna. "I don't like to touch him, he's so cold and wet. Ee-ee-ee! Show me how to put him on the hook, Karl." Anna was making a brave effort to appear calm, as she held the wriggling worm between thumb and finger at arm's length.

"Doesn't it hurt him?" she asked, watching Karl's deft movements.

"No, he likes it," Karl smiled drily.

The Destiny of the Angleworm

Lucille, not being able to summon courage to pick up a worm, found an excuse for delay in an appeal to Uncle Tim on the same question. Uncle squinted across the water from his own little boat, regarding her with a whimsical expression that was very funny, Lucille thought.

"Can't you see that an angleworm was just made to be strung on a hook?" he began. "It's natural for them. No legs or wings in the way, no nerves to feel pain, no eyes, no ears—why, they're never exactly satisfied, it's my opinion, until they're on a hook. See how peaceful this one is—this one on my hook. There are other worms that one might use, but none of them behaves on

a hook as an angleworm does—it isn't natural for them, it seems. You'll have to get over that old foolish notion that it's cruel to bait a hook."

Lucille was a trifle surprised at Uncle Tim's argument that an angleworm had fulfilled its destiny when it was strung on a fish hook, but she refrained from any comment. Uncle Tim went on to explain how a hook should be baited, how the bobber should be so placed along the line as to hold the hook a few feet from the bottom, how the sinker should be heavy enough to carry the hook down, how the pole and line should be handled to avoid tangling, and how the fish should be strung as soon as caught. Having delivered this little speech on the fine art of angling, Uncle Tim settled himself to the practical side of it. Aside from the fact that he fished without a bobber, he followed his own instructions to the letter.

The Bobber and Sinker

Henry drew out the first fish, and it really was a big one—that is, big for a sunfish—with green and golden sides dazzling in the light, and a black and scarlet spot on either side of its head.

"There! Didn't I tell you that I could pull out the big ones?" he boasted. "You don't find me paying any attention to the little fellows—I'm for the big ones every time. My luck never changes. Why, one day this summer when I was out with Spence—" and Henry ran on into a regular "fish story" of how he had caught a big tubful of big fish in an incredibly short length of time. Uncle Tim was seen to wink in an unbelieving way.

The First Fish

Henry had launched into another story when he was interrupted by a short, quick cry of surprise from Anna, who was swinging at the end of her line a ridiculously small specimen of a fish. In her excitement she flung it into the boys' boat where Henry, removing it from the hook with an exclamation of contempt, tossed it back into the lake. Anna almost cried from vexation at not being permitted to examine the first fish she had caught.

"Only a dirty little bullhead," Henry told her. "No good fisherman ever spends his time with such good-for-nothing fish as bullheads—why, I don't catch them at all—you see what I get, don't you?" Henry pointed admiringly to the sunfish he had caught.

Anna, fearing another fish story from Henry, made inquiry of Uncle Tim concerning bullheads. Uncle Tim replied by saying that bullheads belong to the catfish family. This family of fish was so named, Uncle Tim was inclined to think, because of a fancied resemblance to a cat on account of teeth and whiskers. The catfish prefers sluggish waters, and the female catfish may sometimes be seen mothering a school of little ones somewhat as a hen mothers a brood of chickens. Uncle Tim then explained that the catfish or bullhead belongs to an earlier type of fish not as fully developed as the sunfish; and that it eats almost anything that it can swallow, which is perhaps the reason why it nearly always swallows the hook and as much of the line as it can manage.

About Bullheads

Here Anna and Harold each drew in a shiny little sunfish. Henry expressed his opinion of "folks that catch punkin seeds all the time," but his remark met no response, as all were interested in what Uncle Tim had to say concerning sunfish just then. Uncle Tim told how the sunfish chooses its nest in some gravelly place in a stream and how the male guards the eggs until they are hatched.

There are many varieties of sunfish, all marked by gorgeous scales of green, blue, purple, scarlet or golden tints, and all very quick and impudent in manner—rather silly little creatures, but very lively on the hook. Uncle Tim finished by informing his hearers that, in his opinion, their party were too noisy and moved about too much to have any great success at fishing. Then, as if to give emphasis to what he had just said, he slowly hoisted his anchor and deliberately rowed off a little distance to a new place.

The Sunfish

An atmosphere of quietness and intense expectation gradually settled down upon the little group. The sun seemed to be doing its best to penetrate the haze; and the heat, reflected from the glaring surface of the water into the faces of the fishers, gave everyone a strangely radiant aspect.

Across the smooth surface of the lake there was nothing to relieve the eye save when a fish sported a second in the light or a turtle lifted its head—a black speck disappearing in a ring of tiny ripples that slowly expanded into a huge circle and was lost. Only the drowsy whirr of pole and the lazy plump of sinker and hook broke the silence.

Fishing in Earnest

Everyone was industriously attending to his own business with eyes fastened upon his own particular bobber. Spasmodic twitchings occurred from time to time followed by deceptive little wrinkles on the surface of the water; and there were corresponding half-whispered exclamations as hooks were revealed with only thin shreds of a once tempting bait clinging to them. Nobody had much luck at first.

Suddenly everyone was aware that Henry had another big fish on his line. His pole was bent in a most promising curve and he was proudly bracing himself for the final pull that should land Leviathan in the boat.

"Ah ha! Didn't I tell you? None of your small ones—none of your bullheads—none of your—"

But Henry stopped short, for there upon the bottom of the boat with white gasping mouth and broad derisive grin lay a large bullhead. Henry looked at the fish a moment, then jerked viciously at the line in an effort to free the hook. Finding this ineffectual he made a more vigorous effort, grasping the fish just back of its horns and inserting his fingers in its open mouth.

Henry Catches a Bullhead

"Ow-ouch!" cried Henry as the fish snapped its jaws together upon his fingers. "You will, will you?" and he drew his knife and cut the line, casting the sleek, shiny

fellow overboard to swim away with a hook and a piece of line in its greedy throat.

Much jeering and laughter greeted Henry, and someone was waggish enough to suggest that he dive in the next time and see what kind of a fish he had before he pulled it out of the water. It was Anna who suggested the possibility of catching the same fish again.

"Catch him again? Well, I guess not! He won't live long with that hook in him. He's dead now, I'll bet—serves him right, too!"

"I'll bet he isn't dead," said Harold.

Henry and Harry Argue

"Of course he isn't dead," Harry added. "A bullhead doesn't give up that easy. He's swimming around here right now—just waiting for the chance to swallow another hook."

Henry laughed scornfully. "Don't you suppose I know? How can he live with a rip in his stomach—tell me that!"

"Huh!" Harry snorted in reply, "I've seen them flip their tails and swim away even after they had been strung on a stick!"

"You never did!" contradicted Henry.

"I'll bet you I have!" Harry retorted, growing warmer. "Ask Uncle Tim there—he knows about fish."

Fish with Hooks Inside Them

Uncle Tim said that it might seem strange to those who are not familiar with such things (Henry regarded this as nothing short of an insult), but there have been instances of fish caught with a hook or a piece of a hook in their mouths or inside of them—thus showing that fish are much more nearly insensible to pain than is generally believed.

"Well," Henry persisted, "I'll bet you that fish isn't alive!"

"I'll bet he is!" said Harry, determined to show his preference for Uncle Tim in a matter of this sort.

"I'll bet he's not!"

"I'll bet he is!"

"I'll bet—"

"Poor fish!" interrupted Anna, whose feelings of sympathy for the bullhead were getting the better of her. "Think how it must hurt to have that awful hook in you! I think fishing is cruel, after all—and yet Father just loves it, and so do Mr. Henderson and lots of nice men that I know. But isn't it cruel?" Anna turned to Uncle Tim.

"It's no worse than hunting," Karl put in.

Fishing and Hunting Compared as to Cruelty

"It's not as bad," Uncle Tim replied. "When you hunt and kill an animal in the woods you cause the animal a great deal more pain than you cause a fish when you pull it out of the water."

"I don't see why," Anna remarked, still doubtful.

"Well, I'll tell you why," continued Uncle Tim. "A fish belongs to a lower order of animal life. By that I mean that it has not as much capacity to feel pain—its nervous system is not as highly organized and consequently it cannot suffer so much as an animal in the woods would suffer. That is why it is that the very finest men find pleasure and recreation in fishing and feel no compunctions about it. They know that they are not causing pain as they would be if they were hunting—yet many fine men like to hunt."

"But what is the reason why everyone likes so to fish—there must be some good reason?"

Why Men Like to Fish

"There is. When you people are older and have the opportunity you will want to do other kinds of fishing—casting a fly for trout, perhaps, in some mountain stream. You know there are many ways of fishing. Men like to fish because fishing brings physical activity and mental relaxation at the same time. Some time you'll know how delightful it is to find yourself a part of the life that is around you as you fish. You will learn to enjoy the exercise of clambering up and through and across turbulent mountain streams or wading more peaceful brooks—delighting in the invigorating air, the growing appetite,

the contact with the wild things of the forest and stream —it is marvelously recreative alike to mind and body. Oh, there's nothing like fishing—if only I didn't want to keep a little more quiet just now I could tell you some great experiences I've had. When a man fishes he has a chance to look into himself and meditate upon the big things in life. All of us need rest—not rest at home, but rest away off from other people and away from all that we see every day—and no form of recreation can furnish this kind of rest as fishing can. Fishing helps directly to make us stronger to live."

Fishing the Supreme Recreation

"Now I know, Uncle Tim, why we hear and read so much about fishing," Karl remarked. "I saw a whole shelf of books in the public library just on fishing alone."

"And I know why Father always fishes most of the time when we go camping—he says it makes him younger, but he always comes back with just as many gray hairs as ever. I'm so glad that fishing isn't cruel. That bullhead isn't so bad off after all." Anna seemed much relieved.

"That bullhead's dead, I tell you," Henry declared vigorously, having no regard for what Anna was about to say.

"I'll bet he isn't," said Harry.

"Isn't what?"

"Isn't dead—I'll bet you somebody'll catch him before sundown." Harry felt his resentment rising and he grew reckless.

A Bet About a Bullhead

"What'll you bet? I'll bet he'll not be caught!"

Here Uncle Tim was seen to turn in his boat and regard the boys with a look of displeasure. Karl noticed it and, feeling a little nettled at Henry's assuming ways, remarked to the boys that they were making too much commotion.

"Uncle Tim's getting nervous, boys; if you don't keep still he'll say we've fished long enough."

"Well, Harry here says that—"

"Yes, I know—I heard it all; why don't you make your bet and go on fishing?" Karl was anxious to settle the dispute in the easiest way possible.

"I'll tell you!" exclaimed Anna. "The loser has to clean all the fish—how's that?"

"That's it! The one that catches the bullhead will give Henry a job! Is it a bargain?"

"Sure!" Henry exclaimed. "If you catch that fish again I clean every fish in these boats—I won't catch him, I know—and if you don't catch him before sundown, you clean all the fish. See?" **The Penalty of the Loser**

"Yes, I see," answered Harry, feeling that he somehow had had the task of the fish-cleaning thrust upon him. It was very unlikely that that same fish would be caught again.

"Suppose you catch him, Henry," Harold ventured to say, "you might, you know—you can never tell."

"Me? I catch him? What do you think I am? I'm fishing for real fish, I am—wait till you see my string."

"We'll wait," Uncle Tim was heard to mutter rather drily, as he shifted uneasily in his boat and seemed to be considering seriously the advisability of moving to another location.

Uncle Tim's action was immediately perceived by the other members of the party, and fishing was quietly resumed at once.

The afternoon sun, now unobscured by haze of any kind, brightened the foliage on the eastern shore while long shadows from the trees on the west crept slowly out across the lake. It was evident that the fishers were growing restless. There was much changing of positions and some moving about in the boats, but no disturbance such as might excite the notice of Uncle Tim. Luck seemed to favor Anna as to number and Harold as to size. A few bullheads were among the catch, much to Henry's delight, as he knew how hard they would be to clean. Henry himself, after catching two small perch, suggested **The Catch**

that they go home; but Harry and Karl would not listen to him, being determined to stay until sunset. Henry appealed to Uncle Tim with scant satisfaction.

After a silence of about fifteen minutes, during which time no one had so much as baited a hook, Lucille and Harry each pulled out a fine fish, either fish being larger than the one that Henry had first caught. The boys said little. Quickly baiting their hooks, they cast them back into the water. Once Henry impudently elbowed Harry aside and cast his hook in beside theirs.

Uncle Tim's still form remained anchored to the same spot, moving slightly now and then as he strung a fish or held up his string for the admiration of his fellow fishermen. The sky grew red and yellow and orange, and long streaks of gold lay across the water. Insects hummed, striking the glassy surface from time to time; an occasional fish splashed out, gleaming for a second like a sword blade in the yellow light; frogs began to chirp from the swamp; and the fishers were about to start for home. Anna and Lucille had already counted their fish and were carefully examining their sunburned faces and arms, and Harold was amusing himself by dipping the end of his pole into the water.

Fishing at Sunset

Then something happened. Henry braced himself for a pull and attracted a kind of bored attention by his boast that now he had the biggest fish of all. Karl and Harry respectfully removed their lines to avoid a possible entanglement and up came Henry's fish—an ugly bullhead, grinning diabolically as only a bullhead can grin!

Henry regarded the fish in disgust, then looked quickly at his companions as if expecting a storm of ridicule from them; but, much to his amazement, at first little was said. Then someone hazarded the remark that this new catch was about the size of his bullhead of the morning. Henry scouted the idea that it could be the same bullhead, but Harry, to make sure, hastily cut the fish open, and, wonder of wonders, there was the hook! When he

The Same Bullhead Caught Again

FISHING FEVER.

held up to the astonished spectators that evidence of the fish's identity, Henry's chagrin was so great that it would have been mean indeed to make fun of him. He set about sulkily to clean the fish, using a knife that had been brought for the purpose and casting the heads and offal into the water. While he was thus engaged the boys and Uncle Tim were favored with unusually good luck, so that they added materially to Henry's pile of fish to clean.

Henry Cleans the Fish

Half an hour later, when the colors in the sky had deepened and the trees loomed up black against the western horizon, the little party weighed anchor and rowed back to the landing to the music of plashing oars and the happy voices of contented and hungry young fishermen. And it was many a day before they ceased telling about Henry and his ubiquitous bullhead.

CHAPTER V

KENNEBUNK AND CARAMELS

LUCILLE laid a caramel in her book to mark the place and turned to examine the tip of her nose in a tiny mirror. Then she gave close attention to the tips of her fingers and sedulously applied the file here and there.

Complexion Ravages

"I wonder if I shall ever be so foolish again," she remarked to herself, taking up her book again and shifting her position so that the vines would shade the page.

Familiar steps sounded on the gravel walk.

"Ah, here you are," said Anna, discovering Lucille in her shady corner. "Reading?"

Lucille gave silent assent to her friend's chatty remarks.

"I haven't seen you since the day we went fishing." Anna put her brown face over her friend's shoulder for a glance at the title of the book.

Two Different Ideas of a "Perfectly Lovely Time"

Lucille offered her caller a caramel. "Do you know," she began, "I've just been thinking what a fool I was—I thought I was having a good time, and—look at that!" She displayed a stretch of sunburned arm. "Why—I can peel it just like a new potato!"

"Well, what of it? We had a perfectly lovely time that day, didn't we? I'm just crazy to go back!"

"I'm not! A perfectly lovely time! Do you call that a good time? To be burned and blistered and baked like a Hottentot all for a few measly fish that make your hands smell for two days—what is there so fine about that?"

"But, Lucille, what do you care about little things like those? Think how wonderful it was out there on the

water! I can shut my eyes and just see all of it yet." Anna closed her eyes and sighed deeply.

Lucille sniffed disparagingly. "Anna Grayson—what's the matter with you? You act as if you didn't care how you looked. Imagine me in short sleeves now! I'd be a sight, wouldn't I?"

"I care more how I feel," Anna replied. "What are white arms and soft pink fingers to knowing you're alive?"

Lucille shrugged her shoulders in bored indifference.

"Anyhow, my complexion is prettier than yours," Anna continued, holding up the mirror to look at her face.

"Yes, I know it is," Lucille admitted, a little surprised not to feel resentment toward Anna for being so frankly complimentary to herself. "How do you do it? I was going to ask you how you keep it so clear. I never thought I'd like to be brown; but you look positively beautiful—honest, you do, Anna!"

Comparing Complexions

Anna laughed. "I never think about it," she said, "I run around out-of-doors, and the wind and the sun do it for me, I guess. And I don't eat too many caramels and things like that," she continued significantly, "and don't stay in a hammock on such a morning as this—and go fishing whenever I can."

"Well," Lucille retorted somewhat impatiently, "I went fishing—and this is the way I look! Do you call this beautiful?"

Anna regarded her friend laughingly, as the latter proceeded to dab on a little more cold cream. "But you've only begun, you silly—next time it won't be like this. You'll feel so fine you won't care whether you have any complexion at all or not."

The Next Time

"There's not going to be any next time—I've made up my mind to that, Anna."

"Oh, no, you haven't—that's what I came over for—to ask you to go again." Anna's tone was a little dismayed.

Lucille settled herself more comfortably and unwrapped another caramel. Then she carelessly thanked Anna and told her that she "couldn't possibly do it." It was too much trouble, she said, to go and come.

"But," Anna hastened to add, "if you lived at the lake you wouldn't have that bother—and you'd soon get used to the sun."

"Oh, I might; but what's the use? I don't live there. Besides, I wouldn't want to live there."

"Why?"

To Rough It or Not to Rough It

"Well, think of all the inconveniences of living at the lake; think of the things that you have to do without—no daily mail, no automobile rides, no theatre-parties, no picture-shows, no silver and no linen on the table, no rugs and no curtains, no bath and no—"

"No trouble to dress up, no hurry and worry and fuss, no engagements to keep—who ever heard of theatre-parties in the summer, anyway?—nothing to do but to live and be free," Anna interrupted.

"No," insisted Lucille, "I don't care what you say—I couldn't be satisfied to live that way."

"Oh, Lucille," and there was genuine regret in Anna's voice, "you've spoiled all my beautiful plans—all my beautiful plans!" The tears seemed to be very near the surface and there was a touching appeal in Anna's pouting lips. "Please, couldn't you do it for me?"

"Do what, Anna? I don't understand. I'm sure I never meant to hurt your feelings, dear."

Anna's Invitation

Then Anna explained that her father and mother were going to take her to their new cottage at Denwood Lake to spend the summer vacation, and that she had come to ask Lucille to go with them. Anna had been looking forward to her vacation at the lake ever since the fishing party there, and had been very busy planning it all. "And it all depends on you, Lucille," she concluded. "If you don't go I'll have to give up all my beautiful plans—please, won't you?"

"But why would it spoil your plans if I didn't want to go? What have I to do with it?"

Anna disregarded her friend's question and repeated her appeal, enumerating all the things that they could do at the lake, and all the good times that she had planned. "I know you'd have a lovely time—we could—"

"But why can't you go alone?"

"No, I can't," was Anna's short reply. "But what difference does that make to you if you're not going yourself?"

Lucille was silent. Anna felt that she was succeeding in exciting a degree of curiosity in her friend's mind—another thing that she had planned to do, if necessary. Much to her delight, Lucille began before long to ask questions concerning the proposed vacation. Soon Anna felt that she had triumphed.

Lucille Consents to Go

"But if I go, you mustn't ask me to do all those things you like to do; and you mustn't ask me to give up all the comforts of living at home," urged Lucille. "I'll ask Mother first, and if she says I may go I'll go—just to please you, you know—and it will be as if I was visiting you for a couple of days."

"Oh, more than a couple of days!"

"I'll ask Mother."

"You needn't bother—she has already said that you might go—said a long vacation in the country would do you good, she thought."

Lucille looked surprised and perplexed, and Anna hastened to explain that the club had met at her home the day before, and that their mothers had talked it over with a number of other mothers, and that it was all settled. But Lucille's mother had waited for Anna to speak of it first.

A House Party

"Other mothers!"

"Yes, we're going to have a kind of a house party—some of the boys, too—and Father and Mother are going to take care of all of us."

For a moment Lucille returned to an examination of her sunburns and Anna feared the consequences; but at last the young caramel-eater tossed her book aside, offered Anna another sweet, and began to ask that eternally feminine question, "What shall I wear?"

The Graysons' cottage stood on the bluff at the upper end of Denwood Lake. Its screened porch commanded a view over the treetops below of the entire length of the lake. It was on this porch that Lucille spent the greater part of her time the first two or three days of her visit, lying in the hammock with a book and a supply of caramels or lazily watching the clouds and the water. Anna said little to her and did not invite her to take part in any of the sports in which she engaged herself. Lucille had come as a visitor, and she should be treated as one and allowed to spend her time as she chose. Every morning while Anna was having her swim in the lake Lucille was completing her rather elaborate toilet preparatory to spending the day in the hammock.

Caramels and a Hammock

When Anna blew in for a little talk with her guest in the afternoon, Lucille would stretch herself languidly, yawn in a condescending way, and listen to Anna's glowing accounts of the fun she had been having, with a bored and indifferent expression that was very annoying to Anna at first. Gradually, however, she accustomed herself to her guest's whims and began to take a seeming interest in them. She knew that if she could induce Lucille to remain at the lake long enough, the very atmosphere of the place would have its effect in "curing" her, as Anna expressed it to her mother one day.

Lucille Is Bored

"Why is it," asked Lucille, during one of these afternoon chats, "that you have no flies? I always supposed that a cottage at a lake must be a terrible place for them."

"It would be," Anna explained, "but Father has looked after the surroundings and the sanitation, and so we have almost no flies at all. That's one reason why Father

built Kennebunk so high and dry—we are away from the things that attract flies. Then, too, everyone along here is careful, the garbage is kept closely covered or is burned, and as soon as a fly makes his appearance we swat him at once. We don't have any stables, you know, and Father says it is a good thing; flies hatch around barns and places like that."

"But I should think the mosquitoes would be awful."

"Yes, if Kennebunk was down in the marsh they might be—that's another reason why we live on the bluff. But we're careful not to leave any empty cans or other things about that might collect water—mosquitoes breed in stagnant water, you know."

Safeguarding the Summer Cottage from the Mosquito

"No, I didn't know that; but what about the pools in the marsh and the puddles along the road after the rain?"

"Oh, that's easy—a little oil on the water and the poor little wigglers die for want of air."

Lucille expressed her surprise that the mosquito question was so easily handled, then began, apparently, to hunt another objection against living at a lake.

"But the drinking water—how in the world do you keep from getting typhoid or some other dreadful thing?"

"Well, if anyone has any doubt about the water it is boiled and then cooled for use; but you see we need have no fear—our water supply comes from deep in the ground where no surface water can get in. It's only when people are careless that they get sick from bad drinking water."

Kennebunk's Drinking Water

Lucille was silent again for a moment. Evidently, Anna was able to meet satisfactorily all her objections. Then, with a barely perceptible sigh of relief, she remarked that she was glad to know that Kennebunk was as healthful a place as her home in Weston. "I've been almost afraid to eat," she confessed, "honestly, I have—for fear of malaria or something like that."

Anna laughed at Lucille, telling her that she was "so funny" about some things, and left her to her reading and her thoughts. There were slight symptoms of a change in her for the better, though, Anna told her mother that night. They must have patience.

Lonely and Bored

The next day Lucille was alone. Kennebunk was deserted. Mr. Grayson and the boys had gone fishing, and Anna and her mother had gone for a tramp in the woods. They had asked her to go with them, but she had refused, saying that she wanted to finish her book. Yet, somehow, the book did not seem interesting any more—everything in it was so much as it had been in the other books she had been reading. One got tired of the same thing over and over again, and began to want a change. Dreamily she fell to watching the sun on the water. A spot of yellow light flickered on the ceiling above her head. Two little birds twittered in a treetop just below. A train of ants was moving along the bark of a bough a few feet away. Far out across the glistening water a fish leaped into the light. The leaves seemed to be whispering to one another.

"Why, everything's alive!" Lucille unconsciously exclaimed.

Discovering the World of Out-of-doors

Leaving her hammock, she walked up and down as an animal might walk in a cage. She listened to the birds and stopped now and then to hear the faint rustle of life that filled the air. How beautiful the lake looked! Lucille thought of her camera. She felt the force of an appeal that she could not resist.

A moment later she issued from the cottage with her camera in her hand. Opening the door of the screened porch, she walked slowly and thoughtfully down the steps to the boat house, then along the white sand next to the water. Cloud shadows swept along the beach, little ripples chased one another up the sand, and a long-legged bird rose suddenly from a clump of water weeds. Lucille was seized with an impulse to run. Breathless, she

came to a halt where an angle of the cliff jutted out to the water. She was arranging her camera for a picture when another thought came to her. Clambering up the narrow path she reached the crest of the cliff where a glorious panorama of blue and green lay spread before her. Stopping only long enough for two snaps of the shutter, she tumbled down on the opposite side and out upon the sand again. A little thicket of young willows afforded a delightful place to rest.

Snapshots

What did it mean? What had come over her, she wondered, that she felt a desire to race along the beach like a lively young sandpiper? What would Anna and Mrs. Grayson say? She had told them that the lake had no charm for her—how could she excuse herself now if they should miss her and find her here? What if they should return to the cottage and find it deserted? Lucille's mind was busied with these and other thoughts of similar nature when she heard voices from the trees back of her. Through the wood she caught a glimpse of Anna's dress. Without tarrying a moment, she jumped to her feet and hastened to retrace her steps. She never knew before how much fun it was to run. And how well she could run, too!

Scarcely had she settled herself in the hammock again, with the camera safely put away in the cottage, when Anna and Mrs. Grayson appeared.

"Oh, Lucille," Anna began, "we've had the loveliest walk—away beyond the cliff and back through the hills to—why, Lucille!—look here! What makes you look so different? Your face is so red, and your hair is all rumpled!"

Anna Makes a Discovery, Too

Anna pulled her guest out of the hammock and turned her around.

"Mother!" she called, "bring it here! I knew it was hers!" Then, turning to Lucille, she held up an accusing finger. "You've been out along the water, haven't you? I just know you have!"

Lucille tried to evade the accusation, but in vain. Mrs. Grayson returned with a ribbon that Lucille recognized as hers.

"Look!" Anna cried, "we found this clear down beyond Gilbert's Point—you lost it, didn't you?"

Lucille claimed the ribbon, explaining that she had gone out for a little "stroll" with her camera. She said she had grown so tired of reading.

Anna thought it best to let the incident drop with this explanation, but she told her mother that night that Lucille was "getting better fast."

Preparations were under way for a long hike into the woods. Lucille was considering how she could manage to spend the time alone, as she had often spent it before when everyone was away. She would go out for a little walk with her camera, and perhaps saunter along the water's edge. Since the day that something had called her out into the open Lucille had learned to love the woods and the water more and more. True, she still spent much time in the hammock, and still insisted upon dressing each morning as if she expected to go to a reception; but the boys had made so many remarks about her ways and had reminded her so many times that "Kennebunk and caramels don't go together" that she had begun to look at the matter a little differently herself. Perhaps, after all, they were right, she thought.

"Kennebunk and Caramels Don't Go Together"

"Oh, Lucille," said Anna to her that morning, "won't you come with us to-day? Father is going into Weston, and you'll be left here all alone if you don't go—and we'll be away until late this afternoon. Mother is fixing the lunch now—please, Lucille, let her put in enough for you, too." Anna begged with a compelling earnestness.

Going Blackberrying

"Don't forget the caramels, Mrs. Grayson," shouted one of the boys from somewhere out back of the cottage.

Lucille paid no attention to this good-natured taunt. She was trying to decide whether she should go or not, and desiring not to appear too anxious to accept.

"Where are you going?" she asked, by way of delay, "it must be a long ways if you're not coming back till evening."

"We're going into the big woods about three miles from here to pick blackberries—wild blackberries—did you ever go berrying?"

Of course Lucille said she had never gone berrying, and of course she said that she might go just once "to see what it was like." So it happened that preparations were made at once to include Lucille in the party. Mrs. Grayson and Anna tried to persuade her to change the dainty, lace-trimmed lawn dress that she was wearing for a more serviceable one with a duck skirt, but Lucille was firm in her refusal to consider any other clothing save that of her own choice. If she went at all she would go just as she was dressed, she said, not caring to "give in" too much the first time. Anna noted that Lucille was wearing high shoes that morning, so she made no further effort to persuade her to don more suitable attire.

Lucille Sets Out in Lawn and Lace

It was a bright, warm morning—the kind of morning that encourages loitering—and the little party proceeded leisurely. The boys made many excursions into the woods on either side of the way, sometimes with Lucille's camera (she had insisted upon taking it along), but Anna and Mrs. Grayson stayed with Lucille, hoping that she would that day be "completely cured," as Anna had expressed it to her mother before they started. With frequent short stops for rest they reached the berry patches about an hour before noon, and at once the boys began to pick berries for their lunch, Mrs. Grayson reminding them that if they ate too many they would not want any lunch when they had finished.

Berries for Lunch

In the afternoon everyone began to pick. Berries were not plentiful, but berry-picking was not the main object of the jaunt. The sun shone down hotly on the open woodland, and scarcely a breeze found its way through

the thick foliage of the berry bushes. A close, warm odor of growing and decaying vegetation rose from the ground. Across the tops of the briars in the distance the air quivered with the heat. The rich, rank fragrance of a neighboring field of clover blossoms permeated the atmosphere. Bees hummed and crickets chirped. The dry brush crackled under foot. The voices of the berry-pickers were hushed and muffled by the thickets—hidden away like the pickers themselves. Lucille was fascinated. She longed to push her way into the closest of the thicket, but, remembering her dress and her hat, she contented herself by merely picking a few berries here and there around the edges where the others had left them for her.

Adventures in the Berry Patch

Suddenly Harold came tearing out of a tangle of briars, his hat gone, his face scratched, and his hands waving frantically about his head in a most insane manner. As he passed Lucille, she noticed that his little berry pail was spilling its precious contents in every direction. She looked after him in bewilderment, astonished to see such an acrobatic performance out there in the woods.

"Run! Run!" he shouted. "Yellow-jackets! Yellow-jackets!"

Lucille was more bewildered than ever. In her mind she unconsciously associated the idea "yellow-jacket" with the idea "red-coat"; and then, for some unaccountable reason, she found herself looking for men in yellow uniforms with guns over their shoulders like the soldiers in the book she had been reading. Maybe they had come to drive them out of the berry patches—

The Yellow-jackets' Nest

Zzzzz! "Ouch!" she exclaimed, "what was that?"

But no one was present to reply to her question. To her amazement she beheld Anna and Mrs. Grayson retreating into the woods in a most undignified manner. Something caused her the same pain again, and she started to run, too. When at last she understood what it was all about she laughed with the others at her ignorance, displaying a torn dress and scratched arms, and

feeling that somehow she did not seem to fit into the scheme of things very well. However, the others were kind and said nothing.

After this Lucille cared less for her dress and hat and more for the fun of crawling into bushes, scrambling over logs, climbing brush heaps, and exploring all the apparently inaccessible places she could find. She did little in the way of berry-picking, but she had the satisfaction of feeling that she was not for any reason barred out because of her previous attitude toward it. The boys helped her to find the best berries, and Anna and Mrs. Grayson made her forget herself and think only of the fun she was having. A cloud covered the sun and Lucille followed the example of the others and discarded her hat. In the west there was a rumble of distant thunder.

Lucille Begins to Enjoy Herself

"Oo-oo-oo-ooh! Ee-ee-ee-eeh!" screamed Anna, rushing out of the thickest of the briars in wild disorder.

"What? Another yellow-jackets' nest?"

But before Anna could explain, a panic had ensued and Lucille was conscious that she was ruining a perfectly good dress in her wild attempts to get out of the briars.

"Ee-ee-ee! A snake—a snaa-aake!"

They all laughed again, harder than before. Lucille was "a sight," as one of the boys said, but in spite of her disheveled hair and berry-stained hands and face she felt comfortable. Anna was kind enough not to remark upon Lucille's appearance, yet Lucille could see that she was "just dying to say something."

A Snake

"I know I'm a sight, but I don't care if I am—I'll fix up when I get back." Lucille wondered how she really did look, and wished she had her little mirror with her. She was accustomed to judge her appearance by the way she felt, yet she had a feeling that to do so now would be misleading. She never had a better time anywhere, she said, as if to apologize for her appearance.

When the party turned toward home that afternoon they carried with them three small baskets of berries, two

armloads of such wild flowers as they had been able to find, and a collection of various other small woodland treasures that the boys had picked up here and there.

Caught in a Shower

Big drops of rain plumped down now and then, and thunder muttered ominously from the west. Soon a breeze sprang up and with it came the rain. They were too far from home to escape by running, and there was no good shelter in the woods. Very soon the rain found its way through the trees.

"We may as well make the best of it," Mrs. Grayson laughed, as the rain trickled down her face. "A rainstorm isn't going to hurt us—it'll do us good. How warm and fresh it feels, doesn't it?"

Lucille was surprised to find herself actually enjoying the rain. She had always supposed that to be caught in a shower was one of the worst calamities that could befall one, but somehow she cared not at all how hard the drops pelted her now. It seemed like a refreshing bath.

Suddenly Anna broke out laughing. "Oh, Lucille," she exclaimed, "you don't know how funny you look—you haven't any idea!"

Lucille regarded ruefully her dress, once thin, soft and daintily attractive, but now a dripping rag, soiled and

A Ruined Costume

torn to shreds. Her hat, too, must look much the worse, she thought, for its experience in the briars, to say nothing of the drenching that it was getting.

Anna ran up to Lucille, took Lucille's hands in hers, and danced fantastically around in a circle with her, their laughing faces streaming wet with the rain. After Lucille had reached the cottage and had looked at her reflection in the mirror, she broke out into another paroxysm of mirth, and the girls laughed loud and long. It seemed to Lucille that the laughter somehow cleared away something that lately had been keeping her and Anna apart. She could not explain what this something was, but she knew that her attitude toward Anna was not the same now. She felt that it would never be the same

again. The girls seemed to understand one another better than ever before.

Half an hour later the rain was over and the sun was shining. The wet leaves glistened in the yellow afternoon light. Lucille was standing down by the water watching the little waves roll in. Even the lake looked as though it had been washed clean, she thought. She carried something in her hand—something that was not her camera. She was casting little objects out into the water from time to time, and watching the little rings of ripples that each one made as it sank.

Exit the Caramel

Anna was watching her. What could it be that so preoccupied Lucille? For Anna called, but Lucille did not hear; she called again, but still no response. She determined to investigate for herself.

"Lucille," she said, coming nearer, "what are you doing?"

Lucille, startled by Anna's approach, hastily flung a handful of something into the water at her feet. A moment later she had fled up the steps to the cottage.

Anna stooped and saw a collection of small objects in the shallow water. She even wet her feet a little to get a closer view of them. But her curiosity was satisfied. They were caramels!

CHAPTER VI

THE TRUER TEST

FOOTSTEPS echoed on the boards of the pier and the little party at the end looked up expectantly.

"It's only Spence and that Billings kid," said Harry, a slight note of complaint in his voice.

"Hello!" called young Spencer in his habitually rough and familiar manner, as he sauntered forward with his hands in his pockets and Henry Billings at his heels. "What's up? All in bathing suits!"

"Nothing," replied Harry nonchalantly. "We're just waiting."

Indeed, it seemed that waiting was the only proper occupation for anyone that morning. The whole earth waited. All about the pier the lake glimmered in the sultry air; above the midsummer sun shone down pitilessly; beneath the cool water beckoned invitingly.

Inquisitive Intruders

It was but natural that Harry's companions should share his feeling of resentment at this intrusion upon the delightful anticipations of the day. Like Harry, they were willing that the intruders might be made to understand this fact.

"Well, what do you want?" demanded Harry in a not too well modulated voice.

"Oh—nothing. We're just looking around," Spencer replied.

"Thought maybe we might go swimming," Henry added with a significant glance at his comrade.

"Well, we're not swimming—we're just waiting," Harry repeated.

"Waiting for what?" Henry persisted. "Waiting for

THE DELIGHT OF A SUMMER'S DAY.

time?'' Then, as an afterthought, he concluded, ''Say, I can swim.''

''Can you swim as well as you can fish?'' queried Harry, remembering how Henry had once affirmed his ability to outdo everyone else at fishing.

''Aw—forget it!'' Henry cried, somewhat annoyed by Harry's taunt. ''Can't you tell a fellow what you're going to do? Are you swimming, or are you not? Tell me that.''

The colloquy was ended by the appearance of Anna and her father with Lucille. All wore bathing suits.

''Now, remember,'' Mr. Grayson was saying, ''only the best two swimmers can have it. The others will go with Mrs. Grayson and me in the rowboats. A poor swimmer shouldn't venture out too far in a canoe, you know.'' Mr. Grayson regarded the sky a moment, then continued. ''This will be quite a trip, and we can't tell what the weather may be before we get back. It looks as if it might rain this afternoon, but we need the supplies too badly to wait for a better day. Come on—is everyone ready?'' He led the way to a point along the pier where the water was only two or three feet in depth. ''Here's a good place for the test—but first let me show you how easy it is.''

Mr. Grayson Talks About Canoeing

Mr. Grayson prepared to dive. With a short run he entered the water off the end of the pier with scarcely a splash, coming up immediately afterward and swimming around to shallow water. Those on the pier watched him with admiring eyes, as he showed them how little effort is required to lie comfortably in the water and move freely. After a few minutes he called everyone to the beach and told them to wade out with him.

Ease in Swimming Demonstrated

Young Spencer and Henry Billings stood on the pier. ''Aw, what are you trying to get at?'' Henry sneered. ''Can't you swim without all that fuss? What's the matter with you?'' Evidently Henry felt nettled that he had not been invited into the water with the others.

"Nothing's the matter," Harry replied. "We just want to know how well we can swim, that's all. We are going to have a test in swimming."

"How well! If you can swim, you can swim, and that's all there is to it." Henry grunted disapprovingly. "Who said you couldn't?"

A Right and a Wrong Way to Swim

"There is a right and a wrong way to swim, just as there is a right and a wrong way to do everything else," Mr. Grayson put in, "and it pays to know the right way."

Then, after observing the initial strokes of his little party of swimmers and would-be swimmers, Mr. Grayson joined with them in a few short swims to the pier.

The two boys on the pier seemed to find the sun uncomfortable.

"Come on, Spence, let's go," said Henry. Then, noticing Anna, who happened to be nearest to the pier just then, he addressed a remark to her. Spencer lingered to hear her reply.

"What good is it going to do you? You don't suppose you could save anybody from drowning, do you?"

"Oh, one might have to try to do that—you can never tell—but that isn't why we want to learn."

"Then what are you in the water for, I'd like to know. Isn't that the main reason why folks learn to swim? Sure it is."

For a moment Anna found herself unable to reply. "Father," she called, "do people learn to swim just so they can save others from drowning? Henry says they do."

Why Learn to Swim?

Standing waist deep in the water, Mr. Grayson delivered a little talk on the value of knowing how to swim. "It isn't just because one might be able to save another from drowning," he said, "but more because one may be called upon to save himself. It takes a very good swimmer to rescue a drowning person in deep water; but if everyone could swim, such emergencies wouldn't arise as often as—"

"But, Father," Anna interrupted, "don't good swimmers sometimes lose their lives in the water?"

"Swimmers are sometimes drowned, it is true, but the per cent of such fatalities among good swimmers is small; it all depends upon what you consider a good swimmer. Many so-called good swimmers are not really good swimmers at all. They attempt foolhardy things in the water, and it isn't to be wondered at that they sometimes meet with serious accidents. But let us suppose that an occasional good swimmer is drowned—would it not be very foolish not to learn to swim just on that account? Wouldn't your chances to save yourself be immeasurably better if you were able to swim?"

Swimming the Best Exercise Known

"Of course," Anna agreed, "I never thought much about it. I only know that I like to be in the water."

"But there are other reasons why everyone should know how to swim," Mr. Grayson continued. "Swimming is one of the very best exercises known—in fact, I think one might call it the best. It brings more muscles into action than any other form of exercise: arms, legs, back, chest, heart—there is nothing like it for toning up, invigorating, and quickening the entire body."

"I thought running was better, Father."

"And wrestling," put in Harold, making a vain attempt to duck Harry's head under the water.

"They're both very good—perhaps the best, next to swimming—but they fail to—"

"How about baseball?" questioned Spencer from his place on the pier.

"Baseball is good, too; but not as good as swimming. Some exercises tend to develop the body in a lopsided way. Take rowing, for instance; you can easily see how a rower can develop the upper part of his body at the expense of the rest. A ball player develops one arm out of proportion to the other. A runner develops his legs. So it goes. A swimmer uses all his muscles alike."

Better Exercise Than Baseball

"But will swimming make big muscles?" asked Harold,

tightening his biceps and stretching his chest to the utmost.

A second later Mr. Grayson dodged a splash of water that was intended for Harold. "You must get over the notion," he said to Harold, "that big, bulgy muscles are necessarily stronger than those that are less noticeable. A swimmer's muscles are usually long and quick to act. They are more pliant and responsive than they would be if they were thick and knotty. More than that—they look better; the most beautiful bodies I have ever seen were the bodies of professional swimmers—strong, supple, well-formed and well-controlled. To be well developed one does not need to have heavy, overgrown muscles like an exaggerated Hercules."

About Big Muscles

Spencer and Henry wondered who Hercules was.

"Come on, Father," said Anna, evidently not as interested in muscle development as the boys were, "show us more about how to swim. Lucille can't keep from going down; what must she do?"

"The main thing for a beginner is a little confidence. As one learns, his confidence will increase. Lucille mustn't try to learn everything at once. No one can do that, you know."

Necessity of Confidence in Swimming

During the latter part of Mr. Grayson's talk, the boys on the pier evinced a desire to linger near the water, despite their expressed intention to go. While Lucille was attracting attention by her spluttering efforts to keep afloat, they disappeared in the direction of the cottages and reappeared a few minutes later, clad in bathing suits.

"That's the way," one of them remarked, "put on your suit when you dress, and you're always ready."

In spite of the evident unwillingness and coolness of those in the water the two intruders soon claimed attention.

"What's this about the canoe?" Henry asked.

Mr. Grayson explained. "You see," he concluded,

"we wouldn't need to take a canoe at all if the rowboats would carry the supplies and the passengers, too. For when there's to be a picnic lunch no one cares to stay at home."

"Didn't we just see two canoes back there at the boat-house?" Spencer asked impudently. "What's to hinder us from going along?"

"Can you swim?"

"Try us and see."

During the next fifteen or twenty minutes there was a bewildering exchange of questions, suggestions and directions concerning the proper use of this stroke or that one, this position or that. Mr. Grayson's instructions were accompanied by efforts on the part of everyone to swim at all hazards; but only two or three seemed to be making much headway. In the vicinity of young Spencer and his friend there was much splashing about and swallowing of water but little progress in the art of swimming.

The Test

"I'm afraid," said their instructor, "that some of you boys have only begun to learn."

The boys stretched themselves on the pier for a rest.

"I'm sorry to disappoint our visitors, but I guess the other canoe will have to remain where it is for the present," said Mr. Grayson. "Karl and Harry seem to be perfectly at home in the water, and I think they are the chosen ones."

The Intruders Ruled Out

The only reply to Mr. Grayson's decision was a sullen silence on the part of the rejected and a corresponding smile of satisfaction from the elect. There was no appeal; the test was over; the choice was made; the decision was final. Spencer and Henry had a feeling that they had been suddenly dropped out of the general scheme of the universe. The girls deliberately removed their caps and wrung the water from their hair, calmly ignoring everything else; Harold stubbornly persisted in trying to float on his back, oblivious to all his surroundings;

Karl and Harry, with backs turned, idly dangled their feet off the end of the pier; Mr. Grayson plunged boldly in for a last swim; even the pier itself seemed to disregard the presence of the two dismissed lads. Their disappointment was even greater than their resentment.

"Come on, Spence, what do we care? There are other things that are every bit as much fun as swimming. Hey there!" Henry addressed the bathers on the end of the pier, "you don't need to think you're so much—we'll show you yet—you're not the only canoers on the lake, remember that. There are others, do you hear?"

No response was offered to this taunting speech, and the boys turned to leave the pier in high dudgeon.

Taunting the Elect

"We'll show you," they flung back, "you'll see. 'Have to swim and use your arms and legs just so, and breathe out and in, and be so regular like,' and all that tommy-rot—it's a lot of good all that stuff will do you."

Henry went on mimicking Mr. Grayson's instructions, while Spencer directed a parting shot at the two figures at the end of the pier.

"Swimmers!" he snorted. "I guess we're not afraid of the water, either! They save anybody from drowning? Humph! They couldn't save themselves, I'll bet."

The journey to the south side of the lake was uneventful in the extreme; only the sky and the water circumscribed by the irregular ring of the shore; only the harsh cry of the crows, the plash of the oars, and a few words now and then from some member of the party. The sun glared threateningly. Low in the west a cloud bank showed its dark bulk. Karl and Harry skimmed along in their canoe, making occasional little excursions toward the shore when they had left the others too far behind. Anna and her father had charge of one boat, and Mrs. Grayson and Harold had the other. Lucille, trailing her handkerchief in the water over the side of the boat, wondered why she had ever felt afraid of the water.

The Boats Set Out

"Sometime I'll know how to swim," she remarked to

no one in particular. "Wouldn't it be fine to know how to swim just for the sake of being in the water?"

"Yes, to be sure," said Mr. Grayson. "As a recreation swimming is almost unsurpassed. Swimmers say that they can swim much farther without tiring if they are swimming in the open. This is because of the enlivening effect of the surroundings: the cool water, the fresh air, and the feeling of freedom and security that one has in being able to swim."

"But I was thinking of swimming just to swim," said Lucille.

"You mean swimming as an art. You are right. Swimming is an art—and a very fine art, at that. In swimming the movements are rhythmic; and a fine swimmer is always graceful and pleasing to see. Some people seem to think that swimming is a matter of strength, but in this they are mistaken. Swimming is more a matter of form—it is an art. By that I mean that a person must observe certain principles in order to be a good swimmer; then, too, he must have what we might call knack, a certain natural ability, if he is to become a really artistic swimmer."

Swimming as an Art

When the return trip began progress was slower on account of the heavier load and the increasing heat. Gradually the sun became obscured and tiny wrinkles appeared upon the surface of the water. Before long a stiff breeze was blowing from the west and the lake was fast becoming choppy. Fish leaped out here and there, and a hawk wheeled around against the sky. The canoe had been tied to one of the boats and the boys had taken their places at the oars to relieve Anna and her mother. Although the difficulty of rowing steadily increased, the boys felt a keen delight in being able to match their strong young muscles against the might of the waves. Their laughing faces bespoke their enjoyment of the work, and their merry voices rang with it.

A Storm Brewing

"Gee! Isn't it fun!" exclaimed Harold. "See that

wave coming? See? Whee-ee! Wasn't that fine! Here's another! Look out!"

"Oo-oo! Look out, yourself!" cried Lucille, shaking the spray from her eyes and hair. "I don't call that very fine. Watch your oars."

"Well, if we didn't have that loaded canoe dragging along—"

"Be careful! There's a big one! I'd rather be on dry—"

"Whitecaps!" shouted Harold. "Look!"

Another Canoe Sighted

The larger waves were tipped with foam. They rolled up dark and threatening under the heavy clouds that were fast shutting out the sky. Thunder muttered and rumbled and muttered again in the distance, and rattled sharply overhead from time to time.

"See! Someone is coming out after us!" Lucille pointed to a canoe that had evidently just pushed off from the mainland near the island on the left. "What do they want, I wonder?"

Mr. Grayson straightened himself for a moment and looked puzzled. "I wonder if it can be those foolhardy boys," he said. "Can it be that they have taken that other canoe against my wishes?"

"Oh, what shall we do if they have?" Anna cried. "They'll never, never dare come out on this lake now. See how black it is getting—"

The Canoe Is Paddled to the Island

"Look!" exclaimed Lucille again. "They're turning back—they're paddling for the mainland—no, they're landing on the island—what are they doing? I believe they're afraid to go any farther."

"They're wise, whoever they are," remarked Mr. Grayson, "if they stay on the island until this storm is past. It would be a crazy thing to try to cross the lake in a canoe now. I wish I could see well enough to know whether that is our canoe or not."

Just then the wind changed a little and the rowers increased their efforts. A piercing thunderclap an-

nounced the first big drops of rain. It seemed that the leaden clouds almost touched the waves. Then came the lull that foretold the coming onslaught of the storm. Nearer and nearer the boats drew to the pier. Occasional streaks of lightning zigzagged down from above, followed by peals of thunder that made Lucille clap her hands to her ears.

Harold was laughing. "What do you do that for? Thunder can't hurt you, you silly!"

"I know it can't, but—oh! Oo-oo!"

A huge wave rolled over into the boat and Harold was drenched. The boats barely escaped being driven head on against the end of the pier. Then, as if in anger at having to wait for the party to land, the wind and the rain came in one blinding rush. Scrambling and wading up the sand, the whole party secured the boats and fell to removing the cargo to shelter amid the pelting of the rain and the beating of the wind.

They Land Just in Time

"I wonder how the fellows on the island like this," remarked Mr. Grayson after they were safe from the confusion. "Surely they'll not try to follow us."

Half an hour later the storm had passed and a rainbow arched over the retreating clouds. Scattering raindrops twinkled in the sunlight. The universe seemed suddenly transformed into a gorgeous panorama of shifting shapes and colors, restless water and scurrying cloud. Karl and Harry were on the pier taking in the beauty of it all.

After the Storm

"Look, Karl!" Harry exclaimed, "the canoe! It's coming this way!"

Karl looked.

"See! It's just like our other one!"

From the bright green fringe of the distant island a red speck was creeping out across the water, dipping up and down on the glistening waves. The boys investigated and found one of the canoes missing.

"It's Spence and Henry! They've taken the canoe anyway!"

Karl was clambering into a boat. "Bring another pair of oars," he called to Harry. "We'll have to go out to meet them—they'll never get back across this lake without help. They don't know how rough the water is between here and the island. They think that because the storm has passed the lake is quiet."

Karl and Harry to the Rescue

At first it was hard for the boys to determine the course of the canoe, owing to the fact that Spencer and his comrade were having a troublesome time in managing it. Up and down, up and down, it rode the waves; sometimes with its side to the boys and sometimes with its prow pointed at them. Soon, however, it was apparent that the frail craft was making its way directly toward them. Again and again it seemed in imminent danger of capsizing, but the united efforts of both paddlers served to keep it afloat.

"Be ready, Harry," said Karl. "We'll have to pull these fellows out of the lake pretty soon!"

The canoe was careening more dangerously every moment. Karl shouted to the boys. Henry brandished a paddle and shouted back.

"The crazy nuts! Don't they know what they're going into?" Shouting to them again, Karl tried to tell them to wait.

The only reply was an answering shout and a renewed effort at the paddles. "We're all right!" they called.

The Canoe Capsizes

Then the canoe struck the rougher water and it was plain that the boys became somewhat alarmed. They lost control of the craft and began to strike out this way and that in a vain effort to keep it from turning over. It was beginning to dip water.

Karl and Harry heard the boys calling for help, but they were too hard at work at the oars to turn their heads to reply. Mr. Grayson was following in another boat and had already covered nearly half of the distance from the landing, thanks to Harold's lively assistance.

The canoe capsized.

"Here!" called Karl, tossing his oars to Spencer and Henry and plunging in after them. "Hold on a minute!"

But Spencer was too exhausted to hold on. He sank and rose and sank again, and the oars floated away on the waves. Henry was clinging to the overturned canoe and calling lustily for help, but Harry turned a deaf ear to his cries and joined Karl in the rescue of Spencer. Twice Spencer slipped away from them and once Harry himself went down, but not once did the boys relax in their determination. At last they seized him and managed to cling to the boat with him until Mr. Grayson and Harold had arrived. Then all the boys were hauled into the boats and the danger was past.

Rescuing Spencer

Spencer recovered in a remarkably short length of time and seemed little the worse for his harrowing experience, though he was visibly affected by emotions of mingled gratitude and chagrin. Henry lay limply back and closed his eyes. Nothing was said. The canoe was rescued and the return trip began.

"Karl, old scout," said Spencer, as they neared the scene of the swimming test, "you surely can swim!"

Karl's reply was interrupted by the approach of Mrs. Grayson and the girls along the pier. An account of all the details was demanded at once, and Spencer took it upon himself to give the account.

"The Test Is All Right"

"We would have been lost for sure," he concluded, "if Karl and Harry hadn't hauled us out. We have learned our lesson. The test is all right."

"I'll learn to swim, believe me!" Henry declared as a final word.

"Yes," said Mr. Grayson, "the test always tells—and this was the truer test."

CHAPTER VII

THE KINDNESS OF MR. BEAZLEY

THERE are times when a boy will pay almost any price for the object of his desire; provided, of course, that he has the price to pay. Sweat and humiliation are but passing inconvenience when a glorious reward is in sight. All of which is but another way of saying that the end sometimes justifies the means.

Young Spencer and Henry Billings wanted to learn to swim. Their experience with the canoe had taught them a lesson; the test had shown them to be deficient; and they owed it to themselves to learn to swim. Between themselves they had discussed the matter from every point of view, and there seemed to be but one course to pursue: they must find an instructor who, for a reasonable consideration, would teach them the rudiments of the art. But how find an instructor at Denwood Lake? Swimming instructors are not in the habit of frequenting small out-of-the-way summer resorts where the greater part of the inhabitants have been brought up from childhood in the water, so to speak. It was a puzzle.

Longing for Swimming Lessons

"Why not have Harry Creighton and Karl Williston?" Henry had timidly suggested. But Spencer ridiculed the idea.

"Have them give me lessons? I should say not! They'd be throwing it up to a fellow all the time that he wasn't any good in the water. I know just how it would be—I ask a favor of them? Not much!"

"But they saved—"

"Well, what if they did? What has that to do with it? Let me tell you one thing, Henry: That's favor enough

for one fellow to do another, without asking anything more of him, isn't it?"

"I suppose so—I don't know." Henry dropped into a moody silence in which the proposition loomed up bigger than ever.

The boys were walking along the beach. The water at their feet seemed to taunt them with smiles at their incompetence. Far out toward the island a solitary sail skimmed the sparkling waves. Henry felt keenly conscious of the fact that he knew nothing of sailboats. The rustic gable of Kennebunk came into view.

In Search of an Instructor

"I know!" ejaculated Henry, a thought suddenly illuminating his face. "Ask the boys!"

"About somebody to give swimming lessons?"

"Sure. They'll know, won't they?"

"Yes—they'll say they can do it themselves. Do you think I'd—"

"Oh, but we can tell them that we want a regular teacher—they're not regular teachers, are they?" The thought occurred to Henry that if the boys were not regular teachers they might be, but he said nothing. "We'll pay, you know," he added somewhat carefully, thinking of the small sum in Spencer's pocket, the reward of two days' work for Uncle Tim.

"Yes, we'll pay; but we'll not pay them."

As the boys approached the boat house in front of Kennebunk, Karl and Harry were just pushing off in a rowboat, with fishing tackle and bait. A fleeting and painful recollection came to Henry of the day when he went fishing in this same boat. Yet Karl and Harry were good fellows, after all, thought he.

Consulting Karl and Harry

"Hey, wait a minute!" he called. "Wait! We want to ask you something!" Henry ran out along the pier, leaving Spencer behind.

"Oh, never mind!" Spencer called, as he noted the boys preparing to return, "we don't want to go along." Spencer wondered why he felt so hard toward the boys

who had saved his life. He did not want to feel that way, he told himself, but somehow he had never liked Harry since the episode at Henderson's Field. Harry seemed so sure of himself, and had such a way about him of making the other fellow feel cheap.

"No, we don't want to go," Henry echoed. "We want to—"

But Spencer interrupted his comrade and directed the conversation along other lines for a few minutes. Then, very casually (so he thought) he introduced the subject that was uppermost in his mind. Henry took his cue from Spencer, and together they laid the matter before the two boys in the boat; taking care (so they thought) not to appear too anxious about it. Karl and Harry need not know about the gang that was coming out from Weston the next week for a day's swimming and fishing.

An Artful Proposition

"Just any time," Spencer told Harry in his best offhand manner. "We're not in any hurry, you understand—we just wondered if there was anybody. I've a friend who'd like to learn."

Karl and Harry looked at one another for a moment.

"Say," Harry asked, "would it be all right if we told you to-morrow? We'd like to think it over."

"Oh, sure—any time, I said."

Soon the boat was diminishing in the distance. The boys stood on the end of the pier looking into the water.

"Maybe it will come out all right, after all," Spencer remarked.

"Maybe it will," agreed Henry.

An Opportune Meeting

It happened that Spencer and Henry were passing the pier early the next morning just as Karl and Harry were coming down the steps for their daily plunge. Chance meetings are strangely opportune sometimes, and especially so at times like this.

"Say, Spence!" Harry shouted. "Glad you're coming along just now."

The boys expected Harry to make some reference to

the talk of the day before, but no reference was made. Harry exclaimed over the beauty of the morning, the crisp freshness of the air, the delightful sleep he had had; but not once did he approach the subject of swimming—not until Spencer turned to leave the pier. Then the conversation became more lively. Spencer thought he could almost discern a purpose in it, so enthusiastic were the boys over their morning swim.

Enthusiasm of the Swimmer

"Gee, but I wish I could swim like that!" Henry exclaimed, openly admiring Harry's playful antics in the water.

Spencer regarded his comrade with a look of displeasure, yet he confessed to himself that he had never admired Harry more.

"If only he would tell me," he thought, "I wonder who showed him how." Finally Spencer could wait no longer.

"By the way, Harry," he said somewhat carelessly, "did you find out about that?"

"About what?" spluttered Harry, coming up from another dive. "About somebody to teach you to swim?"

Spencer was afraid that his anxiety and admiration had been a little too evident. It seemed that Harry saw through it all a little too clearly. Above all things else, he did not want Harry to do that; he was not an object of pity for anyone, and certainly would accept no favors from Harry and Karl.

Introducing Mr. Beazley

"You never heard of Mr. Beazley, did you?" asked Harry, as he scrambled out upon the pier, his brown shoulders glistening in the sun.

Spencer admitted that he knew nothing whatever of Mr. Beazley.

"Shall we tell the boys about him, Karl?" questioned Harry, looking his companion full in the face.

"Sure. Go on and tell them."

Harry immediately proceeded to inform the boys concerning Mr. Beazley and some of his peculiarities. If any man could furnish them with expert instruction in the art

of swimming, Mr. Beazley was the man to do it. Yet Mr. Beazley was not easy to get, it seemed; there was a general impression that he rather disliked to bestow his attention upon beginners.

"But we're not really beginners, you know," objected Spencer.

"Well, anybody, for that matter," put in Karl. Mr. Beazley must be paid in advance, too. In fact, since Mr. Beazley was so hard to get, it might be more agreeable to the boys to look up someone else.

"But is there anyone else?"

"No, not that I know of. You know of anyone, Harry?"

Harry was equally ignorant. Evidently it would have to be Mr. Beazley or no one. The conversation turned again to Mr. Beazley and his success as a swimming instructor. Sometimes, it seems, he taught swimming by proxy.

Teaching Swimming by Proxy

"Whew! What's that?" exclaimed Henry. "He must be some teacher!"

"By proxy? Oh, it's a way he has of having someone else follow his directions when he isn't able to be present himself. He's mighty hard to get, you know."

"Well, it's directions we want," said Spencer, his hand on the bill in his pocket. "Where does he live?"

"Generally, you can't get him," was Harry's reply, "but you can nearly always get him by proxy." Then, as if the thought had just come to him, Harry turned quickly to leave the pier.

"Hurry up, Karl—breakfast will be waiting. See you again before noon," called Harry from the steps. "We'll find out about Mr. Beazley for you."

To Spencer and Henry the forenoon dragged as never forenoon had dragged before. Speculations about Mr. Beazley occupied much of the time. The smiling water no longer taunted them—it invited them. Clouds and birds and trees and summer sunshine were minor things

indeed, yet they had a subtle influence and that influence was in favor of Mr. Beazley.

When Harry appeared at last he was in a great hurry. He scarcely had time to inform the boys that Mr. Beazley could not see them that day.

"But I'll tell you what he'll do," Harry concluded. "He'll give you instruction to-morrow afternoon by proxy, and then you can find out more about him after you have had a few lessons. How's that?"

The Elusive Mr. Beazley

Spencer looked at Henry. "All right," he said. "Here's a bill—will that be enough for now?"

Harry glanced at the bill. "I guess so," he said pocketing it. "Be at the pier at half-past one."

Half-past one of the following day came. The boys were at the pier. The air was warm; the lake was calm; the sky was clear; the spirit of Mr. Beazley seemed to pervade the atmosphere.

"How's this?" demanded Spencer, as Harry and Karl appeared ready for the water. "Who's going to do the teaching?"

"Why, we're going to do it—I mean Mr. Beazley's going to do it, only he—"

"Where is he? Is he coming himself, or—"

"No, he's not coming—but Karl and I will do it for him, and get you fellows ready to—"

"You do it!" Spencer broke in with a frown. "You—I—how about it, Henry?" Spencer was nonplused.

"Why not?" answered Henry. "Then when we meet Mr. Beazley we'll not be so much like beginners, don't you see?"

Mr. Beazley's Proxies

Spencer hesitated a moment. Now that the matter had gone as far as this it did not seem possible to give it up. Of course Mr. Beazley did not know about circumstances at Denwood Lake, or he would not have sent Harry and Karl as his proxies. He would tell Mr. Beazley all about it the first chance he had.

"All right," growled Spencer, "go ahead."

Harry was apparently ignorant that Spencer felt any reluctance about the matter whatever. He set about at once to outline a plan of procedure.

"Now Karl will do the swimming and the showing how, and I'll do the talking, see? That's the way it is done."

"But how can—?" Spencer began. Harry interrupted him at once.

Mr. Beazley's Orders Must Be Obeyed

"Now let me tell you one thing: If there is any questioning or objecting or saying this and that against what we do, we give it up. Mr. Beazley's directions will have to be followed, and no complaints. If they're not, you don't learn to swim. Understand?"

Spencer made known that he understood, distasteful as it was to him to do so. Henry acquiesced at once. The boys entered the water.

"Now, Spence," Harry began, emphasizing his words with gestures of his hand. "It's just like this: According to Mr. Beazley you can learn to swim better if you don't try to do everything at once. One thing at a time—that's the best way to do anything, you know. Don't be in too much of a hurry!"

Demonstrating the Breast Stroke

"Yes, I know," Spencer assented, "but you see it's not as if I was beginning at the very first; I know how to keep up, and how to—" Spencer felt very sensitive about being classed as a beginner.

"Oh, sure," said Harry, "but you know I'm telling you how Mr. Beazley would do it."

"What's the use of being so particular?" put in Henry. "Can't we swim without all this fuss about breathing and strokes and all that?"

Harry turned to Henry with a warning look.

"Oh, I forgot," Henry hastened to add, "Mr. Beazley's orders, I suppose? It's all right, then."

"Now, Karl, let's show them how the breast stroke goes. Wade out here to where the water is up to your armpits. There, that's far enough. Now watch Karl."

Karl swam and the boys regarded him with a bored attention.

"Now," said Harry, "duck your heads first."

"Duck our heads?"

"Yes, it's always bet— Mr. Beazley says it is always better to wet your head and neck first," replied Mr. Beazley's proxy.

The boys complied, then prepared to follow Mr. Beazley's further instructions.

"Now do as Karl does—see—lie down, easy like, in the water. It'll hold you up if you'll just let it—see—like that. Keep your head and neck straight, put up your feet —no, no, Henry, face down—I didn't say lie on your back. Spence, you're afraid to let yourself sink, settle down—that's it—you're not out on the lake now, you know. Show them again, Karl."

Lying Down in the Water

After one or two trials Henry objected that he could not do it.

"Oh, yes, you can," Harry assured him. "Take a big breath, fill up your chest—that's the way—now bend your back in a little—that's it—you'll learn, all right. Now watch Karl. See how he does it? Now get ready—stretch out—take your feet off of the bottom and strike out."

The boys made a few trials. Harry looked at Karl with a funny wink, but did not relax his vigilance for a moment. He explained that the hands should be held with the fingers closed and the thumb placed beside the first finger, so that the hands would push against the water like the blades of an oar. Karl showed how the secret of a good stroke is to kick with the legs wide apart, with the toes pointed backward as the legs are being drawn up, so that there is no resistance of the water against the insteps.

The Secret of a Good Stroke

"See," said Harry, pointing to Karl, "don't keep your hands so far under the water; and when you draw up your legs, push back with your hands. See?"

"Yes, I see, all right," said Henry, "but what makes a fellow go? I don't seem to be getting anywhere at all—what's the matter?"

"What makes you go? Your hands and feet, of course, you goose!" Harry forgot for the moment that he was Mr. Beazley's agent. "Your hands when you bring your arms back and your legs when you close them together."

Swimming Dog Fashion

"Oh, I'm getting it! I'm getting it! Look!" exclaimed Spencer. "What would Beazley say to that? Eh? Pretty good, wasn't it?" Spencer stood up for breath and blew the water out of his nose.

"Oh, you're learning," was Harry's only comment.

"Why can't I swim dog-fashion?" queried Spencer a few minutes later.

"Dog-fashion? What's that?" asked Henry.

"Like this," and Spencer began at once to paw the water and kick up a deal of foam while he demonstrated his ability to keep afloat a short time in this manner.

"Whee-ee! What's the matter with that, I'd like to know? Spence, you're doing fine!" Henry looked at Harry to see what Harry would say.

"You don't think that's the way to swim, do you?" asked Harry, a disparaging curl on his lip. "How it does look!"

"I don't care how it looks," blurted out Spencer. "What I want to know—does Beazley think it is a good way to swim? I'm going to ask him when I see him. I'm thinking of what he thinks."

More Fuss Than Headway

"Oh, it's a—well, Mr. Beazley says it's one way to learn, but you make more fuss than headway," and Harry regarded contemptuously the frantic churning efforts of Spencer as he circled around them, his foot touching bottom now and then.

"Is there no other way to learn to swim?" Henry inquired, tired for the time being of wriggling himself along in painful imitation of a bullfrog. "What does Mr. Beazley say?" Henry said he was anxious to "get

his money's worth" before he met that distinguished instructor.

Harry looked questioningly toward Karl. "Do you suppose it would make any difference?" he asked.

"Oh, no, of course not," was Karl's reply. "I'll show them the side stroke."

The Under-arm Side Stroke

"The under-arm side stroke," Harry announced, as he thought an agent of the celebrated Mr. Beazley should make such an announcement. "Watch Karl, now."

Karl swam swiftly to the end of the pier and back again, swiftly and smoothly with only the side of his face above the water.

"Whew!" exclaimed Henry, "that's some stroke! A fellow can go that way, too, can't he?"

"Yes, it's swifter than the breast stroke and is better for a long distance swim. It moves a fellow right along."

Then Harry explained (for Mr. Beazley, of course) how you lie in the water on your side—either side—and shoot your one arm forward while the other is pushing back and your legs are helping to send your body forward. "See, Karl shuts his legs together like a pair of scissors and keeps his knees close together—that helps to send him forward."

"First one arm and then the other?" asked Spencer, preparing to try the under-arm side stroke.

"One arm and then the other," repeated Harry, "and you'll notice that you always reach out farthest with the arm that's under. That way—that's it. Turn your face up as much as you can and you will find it easier to keep up. Mr. Beazley says you should swim with as much as possible of your body under the water."

Henry Strikes Out

"Oh, look! look!" blubbered Henry. "I can swim the other way—see! It's easy when you—" but here Henry's voice was choked beneath the surface of the water and he came up coughing and laughing. "I can do it, just the same," he doggedly insisted, as he hopped about in the shallower water and tried to jar the water from his ear.

"Come on, boys," said Harry, "this is enough for to-day. You're wanting to learn it all at once, you know. One thing at a time, Mr. Beazley says."

Having made some progress in learning to swim, the boys were not willing to leave the water.

"Aw, you're just tired yourself," said Spencer. "What's the matter with you? I could stay as long again."

Short Lessons for Beginners

"Mr. Beazley says that you oughtn't to stay in the water more than about a half-hour at a time at first. You're not used to it, you know, and you've stayed long enough. It's not good for you to be in the water too long."

"Did Mr. Beazley say that?"

"Sure. If you don't believe it's true, then ask someone else."

The two boys wanted to ignore the instructions of Mr. Beazley, but Karl and Harry were firm, and they saw nothing to do but to obey. As they dropped down on the boards of the pier for a moment's talk, Henry inquired about other strokes in swimming.

"When will Mr. Beazley show us?" he asked.

Mr. Beazley Still Elusive

"Oh, that depends," replied Harry in a mysterious manner. "But I'll act in his place again to-morrow if you want me to. He can't see you for—oh, for I don't know how long—and you can just as well go on in this way until you know more about it, don't you think?"

Spencer seemed dissatisfied. "Well," he said after a moment's pause, "we'll come back to-morrow, though I don't just like the way it's going—I want to—"

"You want to learn to swim," said Harry, finishing Spencer's sentence for him, "and here's your chance. Of course, you'll come."

Spencer thereafter manifested much enthusiasm over Mr. Beazley's excellent method of teaching swimming, even though little enthusiasm over the proxies that Mr. Beazley employed. As he left Karl and Harry, he won-

dered why it was that Harry could be so positive as to Mr. Beazley's instructions. Yet he had really said very little else about the gentleman.

"Let's get dressed and then go to see Mr. Beazley," he suggested, halting at the boat-house with the boys.

"We can't see him to-day," said Harry. "Come back to-morrow and we'll see what we can do."

Promptly at the appointed time the boys were at the pier. Denwood Lake was welcoming them as before and they were anxious to test their proficiency in the new art.

"Wonder if I have forgotten what I learned yesterday," Henry mused.

Karl and Harry were late in arriving.

"Been to see Mr. Beazley?" Spencer inquired.

"We were late for lunch," Harry explained, "and of course we didn't want to come right down as soon as we left the table." **Swimming After Eating**

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't good to go into the water just after eating—it's best to wait awhile—anyway a half-hour."

"Did Beazley say that?"

"Any swimming instructor will tell you that," was Harry's reply, "or that it is better to wait even longer than a half-hour."

"And you oughtn't to go in when you're tired out, or when you're too warm; it's better to rest awhile and cool off," added Karl, who had hitherto been letting Harry do all of the talking.

"Gee!" ejaculated Henry, "I'd like to meet that man Beazley. He must know a lot about things like that."

The swimming lesson proceeded much as it had proceeded the day before, though there was less talking and floundering about and more progress in the art of swimming. The boys were greatly encouraged; and, spurred by the hope of commendation from Mr. Beazley, they did their best. Karl and Harry nodded approvingly. **Fair Progress**

"Now tell us about some of the other strokes," sug-

gested Henry after he had made a fairly successful trial of the two strokes he had become acquainted with the day before. "How does a man swim with his arms out of the water? I saw Karl do that the day he was coming to get us when our canoe was upset."

Karl swam a short distance, using the overhand stroke. Harry called attention to him.

"You see, this stroke is harder to learn, and you'll not be ready for it for some time."

"We'll have Mr. Beazley himself show us how," Spencer remarked. "We'll stick to the two that we know."

"But I want to know about this one, too," said Henry. "Why is it harder to learn?"

"Because," answered Harry, "when you lift your arms out of the water they are heavier than they are under the water, and it takes more effort to make the stroke." Harry called attention to Karl. "See how Karl does—first one arm and then the other, the right side going forward, then the left—and he curves his arms so that his hands go into the water right in front of his head."

The Overhand Stroke the Favorite of All the Strokes

"But what makes him go so much faster if that is a harder way to swim?" asked Spencer, thinking that perhaps Harry had misunderstood Mr. Beazley's instructions on this point.

"Oh, that is because his arms, being out of the water, do not offer the resistance to the water that they would if they were under. When he brings them forward they do not push against the water and keep him back."

For some time the boys watched Karl as he swam before them, showing the different strokes.

"I like best to see him swim with his arms out—the overhand stroke, do you call it? He looks better that way," Henry observed.

"Yes," agreed Harry, "the overhand stroke is the most convenient and the most graceful. All good swimmers use this stroke more than they use the others. The breast stroke—the one I showed you first yesterday—is

not often used for swims of any distance. But there's a great deal of satisfaction in knowing how to swim the overhand way because you feel so sure that you can handle yourself in the water, no matter what happens."

"I suppose Mr. Beazley swims this way most of the time," Spencer remarked. "He surely must know a lot about it."

"But why should a fellow know all the different strokes?" Henry inquired, feeling that perhaps he did not know so very much about swimming after all. "Why couldn't he swim with just one?" **Advantage of Using Several Different Strokes**

"Then what would he do if he wanted to rest?"

Henry had not thought of that. Harry explained how a swimmer can rest certain sets of muscles by changing his stroke, and thus be able to swim a great distance without tiring. Then he showed the boys how to float. Surely, there was nothing lacking in Mr. Beazley's course of instruction, thought Spencer.

"Come here to try it; the water is not deep here. Now—turn on your back like Karl, and I'll keep my hand under you. See how he raises his breast up and has just his nose and chin out of water? Make your legs perfectly stiff and stretch out your arms as he does. See how he keeps his hands moving back and forth with the palms down? That is to keep him from sinking when he feels himself going under." **How to Swim on the Back**

"But how do you swim on your back?" was Henry's next question.

"You surely do mean to learn everything at once, don't you?"

"Well, just tell us how."

Harry had unlimited patience. "Swimming on your back is easy," he said. "Just keep your hands out as Karl did when he was floating, or, if you like, you can lift them out of the water at each stroke; and then, in using your feet, kick with the top of your foot against the water. You should be careful not to get your knees too high."

That day when the boys left the water they were exceedingly anxious to meet Mr. Beazley. So elated were they over the progress that they had made in learning to swim, that they even thanked Harry and Karl for doing what they had done to prepare them for later lessons in swimming.

"We're not just beginners now, are we?" Spencer asked.

No Longer "Sink-easys"

Harry had little to say, though he assured the boys that they could hardly be classed with the "sink-easys" now. They knew something about the breast and the under-arm strokes and would, no doubt, know a great deal more before long.

"You mean when we meet Mr. Beazley?" Spencer inquired as they were stripping off their wet bathing suits in the boat house. "I want to see that man just as soon as we can get to the place where he lives."

Harry and Karl exchanged glances that puzzled Spencer. He really harbored no hard feeling at all toward Harry now; some time soon he would be able to swim as well as Harry himself. And as for Karl—well, he mused, he had always rather liked Karl. Nobody could actually dislike a fellow like Karl. "Queer," Spencer whispered to Henry, "I didn't know the boys were such good scouts, did you?" All the old feeling of enmity had somehow vanished, and in its stead Spencer felt a certain spirit of comradeship with the boys. It was a good thing, after all, that they had been Mr. Beazley's proxies.

Good Fellowship Springs Up

The boys were dressed and leaving the boat house.

"Whee-ee! I feel fine!" exclaimed Henry, patting himself on the chest. "Now we'll find out who Mr. Beazley is."

Again that strange exchange of glances between Harry and Karl. This time Harry snickered. Spencer did not know what to think of it.

"Well," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "what's the joke? You might as well tell us, too." Spencer

thought that perhaps the boys were a little slow in seeing that there was no feeling of animosity or jealousy left in his heart for them. He wanted them to know that he liked both of them. "Are we going to visit Mr. Beazley now," he repeated, "or will we have to wait a little longer?"

Mr. Beazley Becomes Permanently Invisible

Harry and Karl stopped and turned around in their tracks, facing Spencer and his comrade. Their faces were sober and their whole attitude one of impressive seriousness.

"Spence," said Harry, holding out something in his hand, "here's your money. Take it and keep it; Mr. Beazley can't see you."

"Can't see us? Why?"

"Just because he can't. He's too far away."

"Too far away?"

At this juncture Harry broke away from his companions and ran to the cottage, saying he would be back in a minute. Karl maintained his usual calm and somewhat silent manner. Spencer and Henry stood aside, puzzled and yet interested, and asked one another what it meant. When Harry returned he faced Karl with a look of blank disappointment.

"I can't find it!" he said.

"Can't find it!"

Then Harry and Karl laughed.

"But it's around somewhere," Karl remonstrated. "It was here last summer, you know."

Explaining the Mystery

"Say, what's this all about?" broke in Spencer. "Where is Mr. Beazley? Didn't you fellows learn to swim from him?"

"Where is he? I don't know. Where is he, Karl? Is it New York or San Francisco?"

Karl shrugged his shoulders.

"Sure," Harry continued, addressing his pupils, "it was through Mr. Beazley that we learned to swim, but he didn't teach us personally."

Spencer and Henry were more puzzled than before.

"Mr. Beazley has been the means of teaching thousands of people to swim," Karl explained, "but he has done it by means of a little book of instructions, carefully prepared with photographs. We had his book, but Harry says he can't find it now."

A Little Book

"But you—"

"Well, we didn't need it—we knew what was in it anyway."

Spencer and Henry looked incredulous. "A book!" they gasped.

"Sure. Hope you'll not—"

The four boys looked into one another's faces for one tense minute. It took that long for the realization of the innocent fraud to dawn upon Spencer and Henry. Then the quartette broke out simultaneously into long and uproarious laughter.

CHAPTER VIII

SEVEN SLEEPERS

IT WAS a hot August afternoon. The boys were lying under the trees on the shady side of the cottage. Scarcely a leaf was stirring. Through the openings in the foliage the lake glistened like a sea of quicksilver. Dragon-flies danced in the quivering sunlight along the little stream at the base of the bluff.

"To-morrow will be a fine day, I'll bet," Harry was saying, "but if it is as hot as this I don't think we'll get very far."

"We'll have to start early," Karl remarked, "as early as we can, then we'll be there before it gets so hot. That is the way to do when you're going on a long hike like this." **Planning for a Hike**

"And leave Spence and Henry to come when they get ready?" queried Harold. "How will they know where to find us if you do that way?"

"We'll tell them when they come back past here this afternoon," was Karl's careless reply, as he stretched himself on the ground with the attitude of dismissing the matter once and for all.

"But how will they get over here so early?" Harold persisted. "We'll have to wait for them, won't we?"

"Oh, I don't know—don't bother me, I want to sleep. It's too hot to think about anything anyway."

Harold looked to Harry to make some suggestion, but Harry had already turned over with his face in his arms, his brown shoulders and the back of his head just visible from beneath the overhanging branches of a wild grape-vine that trailed itself along the edge of the bluff. The

row from the island that morning had been a hard one for Harry and Karl, and Harold thought it would perhaps be best to let them have a rest. He lay for some time looking up through the trees at the burning sky and the thin, high clouds. He thought of that afternoon when he had eaten two big lunches and fallen asleep under the tree in the orchard and had had such a horrible dream. He had been preparing for a hike on that day, too, and the whole affair had turned out contrary to his expectations. This hike must be better arranged, thought Harold. Suddenly an idea popped into his head! Why not have Spencer and Henry stay at the cottage all night? Surely, there could be no objection to that, and it would solve the difficulty very effectually. Harold was about to disturb Karl to tell him of it when he heard voices on the cottage porch a few feet away. The speakers were invisible and Harold was safely screened from their observation.

A Bit of Eavesdropping

"But, Anna," he heard Lucille's voice saying, "why hasn't your mother said something about it to us? Did you hear what she was telling that caller who was here this afternoon?"

"You mean about the windows?" Anna's voice sounded strangely disinterested and somewhat distant, as if she were lying in the hammock with her face to the lake. "Oh, Mother was just telling how much better it is to get all the fresh air that you can. She always sleeps that way."

Lucile and Anna Argue

There was an indistinct response from Lucille, and a short conversation of which Harold could catch only a word now and then. Lucille seemed to be doing most of the talking, and the tone of her voice indicated a determination on her part not to yield to some persuasion that Anna was making. Anna's voice was very mild.

"But you have been leaving them down every night, just the same," Lucille said, as she rose and walked to the edge of the porch only a very few feet from Harold.

PLEASANT KENNEBUNK.

"And your mother hasn't said a word about it. I don't understand."

Anna's drowsy reply was unintelligible, though she was making some reference to "that little room where the boys sleep."

Karl shifted his position uneasily. He had evidently been hearing a part of the conversation. "Yes," he mumbled sleepily, "it is a little room, all right. Think of it to-night!" **The Boys' Little Room**

Harold remembered his idea. "I was just thinking," he began, "that we might have Spence and Henry stay here at the cottage all night so that they would be here and ready when—"

"Stay in that little room? How would we sleep? It's hardly big enough for two or three as it is! How do you suppose we could all crowd into it?"

The conversation from the porch had become more animated. "Oh, I'd just as soon," Lucille was saying, "why didn't you let them have the big room in the first place?"

Anna laughed. Lucille continued in the same manner and repeated her statement, adding something about "knowing when a thing agreed with her." Anna laughed again,—a low, mischievous laugh.

"What do you think is the matter?" questioned Harold. "It seems that the girls don't agree about something or other."

"It's about sleeping. Lucille says she would rather not breathe the night air, or something to that effect, and Anna says it would be better for her if she did." **The Girls Disagree About Night Air**

"Night air! What would she breathe, I'd like to know. Night air is all the air there is to breathe at night, isn't it?"

Karl cautioned Harold to suppress his laughter. The girls had not heard the whispered conversation, but they would be certain to hear their laughter.

Then Harold had another idea.

"Say, Karl," he whispered, "let's ask the girls if we can't have their room to-night! They could sleep in the other one, it wouldn't take but a minute to change the cots. Part of us could sleep on the floor."

Karl sat up and scratched his head for a moment, then gave Harry a push with his foot. "Wake up, Harry, and tell us what you think about it."

"Think about what?" Harry grunted, heaving a sigh of distress and fanning himself with grape leaves.

Karl cautioned Harry to be quiet and the boys crept nearer to one another for a whispered conversation. Karl explained that since it would be necessary to start early in the morning it might be better to have Spencer and Henry stay at the cottage all night; and since the girls seemed to be having some disagreement as to sleeping arrangements it might be well to ask them for the larger room for the night.

Negotiating an Exchange of Rooms

"All right, then," Harry agreed, scrambling to his feet. "Come on, let's get it settled."

When Karl laid the proposition before the girls, there was no response for fully a minute. Anna regarded Lucille with a look of mingled inquiry and mischief. Lucille tossed her head and looked defiant.

Then Anna began to repeat to Lucille the terms of the boys' request.

"I don't care!" snapped Lucille, "I don't care what you do!" Then, seeing the fun in Harry's eye as he looked through her pretense, she smothered an involuntary giggle and strengthened her look of defiance. "I don't care," she continued in an injured tone, "I think you're—"

"I Don't Care!"

"That makes three times you've told us that you didn't care," began Harold, but when he saw the glance that Karl gave him he thought it best not to induce Lucille to spoil it all by laughing outright. Karl was using all the tact of which he was capable, and Harold admired his diplomacy.

"Oh, of course, the boys may stay all night," said Anna, as she rose to dismiss the subject, "but we'll let you know later about the room. I'll see what Mother thinks. Father is away, you know, and we'll do whatever Mother says. I'll call her."

Mrs. Grayson appeared at the door. Anna looked to Karl to lay the matter before her, but for some unaccountable reason the boys looked at one another and said nothing. Lucille was quick to take advantage of the situation. Pulling Mrs. Grayson into the hammock, she drew up a chair and seated herself in front of her to ask questions.

Appealing to Mrs. Grayson

"Anna says we ought to sleep with our windows wide open every night."

"Well?"

"Well, wouldn't the night air be bad for us?"

Mrs. Grayson laughed softly. "My dear," she said, "no other night air could possibly be as bad as the night air that you have shut up in your room if you sleep with your windows closed. Would you willingly breathe poisonous air?"

"Why, of course not," Lucille replied, "but there's no poisoned air around here, is there?"

Mrs. Grayson laughed softly again. "There is poisoned air in your room every night. Poisonous gases are exhaled from your lungs, foul air is full of poisons."

Open Windows at Night

Here the boys showed signs of interest and seated themselves on the steps to listen to the conversation. Anna disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, calling back as she went:

"You talk with Lucille, Mother. I'll fix the salad."

At the mention of salad, the boys looked at one another with certain knowing glances and an expressive moistening of the lips peculiar to youthful masculinity, but their attention was soon directed to the conversation of Mrs. Grayson and Lucille.

"But the air in our room isn't foul," Lucille was say-

ing, "it is nearly always cool and fresh, at least, so it seems to me."

Mrs. Grayson smiled, as if she knew something that she did not choose to tell just then. "You make the common mistake," she said, "of thinking that cool or cold air is necessarily fresh air. Fresh air may be warm or it may be cold—the temperature has nothing whatever to do with it. The very worst kind of air may be the air that is pent up in your room on a night when you have all your windows closed to keep warm."

Temperature and Purity of Air

"But I might take cold if I had the windows up."

"You would be more liable to take cold with them closed. Fresh air is a remedy for certain lung disorders such as pneumonia and tuberculosis, and it is a strong preventive of disease generally."

"Night air?" Lucille inquired anxiously, remembering that she had often been careful about breathing the "night air."

"Why isn't night air as good as day air?"

Lucille had never asked herself this question. "Why, because it—because it's—oh, I don't know—why isn't it?" she faltered.

Mrs. Grayson laughed again in her quiet way. "Now think a minute," she said, "and you will see that the outdoor air is sometimes purer in the night."

"Purer! Why, it's cold and damp!"

"But how can dampness make it impure? The dew or frost carries to earth the particles of dust that are in the air in the daytime, and in this way the air is purified. Haven't you ever noticed how fresh the air is after a rainstorm?"

Night Air Purer Than Day Air

"I never thought of that!"

"When there is no wind the little particles settle to the earth, and thus the air is made clear and pure. It is the night air that you shut in your bedroom that injures you —not that on the outside."

Then, seeing that she had an interested audience, Mrs.

Grayson took advantage of the occasion to say something about sleep.

"At night when the body is asleep the process of building up goes on. More oxygen is taken in by the blood than is taken in during the waking hours, and for this reason it is very essential to have plenty of fresh air in the sleeping room. The windows should be opened at the top from one to three feet; it doesn't matter if a slight breeze can be felt across the bed. Of course, this doesn't mean that the room should be cold. A temperature of fifty-five or sixty degrees is about right; with our modern methods of heating that can easily be regulated. The bedclothing should be light in weight and made so that it can be aired and cleaned easily. Thick, closely woven bedclothes are bad because they keep the air away from the body; and for the same reason feathers are bad."

Sleeping-room Regulations

"How much sleep does a person need?" asked one of the boys, feeling that he was learning a great deal that he should have known before. "Does everyone need eight hours?"

"That depends largely upon the person; some need more, and others do not need as much."

Here Lucille interrupted, feeling, no doubt, that the conversation was strictly between her and Mrs. Grayson. "How much ought I to have?"

"I suppose the best way to find that out is to go to bed when you feel sleepy and get up when you feel rested. Generally speaking, it is the quality of sleep that counts—not the quantity. But children require more sleep than grown people, and I hardly think eight hours would be sufficient for you."

Quantity of Sleep Necessary

Lucille evidently resented that she was being called a child, but she said nothing. Harold snickered and Harry coughed in an impolite manner. Mrs. Grayson smiled.

Lucille hastened to return to the original topic of conversation.

"I have felt ever so much better since I came here to Kennebunk," she said, "and Anna and I always go to bed with our windows closed, unless Anna wants them open just a tiny bit. Anna gets up and opens them in the morning before I am out of bed."

"Now let me tell you something," said Mrs. Grayson in an altered tone of voice. "When Anna told me that you wanted to sleep with your windows closed, I said nothing to you about it; but every night since that time your windows have been wide open—I have been taking care of that every night after you have fallen asleep. That accounts for your finding them open in the morning, and that is why you have been sleeping so soundly every night."

Mrs. Grayson's Revelation

Lucille gasped with astonishment and incredulity.

"It is a fact," Mrs. Grayson assured her. "Even before you threw your caramels in the lake you were sleeping with your windows open."

Lucille wanted to say something, but there seemed to be nothing to say. Harold snickered again, but a look from Karl checked him. Harry exhibited symptoms of another impolite cough.

"I don't care!" Lucille flung out in her old injured tone, "I don't care! I think you're horrid—you miserable boys! I—"

Then, knowing that she was acting like a very small girl indeed, Lucille bounced up from her chair and ran down to the beach to pout. The boys felt a little ashamed of themselves, and yet they wanted to appear unconcerned. When Karl mustered courage to ask Mrs. Grayson about sleeping arrangements for the night, she told him that perhaps it would be better for her to let Lucille settle that matter to suit herself.

Teasing Lucille

And Lucille settled it.

Perhaps, if Harold had not followed her to the beach and teased her that afternoon, and if Harry had refrained from making one or two significant but unkind remarks

about caramels—perhaps, if these things had not happened, the boys would not have found their beds piled out on the steps when they returned that night to the cottage to retire.

"Whew! Look here, fellows! What does this mean, I wonder?" Spencer was the first to discover the beds on the steps. "Looks like we're not wanted on the inside."

"Why, what can it mean? Lucille said it would be all right for us to have the larger room to-night. I wonder if she knows about this." Harry pulled the bedding about as if searching for some reason for its being on the steps. He was too dazed to think.

A Bona Fide Eviction

Karl tried the door. It was locked. He turned to examine the rolls of bedding. "It's all here," he said, "but it seems to me that she might have let us have the porch, at any rate."

Harry and Harold were nonplused. Karl regarded them a moment in the uncertain light of a half-hidden moon. "This is what you fellows deserve," he declared firmly. "You carried that teasing too far. I was afraid she would get even in some way."

"Well," remarked Harry, "I don't know as I blame her. We boasted about being able to sleep out on the pier, and all that sort of thing, just to have a little fun with her—didn't even thank her that I can remember—and so she has made up her mind that we can sleep out if we want to. No, I don't blame her. We acted too smart for anything. It serves us right."

Lucille Gets Even

"Let's call and see if they will let us in," suggested Harold, going around to the windows. "Closed! Shut up tight as a drum! Do you suppose they have gone away?"

Karl whistled and tried to peer in at the darkened windows, but all was still. Only the voices of the frogs and the drowsy hum of a big beetle broke the stillness. The boys stood on the steps and regarded the closed entrance somewhat as a dog watches a door in patient expectation

of being let in. Spencer and Henry struck matches and examined the fastenings of the door.

"No use—we can't get in. We may as well make the best of it and take our beds to the pier. The mosquitoes will eat us up before morning if we stay here." Spencer's tone was resigned and decided.

"Mosquitoes? Not much! No mosquitoes around here!" was Karl's reply. "But the pier is the place to sleep—it is cool and airy. Come on, boys, let's fix the beds."

Sleeping on the Pier

It was a tired and sleepy bunch of boys that stretched themselves out on the pier to sleep. The bedding suffered more or less from wrestlings, blanket parades, pillow fights, and similar diversions, and one pillow and a pair of trousers had to be fished out of the lake before everything was quiet. The boards of the pier were hard and the blankets rather twisted, but nobody complained.

"Serves us right," was Harry's laconic observation.

There were no stars and no moon when the boys went to sleep. The trees loomed up black and motionless against the night sky; a single light twinkled in the dark distance; and the lake seemed suddenly to have disappeared, leaving the pier suspended midway between two skies.

"Seems queer, doesn't it?" murmured Harold. "It's so spookey-like and still when nobody says anything."

Flight in the Rain

Two or three hours later Henry's voice woke everyone with a note of warning. "Get up! Get up!" he was exclaiming, "let's get out of this!"

A preliminary sprinkle of raindrops emphasized Henry's words. A moment later the grumble of faint thunder brought every boy to his senses. There was a scramble, a taking up of beds, and an instinctive dash for shelter. Harold remarked afterwards that they carried their loads along like a procession of ants moving their effects, though at the time no one had thought of the resemblance.

The only idea then was to reach shelter from the coming rain. The first shelter was the boathouse, fortunately left unlocked. Once inside, there was a bewildering mixture of bedding and boys that darkness rendered all the more confusing; but, as if by miracle, the chaos arranged itself into something like a semblance of order and the patter of the rain on the roof brought quietness again.

When morning came the rain was still falling. All thought of a hike was abandoned. Dull, gray, wet, soggy, the whole universe seemed utterly lifeless and soaked. Mrs. Grayson came down in raincoat and umbrella and found the boathouse deserted, its occupants out for a morning swim in the rain. She continued her walk to the end of the pier and discovered one of her blankets hanging dejectedly over the top of a piling.

In the Morning

"Breakfast!" she called. "Hustle out of there, you young reprobates—the girls have been worrying about you all night." Mrs. Grayson was inspecting the pier, which bore evidences of the hasty flight to the boathouse —the blanket, feathers here and there from one of the pillows, and torn shreds of a sheet that had been ruthlessly dragged across the slivered end of a board.

"Worrying?"

"Yes, worrying—and I suppose it was right that they should. When I told Lucille that I had seen you boys listening to the girls' conversation yesterday afternoon, she was determined to get even, she said, and so she dumped your beds out on the steps. I thought it wouldn't hurt you to sleep on the pier, so I said nothing, and let things take their course. I didn't even raise the windows in Lucille's room. I don't know but I should have ventured out when the girls were calling you, but—"

Explanations Are in Order

"Calling us? Did they call us?"

"Didn't you hear them calling you soon after the rain began? Lucille was sure that you would all have to go into the lake to get out of the rain. She thought the boathouse was locked."

"Time to worry was last night," Harold remarked, "we didn't stay awake to listen for anything—never slept so hard in all—"

"Never since we've been out here," Karl interrupted. "Spence and Henry complained at first that the night air would be bad, but we told them what you told Lucille yesterday, and soon laughed that idea out of their heads. Why wouldn't it be a good scheme to have a tent down here for rainy nights and a place on the pier for the beds?"

The Joys of Sleeping Outdoors

Mrs. Grayson reminded the boys again that breakfast would soon be ready. "We'll see about the beds on the pier some other time," she said, "perhaps there will not be many more warm nights."

"Oh, we don't care if the nights aren't warm—warm nights, cold nights, any kind of nights—this is the best and only place to sleep. You have to jump into the lake in the morning to wake yourself up!"

Lucille was not present at the breakfast table. Anna came to the table tired and unrefreshed, and said she was not hungry. This was most unusual for Anna.

"Well, Mother," Anna explained, "you see I didn't say anything to Lucille about the windows, and we didn't have very good air. Then, when it began to rain, Lucille closed them altogether and we went to sleep that way. No wonder she has a headache this morning, no wonder I feel like this. Lucille said she had learned a lesson. She didn't realize that fresh air made such a difference."

Learning the Fresh Air Lesson

Harold was on the point of venturing some inept remark concerning sleeping beauties, but checked himself when he saw Lucille approaching.

"The seven sleepers—is that what you're thinking about?" inquired Mrs. Grayson.

"But two of them didn't sleep very well, Mother."

"Well, all seven learned how to sleep, at any rate, and I think they will not forget the lesson."

Lucille took her place at the table with a wan smile

which soon changed for a livelier one, then a giggle, and finally a hearty laugh, as she listened to Harold's picturesque description of their experience on the pier.

"Well," she declared when he had finished, "I'm only sorry I didn't put our beds out instead of yours. I haven't had such a headache since I came out to Kennebunk."

Congratulating Themselves

"While we feel in the best of fighting trim, don't we, fellows?" Harry declared triumphantly. "It was a jolly good thing for us that you evicted us, Lucille. We found out how fine it is to sleep in the open."

"No more stuffy bedrooms for us while we're at Kennebunk," chimed in Karl. "We shall sleep out under the stars like the noble red man."

CHAPTER IX

HEALTHY INDIFFERENCE TO DIRT

ONE afternoon in mid-September, when vacation days were over and the more earnest business of the year had begun, the Central School at Weston was pouring its throng of boys and girls out into the street in a more than ordinary state of ebullition. Perhaps it was the restlessness of pent-up vitality, perhaps it was the unforgotten autumn call to the out-of-doors, perhaps it was the desire to leave teachers and books behind—whatever it was, the commotion was more widespread than usual. Harold and Harry were keenly conscious of it as they chased one another around the trees and down the walk.

Just Let Out of School

"Say, but wasn't Miss McAllister cross this afternoon when we went to class!" protested Harold as the two boys walked leisurely across the street with their heads together over a new geography that had not, as yet, been given adequate examination.

"Wasn't she, though!" was Harry's sympathetic rejoinder. "She even called down Reggie Archibald. Did you hear what she told him?"

The School "Sissy" Boy

"Yes, but Reggie needed it," mused Harold, remembering how Reggie had asked permission the second time to wash the water color from his hands during the drawing lesson.

"But she didn't need to be so sharp about it," Harry remonstrated. "'Reg-i-nald Arch-i-bald,' that was the way she said it, 'a healthy indifference to dirt would do you good, bodily and mentally.' "

"Well, wasn't she right?" questioned Harold, "Reggie is so prim and so starched up all the time, it will do him

good to know what the rest of us think of him—that's what I think."

Harry was inclined to stick to his championship of the "sissy Archibald kid," as Harold dubbed him, and maintained with many words and not a few imitating gestures that the teacher's remark had been uncalled for according to his opinion.

Harold's patience, none too great at any time and especially scant when Reggie's name was mentioned, was soon exhausted by this course on the part of Harry; personalities and invidious comparisons began to take the place of the earlier and more sober exchange of views.

Invidious Comparisons

"You're just as bad as Reggie," Harold vociferated, "I'll bet you wash as many times as he does—and you're just as pernickety as he is," he added, feeling that he had scored a notable triumph in the use of a big word, "every bit as pernickety!"

"Hah! I'll bet I can go without washing just as long as you can!"

"I'll bet you can't!"

"I'll bet I can!"

"Yes, but can you have a 'healthy indifference to dirt'? I'll bet you can't do that. You're too fussy, like Reggie."

"We're not talking about Reggie now; we're talking about 'healthy indifference.' How much 'healthy indifference' have you, I'd like to know!"

"Just as much as you have!"

The colloquy waxed warmer and warmer. Miss McAllister turned the corner where the boys were standing and they doffed their caps somewhat shamefacedly in recognition of her cordial smile. Evidently her "healthy indifference" was extended to include the little annoying cares of the day as well as dirt. But a boy must be as good as his word, and nothing could now induce either Harold or Harry to retract a single statement. There remained but one way to settle the matter, and that was to try it out; each boy must prove his "healthy

Only One Way to Settle It

indifference'' to the satisfaction of the other. Any other course would be unthinkable.

''All right, it's a bargain, then,'' agreed Harold, taking Harry's extended hand, a lively smile relieving his countenance.

A Wager About Washing

''Now, remember,'' Harry said, ''we don't wash till this is settled. It's a good thing that you're staying with me. When did you say your father and mother would be back? A week? Oh, that will give us plenty of time. It will be fun to try it out, won't it?''

''Think of all the time we can save!'' exclaimed Harold.

''We can stay in bed longer in the morning, can't we? But say!'' Harry had a sudden, disconcerting thought. ''How will we ever keep Mother from spoiling it all? She's death on dirt!''

''Oh, we can fix that all right—that will be easy enough. Come on, let's look at the rest of the pictures in your new geography.''

The following morning the boys reveled in the luxury of lying abed until breakfast was ready. Then began a day of more than usual interest. The wager they had made added a certain spice to the business of living; it was a novelty, something new and unheard of in the annals of Weston. How grand it would be to let some of the other boys in on the secret, and yet such a thing was

The Fun Begins

not to be considered for a moment! Perhaps, after all, it would be just as imposing to wait and tell them afterward. How they would press around and listen to the account, and how glorious it would be to overshadow them with distinction! Such a dignity was worth striving for, even though one had not staked his word; but to stake one's word, to justify oneself, and to enjoy all this notoriety besides—what boy would not be enthusiastic?

During the day the boys were unduly careful not to soil their hands any more than they could help. It even occurred to Harry that he might, after all, be somewhat like Reggie, but the thought caused him little concern. Harold

seemed to be succeeding better, but Harold had the advantage in not being asked that day to sharpen the pencils for the drawing class. Then, too, Harold's mother would not be waiting to scrutinize his hands that evening. It was always harder to keep clean when a boy's mother was so particular.

That evening at the dinner table the boys seemed more than ordinarily polite. They did not once forget and place their hands upon the cloth after the fashion of hungry boys. Mrs. Creighton was pleased, but she suspected something when she saw her son eating soup and cracker with the same hand. Harry was quick to note his mother's suspicion. Harold declined to taste another spoonful of his soup.

The Ordeal of the Dinner Table

"Har-ry Creigh-ton!" (so it sounded to Harry), "Let me see your hands!" Mrs. Creighton proceeded to make an investigation.

Harry winced and Harold hung his head.

"Now you boys skip to the bathroom this very minute, and don't ever come to the table with such hands again. I never knew you to be so careless before."

It was evidently useless to try to evade Mother in this respect; and, under such circumstances, there was but one thing to do: to exclude hands from the "healthy indifference" category. Harry had felt ashamed of himself when he saw the pained look on his mother's face. "If she only understood," he thought.

Excluding Hands

"Why not take your mother into the secret?" Harold asked.

"Take Mother in? I should say not! You don't know her as I do! She simply can't stand dirt at all. She would spoil it all right off."

Since Mother was apparently incapable of being made a party to the secret, other means would have to be devised to circumvent her.

The following afternoon the boys were noticeably taciturn and thoughtful on the way from school. Crossing

the public park they stopped with one accord at the drinking fountain and indulged in prolonged and satisfying draughts therefrom, screened from one another's eyes by the bronze soldier who stood guard over the historic spot.

"Here! what are you doing!" demanded Harold, as he caught a glimpse of Harry wiping his mouth and chin with his handkerchief.

"What about yourself? Didn't I see you—"

"Aw, the water spurted up too high—I turned it on too much," Harold explained, dabbing at his face with his handkerchief. "You can wipe a few drops off of your mouth, can't you?"

A Convenient Drinking Fountain

"Well, that depends," Harry answered.

Harold looked up, the region about his mouth and chin conspicuously whiter than the remainder of his face. Harry laughed.

"Say, you ought to see how you look! Mother will never let us come to the table like this to-night."

That evening the "healthy indifference" category was still further restricted.

Harry and Harold heartily agreed that no more exceptions should be made. With hands and faces "left out," as Harold expressed it, they could reasonably expect to live up to their compact thereafter, and they vowed solemnly not to permit another interference with the carrying out of their plans.

A Solemn Vow

"But I feel like a sneak, don't you?" Harry confided. "Mother thinks we're taking our bath every day just the same."

"Oh, well, so long as nobody else knows we can get along all right," Harold replied in a tone that dismissed the matter entirely.

But if Mrs. Creighton could be excused for not understanding, there was no possible excuse for Miss McAllister when she chose Friday afternoon of that week to deliver a talk upon the importance of bathing and the proper

care of the skin. Did she suspect? Then why had she said that she wanted everyone in the room to pay close attention? What was that, that she was telling them?

"The human skin is the most wonderful fabric in the world. It can endure the roughest wear and is always able to repair itself. It covers and protects our bodies and helps us to throw off the poisons that are constantly accumulating in them. It is so wonderfully made that it can almost take care of itself. No dirt of any kind can cling to it very long because the outer layer of the skin is constantly dying and falling off in little scales. It has nearly three millions of tiny sweat glands that constantly pour out impurities and other—"

The Wonderful Human Skin

Harold nudged Harry. Perhaps this talk was intended for Reggie.

"—substances that make it self-cleansing. This alkaline fluid that the sweat glands pour out keeps the pores free from dirt and—"

Harold nudged Harry again. Miss McAllister paused.

"Harold Long will take the seat across the aisle, please."

Harold sheepishly obeyed. He felt that the eyes of all in the room were upon him. Harry's face reddened.

"As I was saying, the skin cleanses itself; but it cannot completely cleanse itself without our aid. The coat of fatty substances that the glands spread over the surface of the skin retains the waste particles and makes a good place for dust and dirt to collect. Disease germs find lodgment in such a field."

Self-cleansing Power of the Skin

Harry cast a significant look toward Harold. Miss McAllister was hitting them now, he thought.

"Yet the skin does far more toward cleansing itself than most people think," Miss McAllister continued. "Its vitality and its powers of taking care of itself under all conditions are marvelous. A certain healthy indifference to dirt will harm no one."

The boys turned their faces and looked meaningly at

one another for a moment, then regarded Reggie. Miss McAllister seemed to be aiming at everyone in turn.

"I have mentioned these facts to prepare you to understand what I am about to say on the subject of bathing. In the first place, one doesn't bathe simply to keep clean—and surely, one should not often have to bathe to get clean. One bathes more for the exhilaration and the tonic effect of the bath. Nine-tenths of the cells of our bodies would die if they were to become dry, and I suppose that is one reason why we like to bathe. Of course, as with everything else, the matter of bathing can be overdone; but that depends largely upon the individual himself. The benefit is in the reaction after the bath.

Pointers on Bathing

"Now I want to give you a few practical suggestions. In the beginning let me say that the bath should always be taken in a warm room. For the daily bath—the bath that one takes for its invigorating effect—the temperature of the water should be cool enough to produce a reaction. The skin contains a mesh of blood vessels that can hold nearly half of the blood in the body; that is the reason why it can so easily adjust itself to changes in temperature. Perhaps the best time for the cold bath is immediately upon rising. The cold water acts as a tonic to the nervous system, and is beneficial to the heart and the whole circulatory system. A cold bath should be followed by a pleasant reaction, and unless this reaction takes place the bath is likely to do harm instead of good. Each person can determine for himself what the temperature of the water of his bath should be. It is well to begin the habit of taking cool baths in the summer when the shock will not be as noticeable; and to continue through the fall and winter, gradually accustoming the body to the process."

The Cold Bath

Here there was a shrugging of shoulders and various shivering gestures in response to Miss McAllister's mention of cold baths.

"Please remember," she continued, "I am not saying

that everyone should form the habit of taking cold baths —not that at all—I am only telling you the benefit that some people derive from them. As I told you before, the chief value of bathing lies in the exhilaration that it produces, and this exhilaration can most easily be obtained by means of the cool or cold bath. A warm bath followed by a dash of cold water is often beneficial. Warm baths should be taken at night, as they are relaxing in their effect and are conducive to sleep.

"Two or three other things I would like to mention here: One should not take a bath immediately after a meal because the process of digestion is likely to be disturbed; neither should a bath be taken when one is very tired or greatly excited. And then the matter of soap: Have you ever noticed that the skin sometimes feels rough and dry after a bath with soap? That is because the soap has removed the oily covering that I told you about a few minutes ago. Too much soap, or strong soap, is injurious. When the skin is left dry and harsh it cracks, and these tiny cracks accumulate dust and dirt. Perhaps some of the boys have noticed how chapped hands seem to grow worse the more they are scrubbed with soap and water."

Valuable Rules for Bathing

Harry and Harold again exchanged glances. They were anxious for Miss McAllister to conclude her talk. It made them uncomfortable to listen to it.

"Now I might sum up what I have said about bathing, and impress upon your minds a few general truths: Bathe to keep clean and to enjoy the tonic effect of the bath; use as cold water as you can; and remember about the use of soap. Ordinarily it is better to take a cold bath in the morning and a hot bath at night. A very good physician recently said to me that a daily bath in cool water with little or no soap will keep the skin in a cleaner and more comfortable condition than a weekly bath with hot water and plenty of soap."

Summing Up the Bathing Talk

The boys hoped that Miss McAllister would have something more to say concerning a "healthy indifference to

dirt," but she seemed to be as much a foe to dirt as Harry's mother. They walked home quiet and thoughtful, neither hinting at what was uppermost in the minds of both.

"Well?" said Harry, after a silence that was more easily understood than words, "what about it?"

"What about it?" echoed Harold. "You're not a quitter, are you?"

The Wager Still On

"I should say not!" Harry hastened to reply, secretly ashamed of himself for having made the remark. "Miss McAllister didn't understand."

"No, she didn't understand."

Sunday was a most uncomfortable day for Harold and Harry. A walk into the country failed to afford the expected relief. The autumn fields and woods and the lovely September sky were scarcely heeded. A demoralizing something pervaded the atmosphere—a something from which it seemed impossible to escape.

"Seems like there's something on your mind, doesn't it?" Harry ventured after a somewhat painful suspense.

"Yes, but there isn't; what would it be?"

"Oh, I don't know. But don't you feel as if you didn't care what you did? Don't you almost hate yourself?"

Harold stoutly denied that he had any such feelings at all, and Harry despised himself for having mentioned the matter. Later in the afternoon the boys approached the millpond and stood watching the water as it poured over the dam. Just below was a bridge and an eddy of slowly moving water sheltered by a clump of trees.

The Temptation of the Millpond

"It would be a nice place to go swimming if it wasn't too late, wouldn't it?" remarked Harold.

"You mean too late in the season or too late in the day?"

Harold viciously whisked off a head of goldenrod with a stick and ground the yellow fragments under the heel of his shoe. His comrade felt an unaccountable wave of sympathy for him. It was somehow a most expressive thing

for Harold to do—to strike down and destroy the golden-rod blossoms—and Harry felt an impulse to do the same himself. A few minutes passed before either spoke.

"Let's go back home," Harry began, viewing the destruction they had wrought. "What's the use of staying around here? It's too late to—"

"Say, Harry, couldn't we—just once?"

"No!" Harry remembered that Harold had disdained to listen to him the day before when he was on the point of making a similar proposal. "No, sir, hands and faces are left out, as it is. What would it be if we went in swimming? It wouldn't amount to anything—this bargain of ours."

A Vicious Frame of Mind

"Oh, well, I can stand it as long as you can."

"I'll bet you can't!"

"I'll bet I can!"

"I'll—oh, come on, Harold, let's go back. We'll not, will we?"

"You mean I won't take a bath till you do?"

"No, I mean I won't till you do."

"You're not showing a 'healthy indifference,'" Harold parried.

"Neither are you!"

"Oh, let's not talk about it. I'm not going to let any water touch me till you do; I don't care anything about the 'healthy indifference' part of it, I can keep away from the water just as long as you can."

A Question of "Honor"

"Same here!" responded Harry, displaying an "indifference" that was anything rather than "healthy."

During the remainder of that day and the day following the boys grew more and more distrustful of one another. They remained in one another's company constantly. All indifference of whatever sort had vanished and the boys no longer tried to delude themselves into thinking that it was only a huge joke. It had become a question of "honor," as Harold remarked.

Tuesday was a warm day, one of those autumn days

that call back all the belated charm of a day in July. The schoolroom was unbearable that morning. Through the open windows the breeze brought messages of green fields and leafy woods, of birds and bees and clouds and all the bright livery of summer. Miss McAllister was assigning a lesson for the following day. A sheet of paper fluttered from her desk along the floor.

A Fluttering Paper

"To-morrow," she was saying, "I shall expect each of you to bring to class a brief review of the talk I gave you last week on the subject of bathing and the care of the skin; and I shall also expect each of you to tell me whether you have profited in any way by what you learned at that time."

Harry rescued the paper for Miss McAllister and as he returned it to her he fancied that she was directing her remarks specifically at him. He told Harold about it.

"But she wasn't," Harold said. "She doesn't know, you know, that we—that we—that—"

"Yes, but there's one thing that she does know, Harold. She knows that we have not been doing as good work as we did do. I saw some marks on that paper. 'Harry Creighton, P'—that means my average has fallen to 'poor'; and a little farther down I saw 'Harold Long, F'—that means yours is only one degree better. Last week I got 'G' and you made an 'E,' didn't you?"

Effect on School Averages

"Oh, well, we can make it up when—"

"When what?" Harry demanded, noting Harold's pause.

"After a while, when this is settled."

"But, Harold, we always had good marks. The teacher will ask us why we have been so careless, and what will we do when our report cards go home at the end of the month?"

"Oh, I don't know—let's not think about it!"

"Let's—"

"No, we'll not! We'll stick to this, no matter how we feel!"

"But, Harold, we're getting so we don't care about anything like we used to. We don't care how we look—just look at your sleeve there—and we don't care what we do, and we don't like ourselves, and we're almost as bad in some ways as some of Spencer's old gang. Haven't you noticed it?"

"Why—oh—yes, I know, but—"

"I don't even trust you any more," Harry broke in. "I'm afraid you'll—oh, I don't know—I don't even trust myself sometimes!" **Two Demoralized Lads**

Harold, however, seemed determined, and the boys let the matter drop, not mentioning the review that was to be prepared for the following day.

Wednesday afternoon the call of the out-of-doors was stronger than it had been the day before. The boys found themselves, as schooltime approached, drifting away from the neighborhood of the schoolhouse. Neither was willing to leave the other's side, so confirmed had become their habit of watching one another. All their old-time good fellowship seemed to have deserted the two comrades.

"Got your paper ready?" Harold asked.

"No, have you?"

Harold evaded a direct reply. "Say, what have we learned from Miss McAllister's talk?"

"I know what I've learned," Harry vehemently asserted. "I've learned that a fellow can't feel decent, whether he's clean or not, unless he has a bath once in a while. Honestly, Harold, I can't bear myself—I feel as if my mind wasn't any better taken care of than my body. It's an awful way to feel. I don't believe I—" **Harry's Misery**

"There's the bell! We'll be late!"

"Let's not go!" Harry was surprised at his own words.

"All right, let's go back and write up our lesson."

"But we don't dare—Mother will—"

"Then let's hustle!" exclaimed Harold as they turned and began to retrace their steps.

But the boys did not hustle. The bell's insistent call had ceased before they had gone a block. Slowly, and somewhat shamefacedly, they turned toward the country. Neither spoke. Out along the fragrant road they wandered, quiet and absorbed in thought. It was something so startlingly new, this deliberate defiance of conscience, that they needed time to explain it to themselves. Harold flicked off the top of a goldenrod.

They Play Truant

"That's the way I feel," he blurted out half angrily, as he noted the look on his companion's face. "I like goldenrods—honestly I do—but I just don't care!"

"I don't either! Say" (after a long silence), "let's—"

"No, no, we'll not—what did you say the other day?"

Another half-hour of moody silence ensued and the boys were approaching the bridge across the stream below the dam.

"You're not indifferent any more—you don't even want to live up to our bargain," Harold exploded, unable to contain his thoughts any longer.

"Indifferent! How about yourself? You would give up this very minute!"

"I would not!" was Harold's hot retort.

"You would. You're ready to quit. You can't keep away from the water as long as I can!"

"You can't keep away yourself—that's why you're watching me and suspecting me!"

Harry was angry. "You mean that?" he demanded, his face flushing.

"Sure I do! You would quit if I would!"

A Fight to a Finish

Then followed invidious comparisons and acrimonious allusions of a personal nature not intended to smooth the situation in the least. Words proving inadequate, menacing gestures and clenched fists followed.

Suddenly the boys clinched and tumbled on the ground, rolling over and over in a struggle to settle the dispute by means of a rough-and-tumble wrestling match. No blows were dealt, not a word was said, but there were a

tense expectancy and a fierce determination that were painful to both. The sun was hot, the hard planks of the bridge were uncomfortable and rough, the dust was suffocating, but neither relaxed his hold. Nearer and nearer to the edge of the bridge they came. Harry's coat was torn on a projecting plank, there was a struggle, a lurch, a sickening fall, and—

Splash! Two tousled heads bobbed up from the water in the pool below; two bedraggled boys crawled out and rolled in merriment under the trees.

An Involuntary Bath

"Oh, Harry, don't you remember that Miss McAllister said you should never take a cold plunge when you are wet with perspiration?" laughed Harold. "And you were excited, too! Remember what she said about that?"

"But do you think she would say anything against this? She didn't understand, you know!" Harry was hilarious in his glee.

"We'll tell her when we hand in our papers to-morrow. She'll understand then, won't she?"

Mrs. Creighton, returning from a call that afternoon, heard the boys in the bathroom. They seemed unusually light-hearted and lively, judging from the laughter and the scraps of conversation.

"Nev-er a-gain!" she heard them say.

CHAPTER X

THE PENTATHLON

HARRY saw the word carelessly scrawled on a sheet of paper and tacked to a tree at the corner of the schoolground. A little farther on was another piece of paper with a like inscription, and as he turned toward the building he noticed a third. Still another greeted him at the door. What did the word mean? Harry's three days' absence from school suddenly seemed to him like three weeks when he thought of all the good things that he had evidently been missing during that time. He recognized Spencer's handwriting on the poster at the door:

PENTATHLON
Don't forget Saturday afternoon
at Henderson's Field

"Then I didn't miss anything, after all," thought Harry, scurrying up the stairs at the last tap of the bell. "I'll find out from Harold."

A Mysterious Inscription

But all attempts that afternoon to elicit any information from Harold were notably unsatisfactory. Harold sat too far away to carry on a whispered conversation, and signs and pantomime proved utterly inadequate in a case like this. Once, at the imminent risk of being seen by Miss McAllister, Harry held up a piece of paper with the word "Pentathlon" printed thereon in huge letters and accompanied this exhibition with sundry contortions of the mouth and liftings of the eyebrows intended to ask some question of mighty import; but Harold only nodded his head and smiled understandingly when it was perfectly plain to Harry that he did not understand at all.

The printed reply "Saturday" failed to enlighten Harry in the least, and at last he gave up in disgust at Harold's thick-headed attempts to communicate concerning the matter.

It was a cruel stroke of fortune that required Harry to remain that afternoon after school to make up certain work that he had just missed. Miss McAllister was smilingly unaware of the fact that a boy who has not seen his companions for three days, and who is bursting with a question that he must ask them, cannot apply himself very closely to a matter of notebook and "back work." In spite of Harry's attempts to busy himself before the teacher the word haunted him.

Harry Is Curious

"Miss McAllister," he inquired after attracting her attention by his uplifted hand, "what does the word 'Pentathlon' mean?"

"I'm afraid, Harry," she replied, looking at the word, "that you are not giving your whole attention to your notebook. I'll tell you about the word to-morrow."

Harry thought of the dictionary, but he could not be rude enough to consult it then, even under pretense, and so he felt forced to let the matter drop. Very likely the word was one that Spencer had made up, and the dictionary wouldn't have it anyway, he thought.

The next morning he upbraided Harold for his stupidity of the day before and put the question to him.

"How do I know what it means? Ask Miss McAllister, she is the one that first mentioned it."

"Mentioned it? How do you mean?" Harry inquired, remembering his unsuccessful attempt to gain information from Miss McAllister the previous afternoon. "Did she put up the signs?"

Harold Questioned

"No, Spence put them up; but somebody asked about the word one day this week, and the teacher said that she thought that we all ought to know about it and she believed she would wait and tell us about it Friday, just as she told us about bathing, you remember. Then every-

body wanted to know what it meant, but she only smiled and said, 'Wait till Friday'."

"But the signs on the trees?"

"Oh, Spencer said he had found out something about it, and he had a scheme he wanted to tell us about Saturday. That's all I know. I guess Spence doesn't know anything more about it than anybody else. He just used the word to make us wonder. He thinks everybody will come to find out what his scheme is, you know."

Still in the Dark

"Queer name, isn't it?" Harry mused. "I'll bet it is the name of a place that Miss McAllister visited last summer—sounds like it—you know she told us about the Parthenon and the Pantheon, and things like that. 'Pentathlon'—that's just what it is. It's another temple or something like that! What will you bet!"

"Like as not," Harold assented.

"Sure! That's just what it is! I'm glad, too, because I do like to hear Miss McAllister talk, don't you?"

There were others who liked to hear Miss McAllister talk, also. That afternoon a delightful anticipation pervaded the atmosphere, and Miss McAllister was pleased to observe, by the good recitations and exemplary conduct, that her plan was "working."

The Most Wonderful Temples of Athens

"This afternoon," she began, "we are going to learn more about the beauty that was found in ancient Greece. You remember that I told you something about a lovely temple that stood in the midst of Athens; and I mentioned a number of other temples that helped to make that old city immortal. I want to tell you about temples, too, today—temples that helped more than all others to make Athens what it was."

Harry telegraphed a look to Harold which might have been interpreted, "Didn't I tell you! 'Pentathlon'—another temple!"

"These temples were the bodies of the ancient Athenians. You remember that St. Paul speaks of our bodies as temples of the spirit. Now the Greeks thought of the

body in just that way; and they did not consider that a man could be beautiful, as they thought of beauty, unless his mind was as nearly perfect as his body. Beauty of mind and beauty of body went hand in hand, and beauty of conduct was included also; so you see that the Greek conception of physical beauty was something that it would be well for us in these days to think about. The Greeks may be said to have worshiped physical and moral beauty; and their regard for the beautiful was such as to be almost beyond our comprehension to-day.

Greek Worship of Beauty

"We are too busy nowadays to think of beauty as much as we should, and if we do think of it it is not as the Greeks thought of it. The Greeks believed that nothing could be beautiful that was not perfectly adapted to the use to which it was put; therefore, in order to be beautiful, a person must have a strong, clean, well-formed, well-controlled body and a sound and well-trained mind, and in addition to this he must be morally beautiful, 'good,' as we would say to-day in speaking of him. Was not that a high ideal of beauty?

"The Athenians devoted much time to the training of their bodies and the cultivation of their minds. They had costly *gymnasia*—a half-dozen or more in and around Athens—three of which became very famous. You might think from the name that these *gymnasia* resembled our modern gymnasiums, but such is not the case. True, there were elaborate buildings for the training of the body, equipped with baths, exercising rooms, and things of that sort, with outdoor tracks and fields somewhat like those we have to-day; but it took more than these things to make a *gymnasion*.

The Gymnasia of Athens

"There were beautiful walks and gardens, porticoes and colonnades, temples and places of amusement such as the world has never seen since. Philosophers and cultured men spent much of their time in these places. Special instructors were appointed to supervise the training of the youth, so that these *gymnasia* were, in reality,

schools of the highest type. Men of all sorts frequented them, always eager to learn. You remember that St. Luke said that the Athenians were always ready either to tell or to hear some new thing. The two schools, or *gymnasia,* that were the most famous were the Academy and the Lyceum."

"Please, Miss McAllister," questioned one of the boys, "how do we know about all those things? Did somebody find some of the things they had in their gyms?"

No Gymnasium Apparatus

"No, the ancient Greeks had no gymnasium apparatus such as we have in our gymnasiums to-day. All their wonderful development of the body was accomplished without elaborate equipment. Think of it! Think what you boys and girls could do to-day without ever going into a gymnasium! How do we know about these things? Well, I will mention some of the ways we have learned about them. Sometime when you are further advanced in school you will learn something about the literature of the ancient Greeks. I cannot tell you about it now, because we have not the time. From this wonderful literature we learn a great deal concerning the life of the people of Athens.

"They had great games in Greece—we might call them field-meets to-day—and the victor in these games was accorded the highest honors. Poets wrote about him and historians told anecdotes concerning him, and when he returned to his native city from the games he was received by his fellow citizens through a breach in the city wall.

The Great Games of Greece

But if we had nothing but the literature of the Greeks to tell us about these men we would have no way of knowing how they looked. We would not be able to tell whether they had beautiful bodies or not, judging by our standard. As it is, we do know. Sculptors carved statues of these athletes and set them up to adorn the walks of the *gymnasia,* and from these marvelous statues we can tell exactly how these men looked.

"Of course, the greater number of these priceless

sculptures were lost long, long ago; but we have enough of them left to be able to judge concerning the physical development attained by these athletes. Then, too, we have the vase paintings of the old Greeks, and on these vases are pictured athletes engaged in different kinds of contests, with trainers and attendants standing around. Sometime we shall study some of these sculptures and vase paintings, but we cannot stop for that to-day."

Statues and Paintings of Great Athletes

"Did they play baseball then?" asked a boy from the back of the room.

"No, they did not play baseball, though they played a game with a ball. It was perhaps something like what you call 'catch'."

"And didn't they have any calisthenics?" one of the girls inquired.

"Oh, yes," Miss McAllister replied, "they used to stand on tiptoe and thrust their arms backward and forward, as we sometimes do; they used to hop on one foot, then hop and change the foot each time, do exercises in bending the knees, pull ropes, walk on tight ropes, and such things as that. We would call these exercises calisthenics."

"What did the Greeks call them?" asked someone more inquisitive than the others.

"Really, I can't tell you what the Greeks called their exercises, but I can tell you that the word 'calisthenics' is derived from two words that the Greeks used; one word meant 'beauty' and the other 'strength.' "

Origin of Calisthenics

"What did they do at their field-meets?"

"Ah, now we're coming to the point," Miss McAllister said, a pleased smile on her face. "Have you forgotten the word that I promised to tell you about?"

"The temple?" Harry ventured.

Miss McAllister wrote "Pentathlon" on the blackboard, then resumed her talk.

"The pentathlon was the regular course of training for the Greek athlete. The word means 'the five contests.'

Every great athlete excelled in the five contests, and at the Olympian and the other great games the five contests were always the test. These contests were running, casting the javelin or spear, throwing the discus, leaping, and wrestling. The youths who engaged in these games underwent a period of training just as athletes do to-day, and each one aimed to excel in all the five contests. The Greeks did not believe in what we call 'specialization'—they believed that a man should be an 'all-round' athlete.

The Pentathlon at Last

"The running tracks were not as hard as our tracks are to-day; but were made of soft earth so that the race was a test of endurance rather than speed. They had long and short races, just as we have now. Sometimes there was a torch race where the winner was the man who first reached the goal with his torch burning.

"In casting the javelin they sometimes aimed at a target, and sometimes it was distance that was taken into consideration. You have perhaps seen vase paintings of runners and javelin-throwers. If we are to judge from the pictures, their running was a series of long leaps.

"Throwing the discus, or quoit, probably came next in order. You have seen the beautiful statue of the discus-thrower—'Discobolus,' we call it—and this gives you a good idea of the manner of accomplishing this feat. Some of these quoits have been found.

"The jumping contest was not unlike ours of to-day, save that the Greeks paid more attention to what we call the broad jump. They used to jump with dumb-bells in their hands so as to cover a great distance at a jump. Sometimes they jumped from a little knoll or rise of ground. The pictures that we have tell us just how they handled their dumb-bells in order to gain the most from their use. It is reported that one man jumped fifty-five feet, and another almost as far; but we can scarcely believe this report to-day.

"The Five Contests"

"In wrestling the contestants began by trying to throw one another to the ground. When one of the wrestlers

had been thrown the second stage of the wrestling began, and each tried to put the other on his back as wrestlers do to-day. Their rules were different from the rules that we observe, and often one of the men was severely hurt. Before engaging in these sports the youths oiled their bodies. On account of the difficulty this would cause wrestlers in getting a hold, the wrestlers covered their bodies with dust or fine sand before beginning the contest. You remember the statue called 'The Wrestlers,' do you not? There are other statues of athletes to which I might call your attention if we had the time.

Wrestling in Ancient Times

"After the contests the young men scraped the dust and oil from their bodies with an instrument called the 'strigil.' Perhaps you may remember the statue called 'Apoxyomenos'—the figure of an athlete cleansing his right arm with a 'strigil.' The Greeks had contests in boxing and wrestling that we would call professional, but these professional athletes were looked down upon by cultured Athenians as being brutal and degraded. The boxers wore thongs bound upon their hands and could injure one another very severely. We do not wonder that the Athenians frowned upon such a sport as this, for a man could not be morally beautiful and engage in such a contest."

Here Spencer asked how the Greeks decided which man had won in all the five contests.

"We do not know to a certainty just how this was decided, but it is probable that the contests were ordered as I have named them; in that case the best five or six runners threw the javelin, the best javelin throwers cast the discus, the winners in that contest engaged in the next, and so on until the best two were left for wrestling. Are there any other questions?"

How to Decide the Winner in the Pentathlon

"Didn't the Greeks ever swim or do anything like that?" asked Anna, who was feeling that she could not have endured being a Greek girl if they didn't.

"Oh, yes, they learned to swim when they were chil-

dren, just as we learn to read when we are children. When the Greeks wanted to describe a man as being very ignorant, they said of him that he knew 'neither swimming nor letters'."

"But were the athletics all for the men? Didn't the girls train their bodies, too?"

"To be sure they did. You remember what was said about calisthenics. It was in Sparta, rather than Athens, that the girls received the more attention. The Spartans considered the foot race the best form of gymnastic exercise for girls, and the girls used to run with the men, the length of their course being one-sixth shorter than that for the men. Spartan women were noted for their strength and endurance."

Girls in the Greek Foot Race

After she had answered a few other questions Miss McAllister told her pupils that she wanted them to remember one thing when they thought of the pentathlon: That beauty of mind and character must go hand in hand with beauty of body, and that beauty means "fitness."

Harry joined Harold on the walk a few minutes later.

"That was a better talk than a description of some old temple, wasn't it? Don't you wish we could be Greeks and have bodies and minds like theirs?"

"Well, why can't we?" said Harold in return. "What do you bet! That's the scheme that Spencer is fixing up! He looked up the word first!"

Spencer's Plan

"The pentathlon?"

"Sure, that's just it!" Harold was enthusiastic at once.

The boys guessed correctly. Spencer had elaborate plans. When Saturday afternoon came he told them in detail to those assembled at Henderson's Field.

"You know the old Greeks used to honor the man that was the best in the pentathlon" (Spencer spoke the word with a certain air of knowledge and authority that nettled the boys), "and I think that would be a fine way to find out who is the best fellow in Weston. The one that can

do the best in all the five contests is the one that the others will have to look up to. I say, let's have a try-out this afternoon so as to see who will be good enough for the pentathlon that we're going to have."

Spencer's schoolmates saw at once what Spencer's motive was in instituting such a contest. He was a big bully who felt certain that the honors would fall to himself. Certain ones of his immediate followers agreed with him heartily, but others hesitated. Karl and Harry were unpleasantly surprised. They had thought that Spencer's experiences at the lake during the summer had been sufficient to cure him of much of his assertiveness and domineering disposition. Now they changed their opinion of the matter. Spencer was the same bully that he had been when the dispute arose over Henderson's Field.

Spencer Still the Same Bully

"Well, come on, boys, isn't that the thing? We don't want any fellow for a leader unless he can run and jump and throw quoits and wrestle. It is just as easy to find out who the best man is now as any time."

Before long the boys found themselves lined up in two groups: those for Spencer and those against him. The latter group included by far the greater number of boys. For a time the discussion continued, but when Spencer saw that he was outnumbered, he withdrew some of his contentions and showed a willingness to listen to suggestions from others. At last it was decided that there would be no contest for a week. In the meantime preparations would be made for the coming event. It was to be more than a mere haphazard, rough-and-tumble try-out. Two "overseers" were selected, Spencer and Karl, whose business it would be to attend to the necessary preparations. Someone would be needed to direct the training of the contestants; and it was decided that Harry's older brother, a high school athlete, should be chosen for that. Instead of a garland of laurel or olive for the victor there would be a wreath of oak leaves, and in addition to this certain other not very well defined honors

Preparations for the Great Event

were to be accorded to him. When the meeting broke up the boys were more than enthusiastic over the new project, and Spencer was praised not a little for having thought of the new plan. It was noticeable, however, that Spencer now showed less enthusiasm than might have been expected of one who had originated such a scheme.

Spencer Loses Interest

"What's the use of all this fixing and getting ready, I'd like to know? Can't we tell who the best man is without all that fuss?" These expressions, and others like them, showed Spencer's attitude.

Every afternoon after school that week there were running and quoit-throwing and leaping and wrestling at Henderson's Field. At first Spencer joined with the others, but before the end of the week he had withdrawn with certain of his followers to another part of the field and had started a training school of his own.

"What is the use of so much trouble, I'd like to know? We're not trying to be Greeks—we're just going to see who is to be boss."

Knowing that they were, for the most part, the largest boys in the school, Spencer and his gang did very little training. They relied upon their size to give them the victory. It was not the pleasure of training that they cared for (for it was not a pleasure to them), it was the anticipation of being hailed victors on account of brute strength. When Karl reminded Spencer that character and beauty of soul were to be taken into consideration, too, Spencer laughed at him.

The "Gang" Neglect Training

"How is that to be settled, I'd like to know," he sneered. "Who is to be the judge? You?"

Then Karl told him that they had decided that no boy could take part in the pentathlon who was not keeping up in his school work. Miss McAllister had consented to post each day the names of those who were not doing their best, and those whose names appeared the third time would be barred from the coming contests. Furthermore, so Karl told him, they had decided that a boy's conduct

and his language among his fellows should be taken into consideration. Spencer winced at this.

"Who started this pentathlon, did you or did I?"

Karl's reply left Spencer feeling somewhat ashamed of himself, but he concealed his feelings from his comrades.

"They're a bunch of sissies over there," he told them afterwards. "We'll clean them up, all right, when Saturday comes."

But when Saturday came it rained and there was no contest. Perhaps there would have been none had it been a fair day, for the girls had become interested by this time and had asked permission to compete with the boys in certain exercises that they had decided upon, including foot-racing. Most of the boys welcomed them cordially, though Spencer and his friends objected strenuously at first.

The Girls Allowed to Compete

"What is this going to be, I'd like to know? Do we have to stand for all this, I wonder?"

During the second week interest lagged greatly among Spencer's followers. A few of the other boys grew tired of the constant watching of their conduct and went over to the side of "the barbarians," as Spencer and his comrades styled themselves in contempt of "the Greeks." Miss McAllister remarked upon the improvement noticeable in certain ones who had lacked interest at first. More than once there was a little group of spectators around the "stadium" at Henderson's Field. Regularly the interest grew as the training progressed. There was no doubt now but that the pentathlon would be a great event in the annals of Weston. "The barbarians" became alarmed, and there was even some talk among them of giving up the whole project.

The Greeks and the Barbarians

"Give it up!" Spencer cried. "You can bet we'll not give it up! This was my idea first of all, and I'm going to see to it that we get what is coming to us. We're all right. We'll come out all right yet, for all their spouting

about mind and morals and that sort of stuff. Who is running this, anyway?"

During the last week Miss McAllister told the boys and girls more about the Lyceum, the Academy, the Cynosarges, and other *gymnasia* of old Athens—how the poets and orators used to compete the same as the athletes, reciting and declaiming to the assembled Athenians. She told how Plato taught in the Academy and Aristotle in the Lyceum, and named other famous men among the ancient Greeks who frequented the *gymnasia.*

"The Academy"

Thereafter Henderson's Field was called "the Academy," and there were debating and talking and reciting of original productions in the way of poetry and elocution that furnished no end of fun. Spencer sniffed at all this.

"Who ever heard of such a thing? We'll not pay any attention to it. I never said we would have all that."

On the afternoon of the contest Henderson's Field presented a lively spectacle. Temporary canopies had been provided for those who were to take part in the games, pennons and banners floated in the breeze, interested parents walked up and down discoursing sagely, and it required but a short flight of fancy to transform the Field into an Academy indeed.

After the preliminary contests, in which the girls competed with the boys, there was a foot race open to all. The custom of the ancient Dorians was followed and the course was made one-sixth shorter for the girls. Lucille won, much to the surprise of everyone; and so well did she run that it was suggested that she and Harold (who was second) should run an even race. But no provision had been made for a race of this kind, and both Lucille and Harold insisted that no change be made in the order of the games. Miss McAllister had said that the Greeks were very particular on this point.

Lucille Wins the Foot Race

Then began the more serious contests. The "stadium" was cleared and the pentathlon race was run. In the first

and shortest race Harold won, but in the race to the goal and return he was second, Henry Billings being first. The ten best runners were now selected by the judges and the javelin-throwing contest began.

This was great sport, and afforded much amusement to the spectators. The javelins used were nothing more than long wooden staves sharpened at one end and provided with loops of leather at the other so that they might be thrown as the Greeks threw theirs. The one who could throw the longest distance was accounted winner. This honor fell to Spencer, Karl and Henry being second on a tie.

Throwing Javelins and Quoits

For the quoit-throwing contest there were but six contestants. Harold had held only seventh place in the javelin-throwing, and was therefore barred from quoit-throwing. This left Spencer, Henry, one of Spencer's friends—a big bullying fellow—Karl, Harry, and one of Harry's friends. At the very beginning of the quoit-throwing Spencer's big friend accused Harry of playing unfair. When the decision was made in Harry's favor, the big bully grew angry and was removed from the field because he threatened to "get even." Of the five remaining, Karl won and Harry was second. Spencer came next, and Henry was fourth.

The spectators shouted and waved their hands in true Athenian fashion, as the four began the jumping contest, and the pleased faces of the boys showed how much they appreciated the applause. The pentathlon was now becoming intensely interesting, and there was much speculation as to which of the four would win the garland. The boys jumped with dumb-bells in their hands. This was new to many of the spectators and furnished them much amusement. Henry, not having practiced with dumb-bells and not knowing how to manage them, failed to thrust his arms backward as soon as his feet touched the ground and tumbled head foremost in consequence. Harry was winner and Spencer was second.

Jumping with Dumb-bells

Now came the wrestling, the most exciting event of all. If Harry felt any timidity in being confronted with Spencer as opponent, he did not show it. He felt certain that he would be the victor, but he knew, too, that it would be no easy contest. Spencer was larger and heavier and would perhaps resort to foul means if he thought he could gain thereby. The crowd from the first showed their approval of Harry's manner and their disapproval of his opponent's. When Spencer realized that his efforts to win applause had failed he grew angered and hateful, and Harry felt almost afraid of him.

Harry and Spencer Wrestle

The wrestling was after the fashion of the Greeks, the boys beginning by an effort to throw one another to the earth. Harry saw at once that on account of lack of practice Spencer would be no match for him in the end. And, sure enough, Spencer soon showed signs of exhaustion; however, his rising anger spurred him on and once Harry was almost thrown. But in the end science and training won, and Harry brought his opponent to earth. Then, with great applauding from the spectators, the second part of the wrestling began. Harry was enjoying it thoroughly now. He knew that he could put Spencer on his back, and this assurance gave him courage. Spencer, in his irritation and humiliation, was guilty of language that would have barred him at once, had the judges heard it, but Harry paid no attention to him. The contest became wildly exciting. First Harry would have the advantage, then Spencer. The crowd cheered vociferously. Once Spencer was so unsportsmanlike as to try to kick Harry in the stomach. Instantly there were hisses and shouts of remonstrance. Spencer was weakening at last. Harry never felt stronger in his life. Then, ah!—how neatly it was done—Spencer was down, and Harry's knee was on his chest! With Karl and Harold for cheerleaders, the crowd was shouting itself hoarse, the girls joining in with staccato squeals of joy. There never had been such excitement over any other school match.

Science and Training Win

So Harry, the panting victor of the pentathlon, was crowned with a garland of oak leaves, and borne on the shoulders of his mates from the "plains of Elis" across the "Alpheus," and through a previously constructed "breach in the walls of his native city." They omitted none of the ancient Greek ceremonies in honor of their flushed and dusty hero. All Weston, juvenile and grown-up, was proud of the victor of the pentathlon and told him so. Everybody lauded him as a real sportsman.

Honoring the Victor

But Harry's head was not turned; instead he only shook it soberly, as he said: "I'm glad I won, boys, because it shows what training will do for you, even if the other fellow is larger and heavier. It's science that wins every time."

CHAPTER XI

MISS M'ALLISTER'S PARTY

WHEN Miss McAllister told her pupils that she was planning to give them a party on the coming Saturday, her announcement was greeted with mingled smiles of appreciation and pleasant anticipation, together with speculations upon prospective "good things to eat" among the boys and possible "things to wear" among the girls. Later, when it became known that the party was to be a nutting party, things to eat and things to wear were immediately forgotten in the enthusiasm inspired by Miss McAllister's account of her plans.

Miss McAllister's Plans

"We will start from Weston as early in the morning as we can, because we shall have a long way to go," she said. "Each one will carry with him a sandwich, or, if he likes, two sandwiches for lunch, but no more than he will eat; and then when lunch is over we shall have nothing to carry. I will carry a supply of paper drinking cups, and that is all we shall need except sacks or baskets for the nuts. The boys will attend to this part of it for us, I know."

"But what if we don't find any nuts?" piped up a small doubter in the rear of the room.

Miss McAllister smiled. "How could I plan a nutting party without nuts?" she inquired. "I am sure that our long walk will not be for nothing. I shall tell you about that part of it when we are ready to go. If I were to tell you now someone would be so anxious that there might not be as many nuts when Saturday comes, don't you see?" She nodded her head wisely as she spoke.

Smiles went around the room and accusing glances were

directed at Henry and Harry, who were unsuccessfully striving to divert attention from their walnut-stained fingers by sitting upon them.

"Ask your fathers and mothers to-night," she continued, "so that we may know on Friday just how many are going. Harry and Henry will go, I'm sure. We couldn't possibly get along without them, could we?"

There were a few playful remarks concerning the boys' prowess as nut-hunters and tree-climbers, to which they responded with good-natured laughter and promises to accompany the party without fail.

Choosing the Captains

"We shall have to make Harry and Henry our captains," Miss McAllister said, "and let each prove his worth when we begin to hunt and climb. Would that not be the way to profit by their experience?"

Everyone agreed that this would be the thing to do. Half an hour later unsuspecting parents throughout the length and breadth of Weston were being besieged with questions, and were being coaxed and wheedled in every imaginable way to grant the coveted permission.

"Why, it seems as if almost everyone was going," remarked Miss McAllister, as she surveyed the growing assemblage on the walk in front of the schoolhouse Saturday morning. "Harold—and Henry—and Karl—and Anna—and Spencer—and Harry—and Lucille—and—why, this isn't a party!—it's a regular convention, isn't it! How fine! We'll just carry away the whole of Uncle Tim's woods!" Miss McAllister stood all of the boys and girls up in a row as if to take an inventory of them.

The Gathering of the Clans

And indeed it did look as though Uncle Tim might have reason to fear undue spoliation at the hands of that eager party of pleasure-seekers. Keen expectation was written on every face, and the air was full of speculations and guesses as to the amount of treasure that would be awaiting them at the end of their journey. Miss McAllister's assurance that she had not planned a nutting party without the certainty of a store of nuts to make it a success,

had much to do toward heightening anticipations; and many were the "I'll-bet-you's" and "You'll-see's" that accompanied the display of capacious gunny sacks.

Out along the country road in the crisp morning air of late autumn, the bubbling spirits of the party found expression in a thousand little bursts of enthusiasm. The girls indulged their fancies in decking themselves out in habiliments of gay autumn leaves; Miss McAllister suffered herself to be garlanded as the patron goddess of the day. The boys reconnoitered roadside thickets for possible rabbits, vied with one another in the art of throwing stones at telephone poles, and practiced lung exercises of the sort to cause the girls to dance about with their fingers in their ears. It was a wonderful day; no autumn roadside was ever brighter and no October sky was ever bluer. With occasional short rests, during each of which Miss McAllister told an installment of a Greek myth, or a part of the story that she had saved for the occasion, and after many turnings of the road and new delights of landscape, Uncle Tim's eighty acres of meadow and woodland at last came in sight from the top of a high hill.

The Joys of the Open Road

Uncle Tim—Karl's Uncle Tim, it will be remembered—had kindly consented to turn his farm over to Miss McAllister and her party for a day. He remembered the joy of his own boyhood nutting excursions, and knew full well that no unwarranted quantity of nuts would be carried over the long road back to Weston. Just back of the farmhouse was an orchard; and Uncle Tim had obligingly left the "windfalls" of the two preceding days on the ground for the satisfaction of hungry boys and girls who had tramped all the way from Weston.

Uncle Tim's Generosity

"We shall have apples for dessert," Miss McAllister announced, preparing a place to sit on the grass for lunch, "and water from the spring just over the fence below the hill. This certainly is a jolly party, isn't it?"

Nearby was a cornfield, where big yellow pumpkins

lay among the shocks of dry fodder as if they had been dropped down from the sky. Just beyond the cornfield the meadow began.

"Now Henry and Harry, you know, are the champion nut-gatherers, and I think it would be well to let them go first and find the trees for us," Miss McAllister suggested. "What do you think about it?"

The Champion Nut-gatherers

But all agreed that finding the trees was a large part of the fun, and it became a problem to know just how the boys might be duly honored as captains. Some suggested that they be permitted to go out alone and to a different part of the farm, but the boys themselves objected to this arrangement, on the ground that captains could not be captains without a company.

"I have a plan," announced Miss McAllister. "We shall let the boys choose their companies and go in different directions so that all will have a chance to hunt for trees and share in the glory of finding them. Harry has a watch, and I have one that I will let Henry take. At the end of a half-hour we will meet at the hollow tree by the bridge and each captain will give an account of what he has discovered. There is to be no nut-gathering this time, you understand—just a hunt for trees."

This plan suited everyone at once, and was forthwith adopted unanimously. So eager were they all to start on the exploring expedition that time was not taken at the orchard to choose sides, but that matter was disposed of on the way across the cornfield, the party dividing itself into two parts as the choosing progressed. Anna and Lucille happened to be chosen on the same side, and they prevailed upon Miss McAllister to consider herself one of their company, with the understanding that she was not to aid in any way in the search.

Forming Two Companies

"But how is one to tell which company he belongs to?" questioned one of the girls. "Oughtn't we to have some way to tell—a mark, or a password, or something like that?"

"I know!" exclaimed a quick-witted companion, one of the girls who had collected an unusually fine armload of autumn leaves, "I know! Leaves!"

"Leaves?"

"Yes—oak leaves and maple leaves—it's easy to tell them apart!"

The Oaks and the Maples

And so it was arranged; Harry's company took the oak and Henry's the maple. The boys fastened the leaves in their buttonholes and the girls twined them in their hair. They made the finest badges imaginable.

The exploring parties started from the hollow tree by the bridge and proceeded at first in opposite directions. Before long they met in another part of the woods, and so great were the confusion and the attendant enthusiasm that it was agreed that they should keep separate routes thereafter. Had there been any trees in the vicinity to claim, it would have required the united efforts of a dozen lawyers to determine the ownership of them. Fortunately, there were no trees; though the Oaks had reported the discovery, a short time previous, of a small tree of hickory nuts.

For some time the Oaks and the Maples were within shouting distance of one another, during which interval the Maples were somewhat crestfallen to hear the announcement of the discovery, by the Oaks, of another small hickory tree. The bare autumn woods, an hour before so hushed and deserted, echoed and re-echoed to the

The Tree-hunters at Work

shouts of the tree-hunters. The swish of dead leaves ploughed up by hurrying feet, the hollow crackling of dry twigs, the scurrying away of an occasional squirrel who might have revealed secrets of mighty import, and the scolding of a flock of crows that was sitting in solemn conclave on the naked boughs of a towering elm—all these sounds marked the progress of the two companies through the unexplored retreats of Uncle Tim's farm. The Oaks discovered a third small hickory tree, smaller than the others; while the Maples rejoiced over one walnut tree

HOME OF THE OAKS AND MAPLES.

without any walnuts and one scraggly hazel bush with a few worm-eaten hazelnuts. Where were the nuts that had been promised?

Then, presto!

Out of the woods and across the meadow came the Oaks and the Maples at the same instant, and there before their hungry eyes stood a giant walnut holding out its loaded arms to welcome them. A little farther back were two smaller walnut trees with a generous sprinkling of fragrant green balls on the sod underneath.

Treasure-trove

"It's ours! It's ours!" shouted the Oaks and the Maples in the same breath. "We saw it first! We saw it first!"

Then the shout was changed. "They're ours! They're all ours! We saw all of them first!"

For a period of about five minutes there was bedlam. The Oaks claimed the nuts and the Maples claimed the nuts, and neither side was willing to relinquish its claim to even a fraction of the spoils. Back of the trees was a steep hill; in front was the wood that had yielded only disappointment; and on either side not a tree was in sight. Clearly it would not do to be too generous. What was the use of being an Oak or a Maple if one's side could not have the sole profit of a discovery? Why make an agreement if it is not to be kept?

Fierce Rival Claims

"I know we saw it first," Henry averred.

"And I'm sure we saw it first," contended Harry.

"But we came right out of the woods, right in front of them—right there!" Henry maintained.

"Right here is the place where we saw them—this is closer than that place over there," asseverated the redoubtable captain of the Oaks.

Each captain was supported in his affirmations by his respective followers and the contention was waxing warm, when Miss McAllister interposed to calm the tumult.

"I think the Oaks and the Maples saw the trees at the same time," she said. "If we are to believe the statements

of the captains the trees belong to both. Why not settle the question by a contest? I think I know a good way to decide it if everyone will agree to have it decided in that way. Will you do it?"

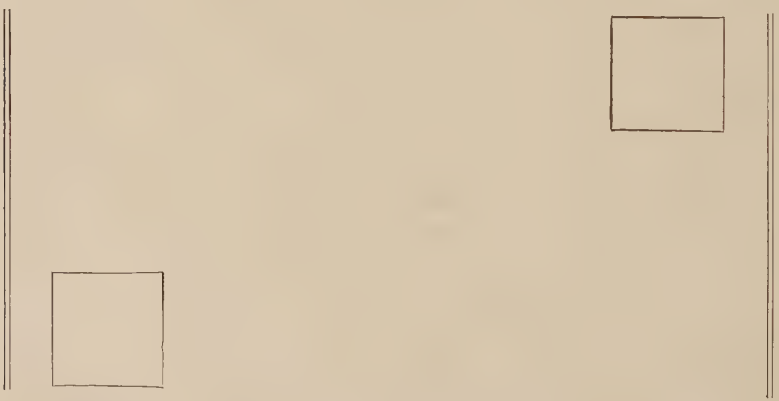
Miss McAllister Finds a Way

The familiar knowing look in Miss McAllister's eyes promised something worth while. Sure! they would do it! The matter would have to be settled in some way, and if a way could be found Miss McAllister would find it. All had great faith in her ability to find a way out of any difficult situation like this. A contest would be the thing, everyone agreed.

"Then we'll get ready for the game," she announced. "I want the boys to bring us a few dead limbs from yonder brush heap—no matter about the length, we just want to use them for markers."

A New Game

The limbs were dragged up and Miss McAllister supervised the disposal of them, the boys lending their assistance. One of the boys measured off a hundred paces and more dead limbs were brought and arranged as the first had been arranged. When all was finished there were two long lines and two rectangles, marked off somewhat like this:



"Now listen while I explain the lay-out of the game," Miss McAllister began. "These are the home bases—these lines marked off by the dead branches. If one is

back of this line he is 'safe.' The little pens are the prisoners' bases. I shall speak of them a little later. The Oaks will have one of these home bases and the Maples the other. We'll call this one on the left the Oaks'. The object of the game is to take the other side prisoners and to occupy their home base, the game being won by the side that first occupies the home base of the opposing side when no one is at home. Do you see? Now I will tell you the rules of the game. To take one of the opposing side prisoner you must tag him, but unless you have left your home base after he left his he will be after you; you cannot tag anyone who left his base after you left yours, you understand. You can tag anyone who left his base before you left yours; and you can be tagged by anyone who left his base after you left yours. When you have tagged anyone he is your prisoner, and you may take him to the prisoners' base on your own side; and there he must stay until some of his comrades come to take him away. He is rescued as soon as he is touched by one from his own side, but he must not step outside of the prisoners' base or he will be out of the game. If you have tagged a prisoner and are taking him to the prison, no one can tag you on the way; neither can you tag one who has rescued another and is taking him back home. Now there is one very interesting thing about this game: You are just as safe behind the opponents' base line as you are behind your own; but you must be very careful as soon as you step in front of the line, because someone will be watching to tag you from behind the minute you do it. Does everyone understand? Take your bases, then, and we will see which side can get possession of the other's home base first."

The Rules of "Prisoners' Base"

A Tag Game

The Oaks and the Maples flew to their places. Then someone asked a question. Nobody had thought of it before.

"But suppose no one wants to leave his home base for fear he will be tagged and made prisoner? What then?"

"Oh, in a case like that there is a special rule that applies. If no one on your side is out, then the other side may come in and tag somebody right at home! You see, it pays to be a hustler and to get all the prisoners you can."

Harry and Henry, as captains of their respective sides, were eager for the game to begin. At first it was somewhat confusing and hard to determine who was prisoner and who was not. Before long Harry saw that his side was losing. Four of the Oaks were prisoners, while only one of the Maples had been so unfortunate. Harry himself had not tagged a single one, though he had given Henry a good chase. Unfortunately, Harold, who was one of the best runners, was a Maple; though the Oaks had Anna and Lucille. While Harry was turning these things over in his mind two more of the Oaks were taken prisoners, and it suddenly came to him that it would never do for him to stand and speculate. The Maples would win and carry off all the nuts. He must rescue some of the Oaks.

The Oaks Are Losing

Watching his opportunity he left his base just after the two fastest runners of the other side had left theirs. About half-way across the field he saw that Harold had touched his base and was ready to give him a chase. Rushing forward, he barely escaped by entering the home base of the Maples. Harold and Henry were on the alert to tag him as soon as he stepped over the line, and he might have been kept there indefinitely had not Lucille taken advantage of the situation to dodge the pursuing Maples and take home with her one of the Oaks. Immediately she was on her way back after another. Henry attempted to stop her and Harry darted across the line and captured Henry, thus earning the right to take his prisoner to the prison, and so reach home himself. But while this was a gain for the Oaks, Anna, in the meantime, had been so sure of herself that she had been captured by one of the Maples—and a little Maple at that. In the

Captain Harry to the Rescue

attempt to rescue Anna there was great confusion again. It looked for a time almost as if everybody would be prisoner with no one left to come to the rescue. When the disorder had subsided and there was time to reckon up gains and losses, Harry was almost discouraged. The Maples had taken all of the Oaks save Harry and three of his comrades. The Oaks had only Henry and Harold in their prison.

The Maples Gain Still More

Leaving two to guard the prison, Harry sent the other of his companions out to tempt the Maples from their home base. When Karl had ventured out—Karl was a Maple—Harry made a dash for him and took him prisoner. Then, before the Maples knew what was being done, Harry had rescued Spencer. Spencer brought Lucille home after a long run to escape two pursuing Maples. Lucille and Spencer worked together, one guarding the other, and rescued another Oak. Harry tried to reach Anna, but while he was in the field someone brought Henry back, and Henry immediately darted out and made Harry prisoner. From his place in the prisoners' base, Harry saw Karl rescued and Anna taken prisoner again. So the game went. For a time the Oaks seemed to have the advantage, but the Maples seemed to have the better runners, and it looked as though the honor of claiming the walnuts and the hickory nuts would be lost to Harry and his comrades.

A Captive Captain

Then fortune favored the Oaks; and almost before he knew it Harry found himself at home with all of the Oaks but one. Five of the Maples, including Harold and Karl, were prisoners. There was great rejoicing, shouting and clapping of hands over this victory, everyone breathless but elated. Miss McAllister, who had formerly been encouraging the Oaks, now gave her attention to the Maples and suggested ways in which the Maples might hope to make up their losses. Another Maple was taken prisoner. The shouting increased. Then Anna came home triumphant with another. The last Oak was brought

Fortune Favors the Oaks

home, rescued by Harry himself. Only a few Maples were left. The Oaks decided to invade the home base on the other side and so capture the Maples as they left their base. The Maples in the prison were calling and begging their comrades to be careful. A half-dozen Oaks started across. The few remaining Maples seemed panic-stricken. Yelling and shouting victory, the Oaks invaded the home base of the Maples, leaving three or four to guard their own base.

But the Maples Win

How it happened, no one could tell, but no sooner had the Oaks begun to feel so sure of victory than they began to lose at an alarming rate. One by one, as fast as they could be rescued, the Maples kept coming home; and as fast as they could they fled to the opposite side, capturing Oaks one after another. Harry's heart sank. He thought of the glory of victory for his side. A moment later there was a prolonged shouting and yelling from the Maples and the game was won. The Maples had occupied the home base of the Oaks when no one was at home. Tired and breathless, everyone flung himself on the ground for a rest. The trees belonged to the Maples. Henry was accorded the honor of being the better captain, though everyone knew that this did not mean that he was the better tree-hunter.

The Real Business of the Day

While they were resting and talking over the exciting incidents of the game, the trees and the nuts were momentarily forgotten. Prisoners' Base, or, as Miss McAllister said it was sometimes called, Dare Base, was of greater interest just then than walnuts or hickory nuts. But the sun was already on his way down into the west, and it would not do to talk until the middle of the afternoon, for it was a long way back to Weston.

The trees were soon full of boys, and the nuts were raining down upon the heads of those below who were too anxious to wait longer. Some of the boys set about with stones to remove the hulls from the nuts, so that more could be carried. A large boulder half-buried in the

earth became the centre of attraction and great activity. Round about in little heaps the nuts were piled, and the boulder was soon half-hidden by their juicy, greenish-brown coverings. The distinction of Oaks and Maples seemed to be forgotten; all shared in the work alike.

But Harry was not satisfied. He wanted to do something to remove the opprobrium that he felt was cast upon him by the loss of the game. He thought of the hill. Half-hoping, half-fearing, he climbed to the top of it and looked around. Far off was the gable of Uncle Tim's barn, to the left was the silver thread of the creek, to the right were an old rail fence and—was it possible! could he believe it!—a clump of walnut trees, bending with nuts!

Harry Proves the Best Tree-hunter

Someone was calling him.

"Walnuts! Walnuts!" he shouted back. "Bushels and barrels and wagon-loads of great, big, ripe, round nuts! Come quick! Quick!"

The hilltop was crowded in a minute. Sure enough! There were three or four times as many nuts as they had already found. Miss McAllister smiled.

"I had an inkling that they were over here," she said, "but I did not want to tell you about them. I wanted to see who was the best tree-hunter, you know."

Harry felt more than compensated for his defeat in the game. Everyone was asking him how he happened to find the trees, and he was trying to tell. But Miss McAllister was talking:

"Come, now; we have all the nuts we can carry—more than we can carry—and it is time for us to start back. Uncle Tim will take us—the whole wagon-load of us, nuts and all. That is my surprise that I have been saving for you. It is almost as good a surprise as Harry's, isn't it? We know now where we can come for another nutting party, don't we?"

A Jolly Ride Home

On the way back to Weston plans were being made for another excursion to Uncle Tim's farm, but no one be-

lieved that they could have a better time than they had had that day at Miss McAllister's party.

And many were the offerings laid upon Miss McAllister's desk at school, to show the young folks' appreciation. Lucille gave a fudge party in a day or two, and brought a box of maple nut fudge to school for the teacher. Harry's mother made walnut taffy one evening for him and Miss McAllister was not forgotten. Anna baked a most delectable cake in three layers with nut filling between and nut meats snugly embedded in the white frosting. A generous portion found its way to Miss McAllister's desk.

Gifts of Love

Even the boys were not to be outdone in their grateful attentions to the beloved teacher. Harold and Karl cracked a big walnut exactly in half and hollowed the halves out. In one half Harold made a little nest and laid in it a tiny bird's egg he had found the spring before. Karl's half-walnut held a cocoon on a bed of cotton.

But long after Miss McAllister's party was only a happy memory, the game of Prisoners' Base remained the favorite on the school playground. At recess, at noon, and after school it was played and no one seemed to tire of it.

CHAPTER XII

THE SOFTOFIT CASE

HAROLD and Harry were on their way to school. They read as they walked; not because they preferred to read in that manner, but because they wanted to finish the book before schooltime. A story of absorbing interest—and especially such a story as "The Winnington Case"— does not readily adapt itself to being read in short instalments during odd moments when there are no lessons to interfere. It must be swallowed in one grand gulp, so to speak, in order that none of the flavor be lost. Sometimes it is hard to arrange for such a reading, but the boys were getting along very nicely, and only a half-dozen tremendously interesting pages remained—pages comprising the most delicious morsel in the whole book.

"The Winnington Case"

"What will you bet!" Harry burst out, as they looked up to turn the corner, "the man with the scar on his face—he's the fellow!"

"No, how could he be the one? He was away when—"

But conversation was out of the question. With lagging steps and heads together, the boys prepared to see the mystery unravel before their wondering eyes. Mysteries always do have a way of unraveling themselves on the very last page but one, and that page was not far away.

The Mystery Unraveled

A sudden sensation of being forcibly stopped by something in the way caused the boys to lose their place and to turn their attention to the tangible things of the commonplace world. A big, burly postman was shaking his sides with laughter, and blocking the way before them.

"You can't monopolize the whole walk, fellows," was

his chuckling comment, "not while I am in the way. Your name is Long, isn't it? Save me fifty steps, will you, sonny?" and the postman handed Harold a letter. "Thanks!"

The Postman Gives Harold a Letter

Harold absently pocketed the letter, at the same time assisting Harry to find the place again. "Should think it would do him good to walk a little more, instead of asking somebody else to do it for him," was Harold's complaint under his breath. "Here it is! Here, 'Crawling stealthily on his hands and knees,'—that's the place!"

A few minutes later the boys looked at one another, smiles of satisfaction overspreading their faces. The mystery had been revealed.

"Didn't I tell you!" exclaimed Harry. "I was sure he would turn out to be the man who did it!"

"But wasn't it great!" sighed Harold, tacitly ignoring Harry's momentary triumph. "It was surely some story! Wouldn't it be fun if you and I could have a chance to work on a case like that?"

"Wouldn't it!" echoed Harry.

The End of the Story

"I just wish we had the chance—we would know how to go at it, wouldn't we? Of course, it wouldn't be apt to be much like 'The Winnington Case,' but we wouldn't want it just like that one, would we?"

"Of course not," Harry agreed. "If it was, there would be no fun."

"Let's see if— There's the bell!"

"The Winnington Case" was hastily crammed into a side pocket, as the boys broke into a run for the schoolground. Miss McAllister would soon be asking searching questions about the administration of John Quincy Adams, and there would be no time to think of the harrowing experiences of the Winnington family. Retrospection must be put off until after school.

"Coming out to the field?" Karl inquired that afternoon after Miss McAllister had dismissed them. "We're going to practice for the next pentathlon, you know."

Harry looked at Harold. It was a whole week before the pentathlon. In that length of time there would be many opportunities to train for the games; but the book about the Winningtons had to be returned the following day. Then, too, the Henderson pony was suffering from lack of exercise. Harry read all this in Harold's face.

"Not this evening," he replied. "We'll just have to take care of the pony. He has been neglected lately, and it will never do. Mr. Henderson said we ought to drive him out every afternoon if we could." **A Rebuke from Karl**

"When will the Hendersons be back, so they can take care of their own pony?" asked Karl, a slight hint of resentment in his voice.

"Oh, they'll not be back for two or three weeks. And they left the pony in our care, you know. We can't neglect him."

"But, boys," Karl insisted, "you didn't show up yesterday, you know, and you stayed only about half as long as you should have stayed the day before." Karl had been chosen leader in the coming contests and the boys winced under his criticism.

"We'll be at the field to-morrow afternoon, sure," Harold promised, "but to-day we can't do it—positively can't do it."

The pony did need exercise but, after all, thought Harry, the pony was only an excuse. Mr. Henderson had not insisted that he be taken out every day. Besides, the children across the way were always asking to drive him, and he certainly was as gentle and as affectionate as a pony could well be, so there was no reason why they should not have that pleasure. Harold drew "The Winnington Case" from his pocket and reviewed it aloud with Harry. Some of the minor points had been missed in the first eager reading, and it would not do to miss anything in a book so fascinating. If it so happened that they were ever called upon to work on a "case," they must needs be familiar with the methods of the great **The Methods of a Great Detective**

detective employed by the Winningtons. True, it seemed rather foolish to think of such a possibility, but, as Harold said, "one can never tell." Between the Winningtons and the Hendersons the boys persuaded themselves that they were being kept rather busy.

Karl and Spencer in Consultation

Passing within sight of Henderson's Field that afternoon, the boys saw Karl and Spencer in close conversation with three or four other lads, some of whom were friends of Spencer.

"I wonder what Spencer is doing. Do you suppose he is going to join in the games after all?" Harry asked. "You know he said he would never have another thing to do with them after that first day that he lost out."

"Yes, I know. Maybe Karl is trying to get him to take our places."

"Oh, well, let him, if he wants to," was Harry's retort. "I think he will have to change some of his ways if he does! He claims he is so strong that he doesn't need to train. But Karl will not let him in unless he does just as the rest of us do—you can bet on that."

Harold looked back. "I guess they have come to some kind of an agreement. Spence and his bunch are leaving the field."

Harold and Harry Neglect Training

The following day and the day after Harry and Harold were prompt in presenting themselves on time, and assiduous in their training, but on Saturday morning they did not appear. The games were to take place the next Saturday, and this day was to have been an important one in the preparation. Karl's plans were badly disarranged in consequence of the boys' absence. He telephoned to Harry's mother and learned that the boys had been out since early morning, and had not returned. Such carelessness, thought Karl, was exasperating.

What Karl did not know was that the boys were actually engaged in working on a real bona fide "case." Nor did Mrs. Creighton know this. In fact, the boys themselves scarcely realized it until they were well

started. The "case" was so wholly unexpected, so vitally real, and so uncomfortably close to their own lives, that they were compelled without warning to drop everything else and turn detective. For the pony was gone! When they went over to feed him Saturday morning he was not there. The barn had been locked, too—that was the puzzling thing about it. At least Harold said he meant to lock it, though at the time a discussion was in progress concerning the possibilities of various developments in "The Winnington Case," and it was barely possible that the barn had been neglected. At any rate, the pony was gone! The boys repeated it solemnly to themselves, as if to make sure that it was really a fact. A fact it was, indisputably. No trace of him was to be seen, and the barn was locked; though it would be an easy matter for anyone to lock the door after taking the pony out, as it was equipped with only a padlock. The boys could scarcely believe that Billy was actually gone.

The Pony Disappears!

"Maybe he has only strayed out; maybe we left the door open; let's see if he is down in the pasture," Harry suggested.

"But he couldn't lock the door after him, could he?"

"I never thought of that," Harry replied sheepishly. "Where is he, then? You don't suppose the children across the street came and got him this morning, do you?"

Consternation of Harold and Harry

"No, they're all at home. I saw them not long ago. Besides, they wouldn't do such a thing as that. He has been stolen—that's what I think!"

"Oh, Harold, what shall we do? We can never tell Mr. Henderson."

"Do! Why, we'll look into the case! You know how the Winningtons' man did—we'll investigate!" Harold grew enthusiastic.

Harry hesitated. It seemed that Harold regarded the matter so coolly. They ought to tell some older person and institute a search. That would be the better way.

But here Harold was for instituting the search himself. Surely, he said, if anyone could do it, he could. And he would have Harry to help him. Why not? Here was the chance they had been longing for.

And so it was that Harry succumbed to the detective fever and the search began.

"Let's do the thing systematically," Harold insisted. "Let's keep a record of everything, find clues, and do things like that—it's our duty, you know!" he added in a burst of enthusiasm. "Think of poor Billy away off somewhere among strangers—maybe thieves and robbers who'll not feed him and take care of him. We must find him, Harry—we simply must!"

Two Amateur Detectives on the Trail

"All right," acquiesced Harry, "let's go at it, then."

Harold produced pencil and paper. "October 27th, 8:30 a. m.," he wrote, "Billy's stall empty—part of hay of night before left in manger—door securely padlocked —no evidence of force."

"Why, that last—that's just what the Winningtons' man said!" objected Harry, fearing that Harold's enthusiasm was coloring the facts a little.

"Well, what if it is? Isn't it so? You don't see any signs of a struggle, do you? Then why not make a note of it? Everything must be noted, you know, if we're to get at the truth of this matter."

Recording the Facts

Harry raised no further objections, and the examination of the premises was begun. Diligent search revealed the fact that not only Billy, but Billy's harness, was gone.

"That means that they probably drove him away," remarked Harold, sagely noting the fact in his record of observations.

Harry failed to see how this could make any possible difference, but he was reminded that nothing should be overlooked in an attempt to solve a mystery like this one. Harold scribbled diligently for a moment, then inquired about the phaeton and was informed that it was not missing.

"That means that they hitched him to something else," Harold continued in the same sage manner.

"Of course! You blockhead! Evidently they didn't hitch him to this, did they?"

The boys laughed.

"Now let's look down in the pasture," Harry suggested, after all the possible and some of the impossible facts had been duly recorded. **Searching the Premises**

"Down in the pasture!"

"Yes, maybe Billy strayed out in the night," Harry ventured.

"And locked the door after him, I suppose," was Harold's reply.

Nevertheless, Harry's theory was carefully noted and Harold expressed a willingness to comply with Harry's wish. "Somebody might have locked the door after him," he said.

The pasture lay before them as uninteresting as a pasture always is in late October—the brown, frost-bitten grass, the bare trees here and there, and the cold blue sky above. The lower end of the pasture had been a favorite place for baseball before the acquisition of Henderson's Field, but since that time the boys had visited it scarcely at all. What clue could a deserted pasture afford to help the boys in the solving of the mystery of Billy's disappearance? However, as Harold said, one can never tell. The most innocent-looking pasture might hold evidences of crime. **Examining the Pasture**

Trudging along aimlessly, following the windings of the creek, the two young detectives forgot for a few minutes the object of their search and speculated upon the possibility of finding another book to read that would be as diverting as the one they had just returned to the owner. In the midst of these speculations they were abruptly aware that they had "walked into something," as Harold phrased it. He couldn't help feeling excited.

It was near the old baseball diamond, and opposite the

bars in the fence where they used to enter the pasture. The earth was deeply marked and chopped up by footprints. The sod was broken.

Ha! Footprints!

"Look!" Harold exclaimed, following the footprints down to the water's edge, "it wasn't just one or two! How could one man make tracks like these? There has been a whole bunch of fellows here!"

The boys were intently inspecting every foot of ground.

"Well, what of it?" Harry demanded. "Someone has come through the bars and gone across the field."

Harold greeted this remark with a snort of superior disgust. "Do you suppose anyone would be fool enough to walk through the creek when there is a plank across the stream? Look!" Harold pointed to an improvised bridge not ten rods below.

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I don't know," he murmured, half in earnest and half in the spirit of making light of the matter.

"You ought to know!"

"But they did walk through!" Harry cried a moment afterward, noticing similar tracks on the other side of the stream. "Look there!"

Harold was busily jotting observations in his notebook.

"What are you doing? Counting the tracks? What does this have to do with Billy?" Harry fired the questions in quick succession, as if impatient at Harold's persistent eagerness to find a "clue."

Searching for a Clue

"How do you know that it hasn't anything to do with Billy? Come on, let's make a good investigation—a thorough investigation," returned Harold, remembering how the man in "The Winnington Case" did things.

The thorough investigation that was at once instituted revealed the fact that one of the footprints was that of a heavy hobnailed boot or shoe. Three or four of these tracks were discovered, each pointing in a different direction. Harold bent down and scrutinized them closely.

"They didn't walk across," was Harold's comment.

DOWN BY THE CREEK.

"There has been a struggle of some kind here! Can't you see?"

Careful examination of the footprints on the other side of the creek failed to show any signs of a hobnailed shoe. In all other particulars the tracks were quite the same. At a short distance from the bank the footprints disappeared, so that it was impossible to tell from which direction they had approached the stream. Harold made careful notes of these facts. **Evidences of a Struggle**

"See any pony tracks?" he inquired of Harry, who was extending his investigations toward the plank he had just crossed.

"Yes, but they're old ones. Besides, I wouldn't know Billy's tracks if I saw them. Would you?"

"No, I don't know as I would; but there has been a struggle here, and it might be that—"

Harry interrupted with a laugh. "Well, suppose there was a struggle, how could Billy figure in it? You don't think they were trying to get him across the creek, do you?"

"They might be—or they might not. Or someone might have been trying to take him down the creek."

"Down the creek?"

"Yes, so no one could follow the tracks. See?"

"Then Billy must have been out. We didn't see any tracks as we came down."

"But we didn't look for any! Besides, this may be the place where he was brought to the creek. They wouldn't be likely to come all the way down through the pasture and then take the creek from here on." **Harry Scoffs**

Even yet, Harry was disposed to regard the matter lightly. He failed to see how there could have been a struggle of any sort—any such kicking up of the earth as there had been on both sides of the creek—while Billy was being taken into the water. Certainly, poor inoffensive Billy could not have been the cause of it. He was expressing his doubts to Harold in rather vigorous lan-

guage, ridiculing Harold's theory—the "abduction theory," as he called it—when he found something.

A Scrap of Paper

It was a scrap of paper, half embedded in the earth where it had been trampled upon, and evidently the corner of a sheet torn from a school tablet. Across it was a half-obliterated scrawl of poorly written characters. It seemed to be a message of some sort. The second character was an "O," of this the boys were sure. Then followed two characters of uncertain significance, then another "O," then what seemed to be a repetition of the two illegible characters. Altogether, it was delightfully puzzling.

"I'll bet it is a code!" Harold ejaculated. "Remember the code in the Win—"

"See, this is a 'T'!" broke in Harry, not caring to be reminded again of the case of the Winningtons. "This is a 'T,' and that is a 'T'!"

"Sure enough,—and the last part is 'IT'! See!"

"But what is this other letter, I wonder? I know! It's an 'F'! I've seen Spencer make 'F's' like that!"

Deciphering the Code

Harold made a transcript of the characters in his notebook, putting them into all conceivable groups in an attempt to form words. The first character was a puzzle, but the others spelled "OF TO FIT" or "OFT OF IT" or "OFT O FIT" or "OF TOF IT," depending upon the way in which they were grouped. Harold was of the opinion that the last four letters should read "OF IT." That left "OFT" unaccounted for.

"What can that first letter be?" he puzzled. "What goes with 'O-F-T' to make a word?"

Harry thought a moment. "I can't think of anything but 'L'—'L-O-F-T'."

"But this is not an 'L'. What else could there be?"

"'C-R-O-F-T'?"

"Only one letter," snapped Harold, evidently impatient at his colleague's manifest stupidity in deciphering a code. "Let me see—I know! It's an 'S'! 'S-O-F-T'!"

"'Soft of it'," Harry read. "What can that mean?"

"That is for us to find out," replied the young detective, carefully making a transcript of the whole.

"Maybe it is a name," Harry ventured.

After a moment's perplexity Harold decided that perhaps it was a name. At any rate it afforded a name to designate the case.

"The Softofit Case!" And across the top of the page of observations the name was scribbled forthwith.

For three days thereafter there were no new developments in "The Softofit Case." If Billy's absence was known by anyone else, no reference was made to the fact. Karl had come over Saturday evening to inquire the reason why the boys had not appeared to practice for the games, and to inquire further if anyone knew where Spencer was. No one knew. Training continued as usual on Monday and Tuesday. Spencer was still absent. His grandmother explained that he had gone away for a few days on account of a death in the family. Somehow, Harold and Harry doubted this. It may have been mean and ignoble to doubt, but they could not help it. Spencer had left a pair of heavy shoes on the field Friday, and they were hobnailed shoes! Karl made some reference to Spencer's revival of interest in the pentathlon, but Harold and Harry paid no attention to this. Indeed, it mattered little to them. They must find the man who stole Billy. "The Softofit Case" must not be neglected.

"The Softofit Case"

Spencer's Hobnailed Shoes

Wednesday afternoon, instead of doing as Karl wanted them to do, the boys decided to walk back through the pasture again, this time to look for tracks along the other side of the creek. They found none save a few old ones, and no tracks of boots or shoes.

"It is just as I said," reiterated Harold, "they didn't come down the creek at all—not along here—they went to it from one side or the other; then, I suppose they went down it. The question is, which side?" Harold knit his brow as the Winnington detective might have done.

Harry was still inclined to laugh at this theory of the case, but, having no better theory to offer, he said nothing. A moment later they spied a piece of rope lying along the water's edge on the opposite bank. They hastened across at once to examine it. There was a long piece—perhaps forty or fifty feet—slightly frayed at the ends, with knots tied in it for a distance of three or four feet from either end. It was too badly stained with mud and water for the boys to be sure whether it was a new piece or an old one.

Fifty Feet of Rope

Harold whipped out his notebook excitedly. "October 31st, 4:40 p. m.," he wrote; then he had a sudden inspiration.

"You know the only store in town that keeps rope, don't you?"

"Spencer's! Spencer & Hannon!"

"Do you see?" Harold went on. "Here's what they call a chain of evidence." He referred to his notebook. "Hobnailed shoes—hobnailed shoes at Henderson's Field belong to Spence; a message in code—looks like Spence's 'F's' and is written on paper such as Spence uses; a rope—Spence's father has rope for sale; and Spence goes away on the very night that the crime was committed." Harold finished with a flourish, much as he supposed a great detective might do. He was immensely proud of this chain of evidence he was forging.

The Chain of Evidence

Harry said nothing. He did not like to think about all this. "The Softofit Case" was fast becoming something more than a mere joke.

"Now let's follow on down the creek for a mile or two," Harold proposed. "Maybe we will find something else."

On the way there was a discussion as to the possible uses to which the rope might have been put. Perhaps Billy was led part of the way by means of it; perhaps it was used to tie him; perhaps it was used to pull him across the creek.

Harry laughed at some of the absurd theories that Harold propounded. The knots were yet to be accounted for. What need of a rope with knots? And why knots in both ends of it?

On down the creek they went, their hands in their pockets and their collars pulled up around their ears to protect them from the chilly autumn wind. Billy would be cold to-night if he had to stay out in a field like this. Harold stumped along ahead, following the meanderings of the stream and of his own speculations. Harry had become a silent and somewhat fearful listener. The whole affair was uncanny and repulsive to him. It almost seemed as if they might find Billy dead somewhere in the bushes farther down. The sun was very low and it was a long way back home.

Harry Dislikes Detective Work

Harold stopped short and picked up something from the edge of the water where the bushes overhung the creek. It was wet and dripping. A cap! A boy's cap! Silently the boys looked at one another, then wrung the water from the cap and examined the band on the inside for some means of identification.

"'K. W.'"

"Karl Williston!" exclaimed the boys in an awful whisper of surprise and recognition. "Karl's checked cap!"

"Karl's!" Harold's ratiocinative mind refused to accept a clue so obviously at variance with all his carefully builded theories. He almost wished that he had not found the cap.

Karl's Cap in the Creek

On the way back to the barn that night, where the boys were in the habit of discussing the case, old theories were tentatively revised to accommodate the latest evidence, but the boys were more hopelessly at sea than ever before. It was easy to account for the rope, but how account for the cap and the knots in the rope? If the cap had been Spencer's—but it was not Spencer's. Of this the boys were sure. It was in vain that all the incidents of "The

Winnington Case" were recalled. Not one of them could throw any light upon the problem. The most plausible theory was one advanced by Harry: Spencer had been wearing Karl's cap on that particular night and the cap had been lost in the water and had floated down. This theory freed Karl from suspicion and fastened upon Spencer all the more securely, the more especially when Harold suggested that Spencer wore the cap to divert suspicion from himself.

Fresh Complications

"Spencer didn't like Karl, you know," was Harold's comment.

But the mystic message. How account for that? It was the greatest difficulty of all. The boys had continued to regard it as one word. All attempts to make two or more words of it had notably failed. It was evidently a name: "Softofit." But if a name, was it the name of a person or the name of a place? A careful scrutiny of the map index resulted in nothing so much as remotely resembling "Softofit." "East Moffit" was the nearest; and certainly the scrawl on the piece of paper could not be construed to read "East Moffit." No, it could not be a place—not a place within a radius of two hundred miles, at any rate; and horse thieves would not be likely, thought Harold, to appoint a place of meeting any farther away than that. At least he had never heard of such an instance. It must, therefore, be the name of a man, or, possibly, of a band of robbers—who could say? The assumption that it was a message written in code was abandoned, partly because Harold knew of no way in which he might get at a solution of the meaning, and partly because Harry laughed at the idea. With only five characters it would be rather hard to decipher a code. No doubt the meaning, once revealed, would, as Harold said, "throw a flood of light upon the facts in the case"; but no revelation seemed imminent, and the flood of light was not thrown.

The Cabalistic Characters "Softofit"

The day of the pentathlon arrived, and Harry and

Harold, though conscious that they were not as well prepared as they might be, were ready to join enthusiastically in the games. Spencer had returned during the week, and he and Karl had been together a great deal. It was noticeable that Spencer and two of his comrades, hitherto uninterested, had become zealous advocates of the pentathlon. They had been training industriously, and Karl seemed to take a special interest in them. Just what it all meant was more than the boys could tell, but it appeared that Spencer and Karl had a secret understanding of some sort between them. They were often seen talking together.

Secret Understanding of Karl and Spencer

"Remember the day we saw them at the field?" Harold remarked significantly.

"There must be something, all right, that we don't know about," was Harry's reply.

Spencer entered the contests and did well. Harry and Harold were eliminated early in the play on account of insufficient preparation. It came as somewhat of a surprise to them to learn that their comrades who had been training regularly could so easily outstrip them. After all, it was more a matter of training and "keeping fit" than they had at first thought it was. While they had lost none of their enthusiasm, they could not help feeling a little piqued, or perhaps vexed, when they saw that they could not hold the highest honors as they had done before. It was all their own fault—this they knew full well—for Karl had repeatedly urged them to "get into the game"; but Karl did not know, of course, the demands made upon their time by "The Softofit Case." It added not a little to their feeling of mortification to know that Spencer and two of his associates had stayed in the game almost to the very end. Spencer and Karl were left to wrestle.

Failing in the Pentathlon

Harry remembered the time when he wrestled with Spencer—that was the first time there had been a pentathlon—and he thought of the pride that he had after-

wards felt when everyone was praising him and he was wearing the garland of oak leaves. Spencer had dropped out completely after that, and Harry had been accorded high honors on every occasion. Now Spencer seemed about to win the highest honors. And all because of that ridiculous "Softofit Case." Maybe, if the pony had not been stolen—but no, there was no use in trying to lay the blame on anyone but himself. He should not have listened to Harold. If it had not been for "The Winnington Case"! "The Winnington Case"—that was the cause of everything. And what had he gained from it all? Nothing, but a horrible suspicion that Spencer was in some way implicated in the affair. He did not know a single thing—he only suspected. When and how would it ever be straightened out?

Defeat Due to That "Softofit Case"

The Hendersons would be back in a week and then what? How absurd that he and Harold had not made known the disappearance of Billy instead of keeping silence and giving the thieves a chance to escape. Harry clenched his fist and knit his brow: An idea had come to him. He would tell someone. No matter what Harold said, he would tell someone. The affair had dragged along until it was time to put an end to it. He would tell Karl. Karl was a good fellow; Karl certainly never had anything to do with the disappearance of Billy; and, no doubt, Karl could help untangle the mystery. Harold had all the memoranda of the "facts in the case," but that did not matter; he remembered all of them only too vividly as it was. Karl should know.

Harry Decides to Tell Someone

While these thoughts were passing through Harry's brain, the wrestling match between Karl and Spencer was drawing to a close. Spencer did remarkably well, but he was hardly a match for Karl; and Karl won. But instead of walking away triumphantly to enjoy his success in a lofty way, Karl took Spencer by the hand and praised him highly for the way in which he had conducted himself, praised him because he had done so remarkably

Karl and Spencer Wrestle

well after so short a period of training. Spencer was visibly moved. It was plain that a closer affection had revealed itself between the two boys, that they understood one another as they had not understood before. Harry's heart sank. How could he ever tell Karl now? It would be impossible to accuse Spencer to Karl. Karl would think that it all came about on account of jealousy, or something of that sort.

But Karl thought nothing of the kind. He listened to Harry's story as Harry told it. Harry blundered and hesitated and stammered and made himself very contemptible in his own estimation, but Karl seemed not to notice these things. Just as Harry had finished Harold appeared.

Karl Learns of "The Softofit Case"

"I've told him," said Harry to Harold, a slightly defiant note in his voice and manner.

Harold manifested his emotions by a half-involuntary exclamation of surprise and disappointment.

"Let me see your facts," was Karl's calm injunction as he ignored the exchange of significant glances between the boys.

"I don't have them with me," Harold blurted out, a little hotly.

Karl smiled—not an ordinary smile of pleased interest, but a smile of half-concealed amusement and mischievous intent. Was he making light of the whole affair?

Karl Smiles

"I think I can tell you some things that will help you out of this," he said. "At least I can help you to settle a few points."

"Which ones? How? What?" The boys were all eager attention.

Karl ran to the edge of the field and called Spencer, who was just then departing. As they returned together, the boys heard part of the conversation that was passing between them.

"You don't care now, do you? It'll not make any difference anyway, Spence. You don't care, do you?"

A confession from Spencer!

"Come on, Spence, we have kept it long enough."

So Karl was in it, too!

When Karl and Spencer drew near they were smiling as if in anticipation of good news of some sort. Harold and Harry were wholly unable to understand. Surely, "The Softofit Case" was a mystery.

Karl and Spencer Decide to Confess

"Now," said Karl in a businesslike way, "I have Spence here to hear what I have to say, and if you want to take down any more evidence I am ready to give it to you."

Karl finished the sentence with that same puzzling smile. Spencer appeared not at all like a man about to confess his guilt. Harold, having no notebook with him, drew some paper from his pocket and said he was ready to hear the evidence. He endeavored to be as dignified and solemn as the Winnington man himself.

"I don't know as you would call this evidence, exactly," Karl began, "but it is something that bears upon the case, so I give it to you for what it is worth."

Harold was delightfully mystified. It flattered his sense of his own importance to be talked to as if he were a great detective.

"Do you remember the day that you fellows drove Billy out—a week ago Wednesday, I think it was—and you passed Henderson's Field and saw Spence and me and some other fellows having a talk?"

The boys remembered.

Karl Begins His Story

"Well, that is the beginning of this affair—of what I am going to tell you, I mean. I was asking Spence to begin training for the pentathlon, and he was saying that he didn't need to train. He said he was strong enough as he was, and a couple of his friends said the same. I and two other fellows said we knew better. Then we dared Spence and his friends to try it out with us. Didn't we, Spence?"

Spencer agreed that such had been the case.

"And so we decided that we would see which was the stronger. We three said we would try it out with Spence and the two other fellows, didn't we?"

Spencer agreed again.

"But what has this to do with—"

"Wait a minute—wait a minute," said Karl, interrupting Harry, "let me tell you the rest. Now Spence didn't want anyone to know about it, so we have kept still about it since. Spence and his two friends had to admit that they couldn't hold their own against me and my friends, and so they said they would join the pentathlon. We didn't tell anyone about the try-out, and you wondered why it was that Spencer had taken an interest in the games, didn't you? Well, that was the reason. He's found that it pays to keep yourself in good physical condition, and so he changed his mind. Do you see?"

A Challenge Accepted

Yes, the boys saw; but what did all this have to do with "The Softofit Case"? It was a fine thing in Spencer to change his attitude toward physical training, and a fine thing in Karl to refrain from publishing the fact that Spencer had been defeated in the test, whatever it was; but—

"Well," demanded Harold, "what am I to put down? I can't see anything in all that."

"Put down this," chuckled Karl. " 'None of evidence found in the pasture has any bearing whatsoever upon the case in question'. Got that?"

"Yes, but—! The rope! The cap! The foot—"

Karl and Spencer laughed and slapped one another on the back in glee over the secret they held.

"Tug-of-war! Tug-of-war!" they cried. "Don't you see it all now? That's the way we settled it—tug-of-war!"

The Try-out by Tug-of-war

"Tug—of—war?"

"Sure!" vociferated Karl. "That's how we found out who was the stronger. We tried to pull each other into the creek!"

"And I got pulled in!" interpolated Spencer with a laugh.

"I lost my cap in the water, and Spence was so wet that he came away and left the rope, and Spence—"

"But the message!" Harry exclaimed. "What about that?"

"The message?"

"Yes; got it, Harold?"

"Guess so," grumbled Harold, fumbling in his pockets for the scrap of paper and feeling that he would prefer to be anywhere rather than where he was. He handed the scrap to Harry and began to play with the paper upon which he had been writing. He did it absently, in a vain effort to hide his embarrassment and chagrin, yet he was listening to what the boys were saying.

That Scrap of Paper

Spencer examined the piece of dirty paper that bore the mystic legend. A moment later he laughed again, harder than before.

"Karl, remember when you asked me in school the next day how much rope it would take to reach across the creek? Remember?"

"Sure, you wrote me a note and said—"

"I said about fifty feet. See," Spencer pointed to the scrawl. "I was so cramped up I couldn't write very well, but you got it all right."

Spencer traced the dimmed characters with a pencil while Harry and Harold looked on in amazement.

"5OFTOFIT," he wrote. "See, '50 ft. of it'!"

"Then that is not an 'S' at all—it's a figure five!" Harry cried. "See," he added, shaking Harold by the shoulder, "see, Harold, what it means! 'Softofit'! 'Softofit'! Oh, Harold, how could we have been such fools! How could we have been so blind!"

The Mystic Legend Deciphered

The boys joined in hearty laughter, but Harold could not forget that all this left them just as much in the dark concerning the disappearance of Billy as they had been before.

Harold was wondering what he could say next when he discovered something. The paper he had taken from his pocket a few minutes before proved to be an old unopened letter. It was addressed to himself, and read:

"Dear Harold:

I expect to drive through Weston Friday afternoon, and I am preparing to have Billy brought back with me when I return. It may be late when I reach town, and I am telling you of it in advance, so that in case I do not see you, you will not wonder what has become of your charge. We want him for a Hallowe'en celebration.

Mr. Henderson."

Billy the Pony Is Safe

It would be hard to say who laughed the hardest when this note was read. The relief of knowing that Billy was safe, and had been safe all along, the satisfaction of having the troublesome affair ended, and the huge joke of it all—all these things in one overwhelming heap!

"I guess this was just a phase of 'The Winnington Case'," Harold finally remarked. "Remember the morning we bumped into the postman? It was just at the end of the story, you know."

The End of "The Softofit Case"

"Well," Harry said firmly, "I am thankful this is the end of 'The Softofit Case'! That book was the cause of all this whole week of trouble and worry—all of it."

Harold somewhat shamefacedly made a gesture as if to dismiss the subject.

"Karl, when is the next practicing time for the pentathlon?" asked Harry.

CHAPTER XIII

THE IMPOSSIBLE COUSIN

THANKSGIVING DAY was the last day of the month, and it seemed to Lucille that all the bleakness and dreariness of the whole of November was concentrated in that one Thursday. Thanksgiving ought to be a time of cheer and happy satisfaction, thought Lucille; but could anything be more melancholy than this Thanksgiving? The bare, frozen lawn, the naked trees, the heavy, sullen weight of cloud that hung over everything—could it be any more discouraging? People usually have guests and a good Thanksgiving dinner—roast turkey, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie, and all those things—or, if they have no one to dinner, they go out and enjoy the hospitality of someone else. But to-day! Oh, what a shame! Lucille shed a few tears from sheer vexation, as she thought of it. There would be no dinner and very likely no guests, and she would have to drag out the entire day in miserable loneliness. What was Thanksgiving Day anyway without a Thanksgiving dinner?

A Melancholy Thanksgiving

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were in a neighboring city attending some sort of a court trial, and could not possibly be back before the end of the week. Lucille did not know just what it was all about. She had heard all sorts of references to deeds and wills and administrators and claims and other things that she could not remember the names of, and she knew that it was a very important family affair of some kind that had arisen on account of the death of her grandfather, and that it simply had to be attended to; but this was all she did know. It was bad enough to have to hear about it continually, and to

The Loneliness of Lucille

have to refrain from asking too many questions about it; but to have everything turned upside down and Thanksgiving Day spoiled on account of it—that was almost more than she could bear. Of course, it could not be helped; it did not seem to be anybody's fault in particular, and that made it seem all the worse. With no one to blame it left one with such a feeling of blind helplessness. It was so huge, so intangible, so impersonal.

The family had expected it, of course, and had planned that Lucille should spend the day with Anna in case it happened that they must be away from home on Thanksgiving; but even that had been spoiled by those dreadful lawyers and judges and officers of the law. Mrs. Anderson had expected to take her sister, Mrs. Knox, with her when she went to the city—Mrs. Knox was to come down from the north the day before and spend one night in Weston—but the Andersons had been obliged to hurry away on a moment's notice after it was too late to inform Mrs. Knox of the change in plans, and so Lucille was left to greet her aunt and tell her about it if she came. If she came! But she might not come! She might somehow learn about the change of programme and not stop in Weston at all.

How It All Happened

What a hopeless muddle it was! Lucille saw no way out of it but to remain home all day in expectation of meeting an aunt whom she had never seen, and perhaps entertaining a cousin who was equally as vague and nebulous a personage. But even with these out of the way, she could not now impose herself upon Anna, because Anna was expecting a girl-friend to spend the week with her—a friend whom she had not seen for a long, long time, she said—and it would never do to interfere with Anna's plans; so there was nothing for Lucille but to stay at home with the furnace-man and the maid for company.

Anna Fails Lucille

Lucille curled herself up among the pillows in the

nook by the fire-place. "One might as well make the best of it," she said to herself. "If I am to be a hermit and a prisoner, then a hermit and a prisoner I shall be. I'll not look at anybody—I'll not think of that tiresome court business—I'll stay right here." Lucille found herself unconsciously emphasizing her little monologue with stamps of her foot against the window seat. "Of all the miserable, vexatious things!" she broke out. But no, that would never do—no use of getting into a "state of mind" about it—she must make the best of it. It would not do to meet Mrs. Knox and her daughter with a flushed face and an angry countenance. That would be embarrassing. One should be calm on the outside, no matter how one feels on the inside, thought Lucille. If that Knox girl—Helen, or Ellen, or whatever her name was—should be left for her to entertain she must be in the proper frame of mind to do it.

Lucille Calms Herself

But how exasperating to be called upon to entertain someone who was a total stranger, and very likely not at all accustomed to the ways of refined people! Lucille knew that the Knoxes lived away up in the far north where they could not have the "advantages" that she had in Weston. Without doubt, thought Lucille, this girl has big red hands and a rough voice, and can talk about very little except fish and saw mills, and perhaps fur and hides, possibly Eskimos. How mortifying it would be to have to introduce her as her cousin to Anna! It is a dreadful thing to feel ashamed of one's relatives. But, if one has to face a crisis, one can do anything. With these thoughts Lucille settled herself in the pillows and took up the reading of "The Mill on the Floss" where she had left off the day before.

The Dreaded Cousin

Lucille glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. Noon! Was it possible! It seemed scarcely an hour since she had seated herself with her book. She had been following Maggie Tulliver through her adventures among the gypsies, and had been admiring Maggie's brother Tom

and getting acquainted with the Gleggs, the Pullets, the Deanes, and all the other interesting characters of St. Oggs. What a wonderful book! The maid came in to stir the fire and to ask Lucille if she would have a little lunch, but Lucille only rearranged the cushions and resumed her reading. "The Valley of Humiliation" promised to be more engaging than luncheon with Marie off of the kitchen table. Besides, she was not in the least hungry.

An Afternoon at St. Oggs

Outside the sky grew heavier and heavier. The little patch that was visible through the window to the west seemed to be a thick gray curtain stretched tightly across the glass. The sky in St. Oggs was heavy, too, with all the troubles that the Tullivers were having.

Lucille's attention was attracted by a peculiar change in the light that fell upon her page. She looked out. It was snowing. Great feathery flakes were falling. She went to the window and stood looking out. What a lovely evening it would be! She thought of her father and mother and wondered if it was snowing where they were. Very likely they were about to sit down to a Thanksgiving dinner with their friends in the city. The telephone rang!

Long distance wanted Mrs. Anderson.

A Long Distance Telephone Call

It was Mrs. Knox. She had gone through Weston without stopping and was now in the city. She wanted to tell her sister of her change in plans and wanted to make an appointment to meet her. Lucille told her how the Andersons might be found. Mrs. Knox thanked her, and then mentioned the fact that her daughter had done something, but Lucille was unable to make out what. When Lucille asked to have the latter part of the sentence repeated, it was too late. Mrs. Knox had hung up the receiver, or communication had been cut off, or something had happened—just what, Lucille was unable to say. Was there ever such a Thanksgiving Day in all the world?

Possibly her cousin had already stopped off at Weston. Possibly she would appear before long, and Lucille would have to suffer all sorts of embarrassing things on account of her. She turned to the window again. The snow was still falling and darkness was coming on. Anna had not been over to see her and had not telephoned; but probably Anna was too busy entertaining company to think of her old friend Lucille. Lucille found herself accusing Anna of fickleness and indifference. This afforded her an opportunity to indulge in a little self-pity, and to blame someone for the present unpleasant state of affairs. In the city her father and mother were having dinner with Mrs. Knox and their friends, no doubt, while she was left to await the coming of someone she hoped would not come. But why worry about something that might not happen? thought Lucille at last. Mrs. Knox's unfinished sentence was causing her a deal of unnecessary worry, no doubt. The cousin may not have stopped in Weston at all—it might have been something else that she had done. Lucille turned on the light and sought Maggie Tulliver again. Her woes were nothing, compared to Maggie's.

Lucille Indulges in Self-pity

Dinner time came and still there was no cousin. Lucille felt a sense of relief, yet she was uneasy. Perhaps Mrs. Knox had not had anything very important to say, after all. Comforting herself with this assurance, Lucille spent the remainder of the evening with Maggie.

The Cousin Fails to Appear

When she peeped through the curtains of her bedroom window the next morning, Lucille uttered a little exclamation of surprise. Outside was a real fairy-land. All night long the snowflakes had been sifting down and transforming everything. Every tree and shrub was bending under a load of dazzling whiteness—dressed in white fur to keep out the cold. Little accumulations of snow fell occasionally from overburdened boughs and lighted with a whispering sound on the blanketed earth beneath. The small evergreens looked like immense

crystal chandeliers turned upside down, and the vine over the arbor was a tangled fairy fretwork of the purest white marble. Lucille closed the window and crept back into bed. She lay watching the snowflakes drift lazily across the window and listening to the passers-by on the walk below. They seemed to be walking on thick carpet and their voices sounded strange and far-off, though Lucille knew they were right under the window. In the distance were the scrape of a snow shovel and the tinkle of children's laughter.

Awaking in Fairy-land

That afternoon Anna called over the telephone to ask Lucille if her cousin had arrived.

"No, I don't believe she is going to come," Lucille replied.

"Isn't going to come! How unfortunate! You have waited for her so long, too, haven't you?"

Lucille offered her explanation. "And I didn't hear what my aunt said," she concluded, "but I am sure it couldn't have been that her daughter had stopped off in Weston. And I'm glad if she didn't. Honestly, I am. Maybe it is wrong for me to feel like that, but—"

"But, Lucille, she's your cousin, and I'm sure you will like her."

"Anna, I have never seen her, and I'm afraid she isn't the kind of a girl that we would like." Lucille felt that she ought to prepare Anna for the worst, in case the cousin unexpectedly made her appearance.

Lucille Confides in Anna

"How do you know?"

"Oh, you know she was born and brought up away up there in the north, and they don't live up there just as we do in this part of the country. I'm afraid that she hasn't had some of the advantages that we have had, you know. She is probably—Hello, Anna! You there?"

"Yes, I'm listening."

"She is probably—oh, you know—not as refined as we would like. No, I don't mean just that—I mean she is not—"

"Yes, I know," Anna assented. "You mean you might be ashamed of her."

"That's just it, Anna!" Lucille felt a bit relieved and confidential. "I'll bet she puts goose grease on her hair and—"

"Lucille!"

Lucille, feeling ashamed of herself, hastened to change the subject. "Did your company come?" she inquired.

Anna's "Company"

"Oh, yes, and we have been having the loveliest visit. You know I met her when we were at Lake Willisosco a year ago last summer, and we haven't seen one another since. She is the dearest thing, I wish you could meet her. Can't you come over this afternoon? No, let me see, we may go out for a few minutes—can't you come over to-morrow?"

"Hello, Anna!" Lucille interrupted. "I beg your pardon, but I didn't hear you. What did you say her name was?"

"I said, can't you come over to-morrow? We would have just a lovely time!" And Anna rattled on in her characteristic manner while Lucille did her best to get every word.

Lucille Is Sensitive

"Oh, well," Lucille sighed, as she hung up the receiver, "I don't know whether I want to go over there or not. Anna is so queer. Why didn't she ask me over before this, I wonder? I don't know as I care particularly about meeting this Notts girl. I should much prefer to read."

That evening Lucille had a letter from her mother. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson expected to be at home Saturday afternoon at six. According to accounts in the papers, the trains were being delayed on account of the heavy snow. Lucille wondered if she would still be alone when Sunday came. In that case maybe she would go to Anna's and meet the Notts girl and stay with Anna. There was a limit to one's endurance of loneliness.

The sky was still gray the next day; Maggie Tulliver

was approaching "The Great Temptation"; and the uncertain and doubtful cousin had become more uncertain and doubtful than ever. "I don't care!" Lucille thought to herself, "I'll bet she does grease her hair!"

Anna telephoned in a great flurry and wanted Lucille to meet her at Henderson's Field in half an hour.

"Henderson's Field!"

"Yes, we've been talking with the boys, and they want to learn a new game that Ella says she played where she was last winter. It's great! We're going to play it!"

Henderson's Field and a New Game

And then Anna laid her plans before Lucille. She had it all arranged. She and her friend would call for some of the girls and Lucille was to call for others and they would meet at Henderson's Field and learn the new game. "Ella says we'll have a lot of fun. We'll look for you—sure!"

"But, Anna, why Henderson's Field? Away out there in the snow! I can't—what? A snow game! Oh, well, I suppose I can, but—"

Lucille wondered afterward why it was that she had said "yes" to Anna's proposal. Certainly it was a foolish thing to go traipsing out to Henderson's Field when she could just as well stay in the house by the fire and see Maggie Tulliver through her troubles. Then, too, there was a possibility of the cousin's materializing at any moment while she was away. But leaving directions with Marie as to how to find her in case the cousin came, Lucille stepped out into the crisp December air.

An Exhilarating Walk

The walk brought the color to Lucille's face and gave her a fine feeling of exhilaration. The snow had begun to fall again, and it was delightful to feel its cool, silent caress on one's cheek. Over all was that peculiar wintry stillness with absence of echo that characterizes a fairyland of snow and subdues and changes every sound of the commonplace world. The boys had shoveled a path from the sidewalk to the field and were engaged in pelting one

another with snowballs when Lucille arrived. Anna and her girl friend were already there, and another troop of boys and girls were coming down the street.

The Notts Girl

The Notts girl was a surprise. She was infinitely more attractive than Lucille had imagined she would be, possibly because Lucille had had her vision occupied with pictures of her impossible cousin. The visitor's cheeks were flushed with bright, rosy color, and her pretty, fluffy hair made a sort of a fairy net to catch and hold the soft snowflakes. Anna was immensely proud of her, and well she might be, thought Lucille, for Ella Notts was a wonderfully sweet girl.

"She's a perfect dear," Lucille whispered to Anna a few minutes later when everything was ready for the game.

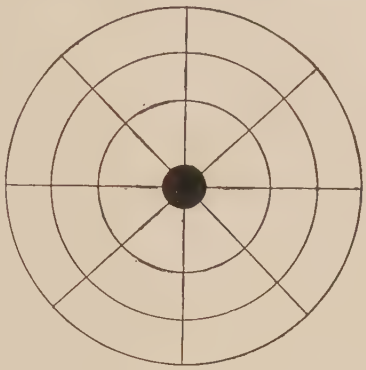
The party put themselves at the disposal of Ella and were attentive to her directions. She first ordered a long line to be formed, as if for marching, with the boys at the head.

"Now we're going to make a huge circle in the snow—a great big one—as far across as from here to that little tree away over yonder. Do you see it?"

Three Circles in the Snow

The boys called it great fun to go plowing through the deep snow like a locomotive with a long train of cars behind. No one knew what use Ella would make of the circular path in the snow, and no one asked. It was enough just to be making it. When it was completed, and all were standing stiffly at attention lest they should step outside of the path and spoil the outline of the circle, Ella said there would have to be another circular path—a smaller one inside of the first one. Around they went again, shouting and laughing and plowing up the snow faster than before. Then they made another circle—a much smaller one—and lastly paths across from one edge of the outside circle to the other, through the centre. The snow was falling thick and fast before the last path was made. Everyone assembled in the centre and awaited

further directions. The paths looked like the accompanying diagram:



"Now this is a game of tag," Ella explained. "It is called 'Fox and Geese' and the foxes are 'It'."

Lucille's thoughts flew instantly to goose grease, and she involuntarily looked toward Anna to see if Anna had remembered.

"How many foxes?" inquired someone.

"And how many geese?"

"Two foxes," Ella explained, "and the rest are geese. When a fox catches a goose that particular goose becomes a fox, and the fox that caught her becomes a goose again. Do you see? There will always be just two foxes and all the rest are geese."

A chorus of oh's and ah's and a clatter of tongues greeted this information, and one boy was for making a goose of himself by asking whether the geese could fly over from one path to another when they wanted to escape a fox.

How to Play "Fox and Geese"

"Oh, no, neither a fox nor a goose can run across corners or break away from the path—that's where the fun is, you see. The goose has to stay in the path."

"But what if both the foxes chase one goose and run her down?"

"Oh, if a goose wants to escape a fox she can run into the den in the centre, and the fox can't catch her there."

The Den

Ella explained that the circular place where they were standing was the den and that all geese in the den were safe from the foxes. It seemed a bit strange that the geese should be able to find refuge in a den, for only foxes have dens, but the fitness of such an arrangement was not questioned. Then an objection came up.

"If the geese are safe in the den, why couldn't they all stay in there and leave the foxes no geese to catch?"

"Oh, but they can't do that. I forgot to tell you that there must always be at least two geese outside of the den. If there aren't, then the foxes may come right into the den and get the geese."

Playing the Game

Two of the older boys were foxes first. They ran to the outer circle and dared the geese to venture forth. There was a timid scattering of the older and more active geese, but the younger ones—the goslings, as Ella called them—remained within the safety of the den. But it was not long before the goslings, even to the very least, had entered into the spirit of the game and were having as much fun as the most agile geese. Once Lucille found herself a fox with one of the boys, and once with Anna. For a time Anna and Ella were foxes. Each time there was a change of fox, the fact was made known by much fluttering and squawking among the geese, in spite of the fox's sly efforts to capture a goose unawares. It was noticeable that the only geese to take refuge in the den were those who flew in from time to time to escape a particularly quick fox or to rest from a hard chase.

A Tragedy Among Geese

Often the geese banded themselves together in little groups and set out to "go around the world," that is, around the whole circumference of each of the three circles. Many times these little flocks of geese were sadly thinned before they returned to the den. More than once a goose or a little flock of geese found a sly fox approaching from either direction, and all avenue of escape cut off. It was a fatal thing to be caught in one of the segments of the circle, or between two cross-paths anywhere, when both foxes had been sly enough to slip up unnoticed. A tragedy like this was certain to cause a great commotion among the other geese—much flapping of wings and squawking, and not a little gabbling.

What fun it was! What shouting and laughing! What flights and what bumpings into one another! The friendly

PLAYING "FOX AND GEESE."

snow enveloped everything. Sometimes it was hardly possible to distinguish the foxes from the geese on the opposite side of the outer circle, but that made the fun all the greater. It was growing colder and the wind was rising, though a few gusts and swirling eddies of snow could not dampen the enthusiasm of the foxes and the geese. Lucille said she had never had so much fun in the snow. There had never been such a snowstorm.

Suddenly she remembered that her father and mother were to return at six that evening.

"Oh, girls, I can't stay another minute. Father and Mother are coming at six, and I'll have to run home and change my things and go down to the train to meet them," she panted. "Oh! I don't believe I can hurry. I've run so much already."

Nearly Train Time

"Ella's mother is coming on that train, too," Anna exclaimed. "I wonder what time it is now. Perhaps we had better all go."

And so it happened that Lucille walked back from Henderson's Field in company with Anna and her friend Ella. Ella seemed more charming than ever. All thanked her for teaching them how to play the game of "Fox and Geese" and expressed their regret that she could not remain to play with them the coming week. She said she would gladly stay if she could, but it would be quite impossible for her to do so, as she had to return to her home in the north in time for school.

The Charms of the Notts Girl

"You live in the north?" Lucille burst out, almost before she knew what she was saying. (Why would thoughts of that horrid cousin intrude?)

"Oh, yes," Ella was saying, "and it's so delightful up there in the winter. We have just piles and piles of snow, and such good times! I wish you could come and see us sometime."

"Oh, I wish we could," the girls echoed. "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, everybody. I've had a perfectly lovely time! Good-bye!"

The train was delayed; it would be two hours late. Anna invited Lucille to spend the two hours with her and Ella.

"Ella likes you immensely," she confided over the telephone. "Really she does, Lucille—she likes you very, very much!" Lucille understood the superlativeness of the expression and was pleased. It required no persuasion of Anna's to induce her to come. Maggie Tulliver could wait. Ella Notts was irresistible.

When the two hours had expired Lucille felt that she had known Ella all her life. They had already begun to exchange all sorts of confidences—precious little nothings so dear to schoolgirls—and Lucille was wondering how she might contrive to visit Ella's home when school should be out in the summer.

Sworn Friends

"We'll see your mother when she comes, and ask her about it," Ella suggested.

"And your mother, too—she'll be there, won't she?"

"Isn't it perfectly grand that your mothers can meet one another!" Anna put in.

"Isn't it, though!"

Lucille was conscious of a vague dread. Mrs. Knox would be present also, and perhaps that fearful cousin would contrive to appear at the wrong time and spoil everything by her odious presence.

Some Coincidences

"I have an aunt coming on this train, too," Lucille ventured. "I've never seen her, but—"

"Why, isn't that funny! Mamma wrote me that I had an aunt coming—and I've never seen her!"

The girls regarded one another in astonishment. "Why, isn't that the funniest thing you ever heard of!"

At this moment there was a general movement of the crowd toward the door of the waiting room. The train was approaching. Far down the track the light of the locomotive gleamed fitful and uncertain through the whirling snow. The girls huddled together in a little group and waited. Lucille felt most miserable misgiv-

ings. She was sure that she would much prefer to be disappointed altogether rather than have her cousin appear among the assembled crowd. The passengers were already leaving the train. The brakeman was swinging his lantern. "All a-bo-o-oar-r-d!" Had they lost them?

Ella darted forward. "Here they are!" she exclaimed to Anna.

Lucille saw her rush into her mother's arms.

Surprises for Everybody

Just back of them Mr. and Mrs. Anderson appeared. Lucille looked in vain for Mrs. Knox, and felt greatly relieved not to see her. There would be no cousin!

"Mamma," Ella was saying, "I want you to meet my friend Lucille. And here is Anna. You remember her, and—"

"Mother," Lucille began. "This is—"

But it seemed that the two mothers had met before. They were regarding one another with rippling laughter. The girls were puzzled. Anna was too surprised to say anything.

Then Mr. Anderson explained.

The Cousin at Last

"Lucille," he said, "this is Mrs. Knox, your Aunt Mary. It seems that you have already met your cousin."

The girls stared at one another in wild-eyed amazement, then Lucille turned sharply to Anna.

"Why didn't you—why—you—you said her name was Notts—you told me over the phone that—"

"Knox! Knox! I didn't say Notts!"

"Oh, dear—oh, oh!—what a—!"

But words were inadequate. Instead the girls took to laughing and hugging one another for joy. This was indeed a charming conclusion to all embarrassing complications.

CHAPTER XIV

UNTAINTED MONEY

ALL through the earlier days of autumn Mr. Henderson had permitted the lower side of his lawn to be used as a playground—encouraged it, in fact. He said he liked to hear the laughter and the glad voices. When there was not time to go to Henderson's Field, or when the school playground became monotonous and unattractive, the corner of Mr. Henderson's grounds was a favorite resort for games of tag and various kinds of improvised "parties." While the heavy snow lasted at Thanksgiving time it was the scene of much snowballing, the drifts piled along the iron fence, and the great number of trees convenient for dodging, giving it the preference over Henderson's Field. So it was that Mr. Henderson was universally popular with the juvenile population of Weston, and his hospitality was universally enjoyed.

Mr. Henderson's Hospitality

One afternoon in December, when the snow had all disappeared and the sun seemed determined to give Weston a week of spring to atone for the week of winter, there was a noisy conclave assembled on the corner of Mr. Henderson's premises. A disinterested observer might have wondered what it was all about: the laughter, the shouting, the sharp voices, the rounds of applause and the occasional chorus of jeers. Passers-by on the other side of the iron fence caught phrases and interrupted sentences now and then that told them that some sort of a disputation was in progress; but no one knew what it was about, and perhaps the boys and girls themselves, if pressed for an explanation, could not have given a satisfactory answer. It was fun to get into a

A Noisy Conclave

"fuss" once in a while, whether one knew what the fuss was about or not. Sometimes it was enough merely to be "fussing."

The disturbance was wearing itself out, as such disturbances do, when Mr. Henderson's white head appeared in the arch of his doorway, and he came slowly down the walk. There was a general hush, broken now and then by some of the more persistent who gloried in having the final word. Something in Mr. Henderson's air forbade the customary effusive greetings. He addressed a few remarks to Karl and Spencer—remarks that caused the crowd to gather itself into a knot of anxious listeners around the person of Mr. Henderson. Gradually the news permeated through the cluster of listeners, though Mr. Henderson continued to address only the two boys.

The Illness of Mrs. Henderson

Mrs. Henderson was ill! The noise annoyed her! Mr. Henderson had come out to send them away! There was a noticeable loosening of the knot, and a timid withdrawal of three or four of the more conscientious ones, while others crowded closer and offered their apologies. But Mr. Henderson was not displeased; he was only sorry, so he said, that he was obliged to request the boys and girls to play more quietly.

Mr. Henderson Has a Scheme

"But I have a scheme," he announced in conclusion. "I have told these two boys about it and they will tell you. I can't stop now to go over it again, I must get back to Mrs. Henderson."

With these words Mr. Henderson started back toward the house, thanking the boys and girls for the favors they had bestowed upon him and expressing his regret that he had found it necessary to speak to them about the noise.

There was an immediate exodus to the precincts of the school playground, after which arose a general clamor for an account of Mr. Henderson's scheme; whereupon Karl mounted the steps and commanded silence and an opportunity to explain.

"Mr. Henderson is going to give prizes," Karl began, choosing that part of Mr. Henderson's talk that was uppermost in his mind, as a starting-point for his explanation.

"Prizes! Prizes!"

"Yes, prizes—"

"Prizes? What is he going to give prizes for?"

The Magic Word, "Prizes"

"Well, wait a minute, and I will tell you," said Karl a little impatiently, realizing that he had aroused interest even though he had begun at the wrong end of his story. "You know we can't play over there any more because Mrs. Henderson is not able to—"

"Yes, we know all about that. Tell us about the prizes!"

"Well, just wait," put in Spencer with an air of importance, "and you'll hear it all."

"—able to bear the noise," Karl continued coolly, "and so Mr. Henderson asked us if we did not have some games that we could play out at the Field so as not to—"

"Where? Henderson's Field?" someone interrupted. "It's too cold to go away out there to play. We can't go out there!"

"Then what are you outside at all for?" questioned another. "Do you think it is any colder out there behind the woods than it is here or at Mr. Henderson's? You had better run along home and go to bed—you!"

"Now wait! Listen!" Karl demanded. "He said he would give prizes for the best two games that we could

The Best Two Games

think of before next Saturday. Each one is to write out the rules and directions for his game, and Mr. Henderson said he would be the judge. No one is to hand in more than one game—didn't he say that, Spencer?"

"I don't remember," Spencer replied in ponderous tones, "but that is no more than fair, anyway, so we ought to make it a rule."

"Each one is to hand in one game," Karl went on,

unconsciously twisting Mr. Henderson's words to suit the exigencies of the occasion, "and then—Spence, did he say he would come out and see us play the games before he judged?"

"Well, I suppose that depends upon how Mrs. Henderson is," Spencer replied after due deliberation. "He just said he would decide which was the best games."

"'Which *were* the best games,' Spence," corrected one of the girls in crisp tones of sarcasm, "and would you be kind enough to tell us what the prizes will be?"

The patience of the audience was not of that variety that is commonly spoken of as a virtue.

"Three dollars for the first and two dollars for the second prize," announced Karl and Spencer in one breath, each remembering Mr. Henderson's exact words upon this particular point, if upon no other.

Five Dollars in Prizes

"Three dollars and two dollars," Karl repeated, being entitled by virtue of his position upon the steps to an announcement solely his own.

This intelligence produced a murmur of satisfaction and buried all traces of impatience. Five dollars in prizes! Mr. Henderson was a generous man, there was no doubt about that. There were further questions concerning the conditions of the contest.

"Just have your directions written out for Mr. Henderson to see, and have them ready Saturday. That's all. He will see to it that you get your prize."

This last remark, addressed as it was to every individual member of the audience, was an unconscious stroke of oratorical genius on the part of Karl. The crowd dispersed to their several homes, there to set their wits to work to win one of the two prizes promised to the persevering by the public-spirited Mr. Henderson.

All Wits Set to Work

"Harold," said Harry two days later, as they were sauntering home from school, "do you remember what Karl said about one person offering two games? Did he say you could do it?"

"I don't know. Don't you remember that the boys didn't know just what Mr. Henderson had said on this point?"

"But didn't they make it a rule?"

"Did they? How could they make rules without asking Mr. Henderson?"

Harry thought a moment. "They couldn't, could they? I don't believe it would make any difference, do you?"

"What?"

Harry's Dilemma

"Two games. I have two, and I don't know which one to hand in for the prize. We used to play them where I went to school out in the country, and I know that nobody knows how to play them—nobody in Weston, I mean. They are prize-winners, too. I know it. But do you suppose—"

"Say, Harry!"

"Yes?"

"Say!" There was a trace of hesitation in Harold's voice. "Say," he essayed again, "let me have one!"

"You!" Harry was puzzled.

"I can't think of a single thing to play—not a blooming game of any kind," Harold confessed by way of explanation and vindication, "and if you give me one of the games and it wins the prize I can give the prize to you. See?"

Harry meditated a moment.

Harold's Proposition to Harry

"Don't you see?" Harold urged. "That would fix it up all right. I would have a game, you would have a chance to win prizes with both yours, and yet you would not be offering more than one game—one yourself, I mean. Why wouldn't that be the very thing to do?"

Harry still meditated.

"If you have a good thing you ought to pass it along, and how are you going to pass along these games and have the fun of playing them unless you manage some way to get both in for the prizes? For myself I don't care. It is all right to me if you get the prizes—I can't

think of a game anyway. Don't you see?" Harold was always a bit surprised at his own brilliant reasoning, his powers of persuasion.

"All right!" said Harry after a moment's hesitation, during which time he quieted his scruples with some unspoken sophistries of his own. "You take one of the games—I give it to you, you understand; so you'll not be using something that is not yours, don't you see—and then you can give me part of the prize money." **Harry Consents**

There was a pause.

"Half of the prize money," Harry concluded lamely, finally compromising with his conscience and with his friend Harold.

"Sure! Tell me what the game is!"

Harry had thus found a way out of the difficulty, and not a bad way either, since it promised half of the prize. That evening, so he promised, he would hand over to Harold the written instructions that he had prepared.

"You see, I didn't know which one to give Mr. Henderson," explained Harry that evening, "so I wrote out both of them to see which I thought was better. I'll give you this one or the other one, whichever you say. And it is yours, you know. I am giving it to you. See?"

Harold chose at random. "I'll take this one," he said, "and I'll remember that it is mine. And I'll give you half of the prize—that will be yours. What can there be wrong about that?" **Harold Takes Harry's Game**

"Nothing at all," Harry answered, vaguely conscious of a possibility of his regretting his words, and conscious, too, that it required some effort to overlook the insistent intrusion into the conversation of the words "give," "yours," "mine," etc.

The deal was closed; the boys were ready for the awarding of the prizes. The matter "lay on the knees of the gods."

Friday afternoon was a hard half-day for Miss McAllister. Something was in the air. Her best efforts at

story-telling were expended in vain; in vain did she hint at a possible Christmas time innovation; the mysterious something still persisted and claimed attention in spite of all her efforts to dispel it.

A Present for Miss McAllister

"We will tell you to-morrow what it is," said one of the girls after school. "No, we'll not either—to-morrow is Saturday—but you will know sometime," Anna assured her. "It isn't much—we just have a secret," Lucille ventured by way of enlightenment.

Miss McAllister knew the precious worth of a secret among schoolgirls, and only smiled in reply.

Out at the street corner was a little knot of boys with Karl and Spencer in the centre. Harry and Harold ventured near. Karl was again holding forth on the matter of the prizes to be awarded the following day.

"The girls want to use the prize money to buy a present for Miss McAllister," he was saying, "and why wouldn't it be a good thing for us to help them get her something really nice, you know."

"Why not use the prize money?" suggested someone.

"Yes, if we get it; but if they get it we ought to add a little to it. Mr. Henderson didn't say he would give prizes to everybody."

A spirited discussion followed.

Karl's Proposition

"Well, we'll wait and see who gets the prizes," Karl said, "but don't you think that the ones who get the prizes ought to use the money for a present? Five dollars would buy a fine gift."

The boys agreed that Karl was right.

Harry and Harold were silent, each waiting for the other. Since their bargain, as if by mutual consent, they had refrained from mentioning the matter of prizes. Sometimes a tacit reference to the games crept into their conversation, but for the most part they had found it more convenient and more comfortable not to talk about the matter to one another. Now the topic was forced before their notice.

"Each fellow offers just one game, you know—and it must be one that he has played himself—but after the prizes are given the game belongs to all of us, and so the money ought to be used by all of us."

A New Condition

Here was a new phase of the matter, Harry thought. Where would it all end? How could he teach Harold to play a game that only a number could play?

Harold, too, was thinking. How could he say that he had played the game?

"Is that right," Harry inquired, "or did you just make that rule?"

"Didn't you hear what was agreed upon the other day?" asked Spencer in a tone of authority. "Sure, it's right."

Harry and Harold withdrew from the discussion and from the presence of the other boys. They felt that they would prefer to avoid the issue. They had no inclination just then to think of giving a Christmas present to Miss McAllister. For several minutes neither spoke. Then, leaning against Mr. Henderson's iron fence, they faced the matter squarely.

"It is just like this," Harry began, and suddenly found that he had nothing to say.

Troubled Consciences

"Now this is what I think about it," said Harold, gravely, with the evident intention of weighing his words carefully. "This is what I—say! Harry!" Harold slapped his friend on the back, his face beaming with a new idea. "I never thought! Why, we—" and Harold broke out in laughter.

"Well?"

"Why, we may not get the prizes at all! Everybody can't get a prize!"

Harry's face showed a slight relief. "That's right," he agreed a little sheepishly, yet somewhat troubled nevertheless, "but I'm afraid one of us might. I know those games are a lot of fun, and nobody here has ever played them. I'm afraid—"

"Oh, come on, Harry, let's forget it. What is the use? Like as not someone else will win the prizes, and we shall have all this worry for nothing. It's foolish to bank on winning a prize. What ever made us feel so sure?"

"But the gift for Miss McAllister—"

"Let them buy it if they want to. We'll probably not be in it. We'll not have the money to take care of."

Afraid of Winning

Harold seemed so sure that the prizes would not fall to them, that his assurance tended to quiet Harry's fears and dispel his forebodings.

Mr. Henderson received the papers that evening. Karl and Spencer had collected them at school that afternoon and had taken them to him. On account of Mrs. Henderson's condition it would be impossible, so he told the boys, for him to go to Henderson's Field the following day; but, if the boys were willing, he would read the written instructions and award the prizes accordingly. In doing this, he said, he would not consider the manner or style of the composition, only the matter, that is, the game itself, for all were to have an equal chance to win a prize. The boys expressed their pleasure at this arrangement and agreed to call the next day to get the papers and learn the result of Mr. Henderson's deliberation.

It was an anxious gathering that assembled on the steps of the schoolhouse at eleven the next day. The air was too full of expectancy to permit much conversation. When Karl and Spencer arrived with the papers and

Announcement of the Prize-winners

mounted the steps like two important magistrates, the assembly arranged itself around the rostrum in the greatest decency and order as befitting the solemnity of the occasion. Each paper was returned in a sealed envelope, and the prizes, so Karl informed his listeners, would be found in their respective envelopes with the papers that had been deemed worthy of the promised distinction. (Spencer felt that he had almost outdone himself in fixing

up this little speech for Karl.) The audience listened at first respectfully, but as soon as it was manifest that Karl's assumed dignity was without foundation, and that he did not know himself who the prize-winners were, all respectful listening stopped, and there was a scramble for the envelopes as they were handed out. Finding it impossible to maintain a semblance of importance under such circumstances, Spencer surrendered part of the papers to Karl and the business of distribution was soon over.

Opening the Envelopes

The sound of ripping envelopes, the tearing of paper, the rustling of pages, and exclamations of incredulity and disappointment followed in quick succession. Hurried questions of "Did you get it?"—"Was there anything in yours?"—"Who got it?"—and others of like import accompanied the opening of the envelopes. Then, "Nobody has it!" they began to exclaim, one after another. "Nobody has the prize!"

But the envelopes were not all opened. Harry had slipped his into his pocket and had also taken Harold's into his keeping, since Harold had explained with a seeming reluctance that he "couldn't be there" that morning. Harry was accosted and asked to open the two remaining envelopes.

He did so. Out fluttered a two-dollar bill from the one, and in the other were found a two-dollar bill and a one-dollar bill. His games had won both the prizes!

Harry's Games Both Win

His comrades danced about, demanding to know what the games were that had won the prizes, but Harry was beset with qualms that greatly lessened his enthusiasm. He half wished that the wind would blow the bills away, or that he might have been handed the wrong envelopes; but no, there they were—the directions that he had written and those that Harold had copied.

"What is the game? Tell us! Tell us!" the others were clamoring.

Harry took the paper that had won first prize (the one

he had given to Harold), and read aloud to those around him, who listened intently and eagerly:

"Duck on the Rock: Each player is provided with a stone somewhat larger than a baseball, called a 'duck.' One player is 'It.' He places his duck on the duck-rock (a much larger stone, preferably a boulder partially buried in the earth), and the other players range themselves along the throwing line (a line drawn about twenty-five feet from the duck-rock), and cast their ducks in turn at the duck on the rock, the object being to knock the duck off of the rock. Each player follows his own duck to the place where it falls and attempts to return with his duck to the throwing line without being tagged by the player who is 'It.' This player cannot tag anyone if his duck is off of the duck-rock; and, should the duck be knocked off, he must replace it immediately in order to be able to tag those who have not returned to the throwing line with their ducks. Should a player be tagged by the player who is 'It,' the tagged player becomes 'It' in turn and places his duck on the rock in place of the one there before. Thus, the object of the game is to knock the duck off of the rock and to avoid being tagged by the guard (the player who is 'It') on the way back to the throwing line.

The First Prize Game

"At the beginning of the game all the players cast their ducks at the duck-rock, and the one whose duck is found to be farthest from the duck-rock is 'It.'

"A player may be tagged at any time after he has touched his duck, whether he is attempting to return to the throwing line or not.

A Tag Game

"When a player has been tagged he rushes at once to place his duck on the rock, and should he succeed in accomplishing this before the guard has had time to remove his duck, the guard must leave his duck on the rock with the new duck. There are now two ducks on the rock, also two guards, both of whom may tag other players; and this state of affairs remains until one of the guards has

his duck knocked off and is tagged by the other as he tries to return to the throwing line or until both of the ducks are knocked off at the same time and one guard reaches the throwing line before the other.

"Should a duck fall within a hand-span of the duck-rock and fail to displace the duck on the rock, the guard may challenge the thrower by shouting 'span.' If the distance proves to be a span or less the thrower must place his duck on the rock with that of the guard, after which the game continues as described above."

As Harry finished the reading of this, he was besieged with questions as to the meaning of this or that paragraph, and was requested to repeat certain passages.

"The game is a lot of fun," he concluded. "We used to play it out in the country where I went to school, and when every fellow tries hard to knock the duck off so as to help the others to get back to the throwing line it gets pretty exciting."

Harry Explains the Game

"But what if they all throw and nobody knocks the duck off?" piped up a thin voice. "What then?"

Harry looked at the paper again. He had copied it from a book on games and had evidently forgotten to add the last paragraph, or Harold had failed to copy all that had been given him. In either case it was an unfortunate omission, since it might lead him to betray too great a knowledge of the game. However, he hastened to explain, hoping that no one would question Harold's right to the prize, yet almost wishing that someone would.

A Ticklish Question

"Oh, in that case," he said, "somebody touches his duck and runs back, and that gives the others a chance to run, too. That's easy."

"Come on, let's try it!" shouted someone else. "You know that big rock that sticks out of the ground at the farther end of Henderson's Field? That's the place!"

"But don't you want to hear the other game?" asked Harry, anxious to get the whole distasteful business off his hands as soon as he could.

"Oh, yes! The other one! What is it?"

Harry read the other directions that he had copied from the book of games. Alas! he thought, why had he ever seen the book!

"Pig in the Hole: A hole about the size of the crown of a hat is dug in the ground, and an empty tin can, a block of wood, or some other suitable object is selected as 'pig.' Each player has a stick about three feet in length which is used to drive the pig into the hole if he happens to be the player who is 'It,' and is used to keep the pig out of the hole if he is not 'It.' Around this larger hole, within a radius of fifteen feet, is a circle of smaller holes, in number one less than the number of players. The object of the game is to prevent the odd player, or the keeper of the pig, from driving the pig into the hole in the centre; also to avoid having the smaller hole (into which each player places the end of his stick) stolen by another player. The aim of the keeper is, first of all, to steal a smaller hole for himself by placing the end of his stick into it when it is not being held by another player. He thus leaves someone else to become keeper of the pig—the player who happens to be thus left without a hole for his stick. If the pig is driven into the hole in the centre a new game begins.

The Second Prize Game

"The game starts by all of the players putting their sticks into the larger hole under the pig. At a given signal the pig is lifted out of the hole and each player tries to put his stick into one of the smaller holes. The odd player is keeper of the pig."

The Keeper of the Pig

"Ducks and pigs!" exclaimed the owner of the thin voice. "I think that last one is a better game than the other one!"

"Oh, I don't think so," Harry objected. "This game hasn't as much running in it as the other."

"Yes, and someone is liable to get hit with a stick," commented one of the girls. "I don't see how that would be any fun."

"Oh, well," Harry explained apologetically, "we used to have a rule that a fellow shouldn't lift his stick above his waist."

"Well," Anna observed doubtfully, "maybe that would be all right, but I would rather play the other game."

"Come on, let's all try it—let's try both of them," Karl proposed. "We'll see whether Mr. Henderson gave the first prize to the one that we like the better." **Trying the Games**

Harry turned the papers over to Karl and sought a favorable opportunity to return home. He wanted to think. He wanted to make up his mind what should be done with the money that he had in his pocket, money that he felt he had come by in an irregular manner.

Harry's conscience troubled him. The money irritated him. He found Harold and offered to turn over to him the three dollars that the first game had won; but Harold would take only half of the three dollars, and he would do this only after Harry had reminded him that such was his promise. Harold was peculiarly silent concerning the money—not in the least enthusiastic as a boy ordinarily is who suddenly finds himself with a pocketful of money. No suggestions were made as to how the money should be invested—Miss McAllister's present was not even hinted at—and Harry came away feeling that the whole affair was somehow a great muddle that he could neither face nor flee from. **Dividing the Prize Money**

It was during the early part of the week that Miss McAllister made known the nature of her Christmas innovation, which was, that neither she nor any of the pupils should buy Christmas gifts for one another. Gifts might be exchanged, but they must be gifts that had not been bought. This effectually put an end to all of Harry's fears of being dragged into an unfortunate tangle by being asked to contribute toward a fund for Miss McAllister's present, and it also raised the question in the minds of Harry's comrades as to what use he intended to make of the money.

"What did you do with your two dollars?" they kept asking.

They would ask Harold the same question, "Spent your three dollars yet?"

The boys managed always to evade a direct discussion of the subject. Harry did not say that he had three dollars and a half instead of two dollars, and Harold did not mention the fact that his share of the prizes was only one dollar and a half. Sometimes it was the thought of this phase of the matter that troubled Harry more than any other. In fact, so he told himself, it may not have mattered so much to Mr. Henderson how Harold had come by his game, but it did matter to Mr. Henderson whether or not the prizes had gone to the rightful winners. But was Harold not a rightful winner? And again, was he? The more Harry turned the incident over in his mind the more twisted it became. It all depended upon what the terms of the contest had been. Karl and Spencer had related the terms of the contest, but had they adhered strictly to Mr. Henderson's words? That was the question. But Karl and Spencer could not be guilty of intentional departure from the wishes of Mr. Henderson, therefore it all depended upon Mr. Henderson, after all. And Mr. Henderson was concerned chiefly with the awarding of the prizes, and so the subject found its way back to the starting-point again. Harry knew in his own heart that he had not intended to practice a deception upon Mr. Henderson, or upon anyone else. He knew, too, that it was upon Harold's solicitation that he agreed to let his chum submit the other game as his own. But did these things change the aspect of the case? Harry asked himself. Surely, Harold was not to be blamed for anything, since Harold had certainly no intention of doing anything wrong. And so the matter revolved itself in Harry's mind, around and around, and always back to the point where it began. He began to wish that he had never heard of the contest.

Awkward Questions

Harry's Painful Reflections

Harry and Harold met as usual at school, but no reference was ever made to the games. The others were very enthusiastic about playing "Duck on the Rock," even frosting their fingers in the chill December air just to have the fun of chasing one another and being chased. "Pig in the Hole" was given a trial, but its popularity was nothing compared to the popularity of the game that had won first prize. Miss McAllister was pleased to see the enthusiasm that "Duck on the Rock" called forth. It lured out some of the children, she said, who needed the exercise and the outdoor air, when nothing else had been attractive enough to do this. Harry and Harold played with the others and had as much fun as any, but for Harry the enjoyment was poisoned by the remembrance of the manner in which the games had been introduced.

Popularity of "Duck on the Rock"

At last he could stand it no longer. He would go to Mr. Henderson and tell him all about it—all the particulars from beginning to end—and see what he could do to make matters right. Surely Mr. Henderson would forgive him if he had done anything that he ought not to have done. He certainly had not meant to give offense to anyone. Not caring to have anyone know of his visit to Mr. Henderson, Harry chose a time when he felt sure that no one would see him enter the Henderson home, and he was particularly careful to avoid a meeting with Harold.

Harry was ushered into the hall and given a seat. From the door of the library came the sound of Mr. Henderson's voice. He was entertaining a caller. Harry looked about for some means of escape. He felt that he could never face Mr. Henderson in the presence of a third person. He was about to retreat through the door when Mr. Henderson appeared and invited him into the library, smiling in a most hospitable way as he did so, and telling Harry how glad he was to see him, how he had missed the sound of the children's voices during the

Harry Calls Upon Mr. Henderson

past week, how thoughtful it was of the boys to give him a call, how—

Harry heard no more, for curled up in the depths of a huge armchair at one end of the hearth was Harold! What excuse could he now make for calling?

The boys greeted each other timidly and somewhat wonderingly. If Mr. Henderson noticed it he said nothing. He had been telling Harold of a new kind of aeroplane that he had been reading about, and he continued his account of it, repeating for Harry's benefit. Ordinarily, Harry was intensely interested in aeroplanes, but to-day he was conscious of the fact that his interest had dwindled alarmingly. From aeroplanes the conversation went to automobiling; from automobiling to golf; and then to "Duck on the Rock" and "Pig in the Hole." The boys talked absently, helping each other to keep the conversation away from the matter of prizes. They inquired after the health of Mrs. Henderson and were assured that she was quite well. They inquired about Mr. Henderson himself. He, too, was quite well, it seemed. They inquired about the dog and the pony; they were well. Suddenly the boys found themselves looking blankly at each other.

Harold Has Preceded Harry

"I haven't told him yet!" Harold blurted out.

Harry felt an immeasurable relief. The ordeal would soon be over, now that Harold had paved the way by his involuntary partial betrayal of their errand.

"What is it, boys? Something you wanted to see me about?" Mr. Henderson asked solicitously, in his habitually kind manner. "I believe you fellows are troubled about something. You seem to have something on your minds. I meant to tell you when you went away that since Mrs. Henderson has recovered, I would take it as a favor if you would come back to the corner of the lot to—"

Mr. Henderson Scents Trouble in the Air

"No, no, it isn't that!" Harry hastened to explain. "We would like to come back, but—"

"Well?"

Then, together, the boys confessed. They told the whole story. Mr. Henderson listened very attentively, a smile gradually spreading over his face. When they had finished he broke into a funny little laugh. The boys were offering him the money that he had given them.

"Well?" he said again, an amused twinkle in his eye. "And what was it that was troubling you?"

"Why, don't you see, Mr. Henderson," Harry began, "both of the games were mine, and I—"

"Oh, ho-ho!" chuckled Mr. Henderson, with a deprecatory wave of his hand. "Is that what worries you? Why, bless you, I never said a word about that part of it. I was really surprised that so few games were handed in. I supposed that some of you would have three or four —from books, you know, or anywhere."

The Boys Confess

The boys stared at one another.

"But, Mr. Henderson," Harry importuned, still feeling that so serious a matter was not so easily straightened out, "I—Harold—the money—we said we would—"

"Oh, I see. Then is that what really troubles you? Well," Mr. Henderson assumed a mock gravity and shook his white head as if in regret, "then I suppose I will have to take it, but," fumbling in a little desk drawer, "I can't do it unless—there! That will fix it all right, I think!"

Mr. Henderson had dropped something into Harry's hand. It was a five-dollar gold piece!

"That will fix it, won't it? Now you can divide it to suit yourselves, and I shall have nothing to say about it." Mr. Henderson was beaming with satisfaction and patting the boys on the shoulder, as they moved toward the door.

Mr. Henderson Relieves the Situation

Harry could not remember afterwards whether he had thought to thank Mr. Henderson or not, but Harold was of the opinion that Mr. Henderson understood anyway.

The next day Miss McAllister was greatly pleased, so she told her pupils, to announce that five dollars in gold

had been contributed to the fund that her room was raising to give at Christmas to the poor of Weston.

The same curious inquiries as to the disposition of the prize money were made every day at school. But Harry and Harold always shook their heads smilingly and answered, "That's a secret." It was a nine days' wonder how two boys could spend five dollars prize money and keep it a secret from everybody. Perhaps Miss McAllister guessed the truth, but if she did she respected the boys' secret and never breathed a word.

Joyous Relief

As for Harry and Harold, they felt as if a great load had been lifted from their shoulders. They threw themselves joyously into the playing of the new games, and "Duck on the Rock" and "Pig in the Hole" had no devotees more eager and enthusiastic than the two prize-winners.

CHAPTER XV

THE GATES OF JANUS

"BUT what was the Temple of Janus?" asked Anna, directing inquiring glances toward the others. "I don't remember that Miss McAllister ever told us anything about it. Did she?" Nobody could answer the question.

Mr. Henderson moved as if to get a book from the case at his side, but Anna interrupted him as he was about to speak.

Who Was Janus?

"Oh, yes, I remember now! In Rome—and they always had the doors open, didn't they? And Janus had two faces—yes, I remember!"

"No," Mr. Henderson corrected, "the doors were not always open. In time of absolute peace they were closed, though I suppose this rarely occurred in ancient Rome."

"Oh, yes," Anna assented, "closed only in peace. And January was named after Janus, too, wasn't it?"

A New Year's Call

Some of the boys and girls of Weston were paying Mr. Henderson a New Year's call, and he was entertaining them before his library fire. Outside, a clear blue sky, the biting air and dazzling sunlight spoke unmistakably of the first day of a new year. Little frills of snow decorated the window sashes and sleigh-bells jingled in the street.

Mr. Henderson sent down for more apples before continuing his account of the matter. He had been telling about a difference that had risen between Mr. Joyce, the gardener, and Mr. Pompey, the old scholar across the street; and how the two old men had magnified a petty misunderstanding into a disagreeable and continual jar. It was a deplorable state of affairs, Mr. Henderson de-

cleared, extremely annoying to him and entirely without excuse.

A Dispute About Janus

"I did my best to find out what it was all about," Mr. Henderson went on, taking an apple, "but all I could learn was that it arose from a dispute concerning the Temple of Janus, or maybe it was concerning the god himself, I can't say. At any rate, it is from such a silly molehill as this that they are making a mountain."

"I'll bet Mr. Joyce called Mr. Pompey two-faced," Anna ventured, instinctively taking sides against the old gardener, one time professor in an eastern college shortly after the Civil War, and noted for his disputatious manner and somewhat irascible temper. "Don't you suppose it might have begun that way?"

"Or maybe he said something about shutting up, you know, and keeping peace," suggested Harry.

"Or maybe he referred to Janus, meaning 'the beginning'—the beginning of the quarrel," remarked Karl, taking occasion to air his knowledge of Janus acquired from the book Mr. Henderson had taken out of the case.

"Well, I can't say, I'm sure," sighed Mr. Henderson, resignedly shaking his kindly gray head, "though I have no doubt but that Joyce was as much to blame as the old scholar. However, that makes no difference to us now.

Plans for Lincoln's Birthday

The point is, unless this misunderstanding is adjusted between the two men it will be folly for you to ask them to favor you with talks on Lincoln's Birthday. It seems childish that such a thing should stand in the way, but I know the men and I know that it would stand in the way.

"That was a fine idea of Miss McAllister's to leave the Lincoln's Birthday programme in your hands, and I don't know how you could do better than to get Mr. Joyce and Mr. Pompey. They were both drummer boys in the Civil War—Mr. Joyce in the South and Mr. Pompey in the North—and both have seen and know a great deal about Abraham Lincoln. Better still, they both like to talk about war times. They saw Lincoln from opposite

standpoints, and they both liked him. I am sure they would be glad to tell you what they remember about him, why they admired him as they did, and many other things they know about him; but they will never consent to go to the school together and do this unless they are on better terms with one another than they now are. I do wish the dispute was settled—Joyce is actually getting on my nerves—and I would do all I could to settle it if I knew how to begin. It doesn't amount to much; they have been such good comrades for so long, that I think all they need is to get their minds away from their disagreement for a time.

Estrangement of Two Old Comrades

"Both are eccentric, and perhaps a bit childish. Joyce, especially, is a strange character, content to spend most of his time with his books and to do what little gardening I happen to have to do. Mr. Pompey has traveled considerably in his lifetime, and is perhaps less testy and easier to approach. I wish they could see how ridiculous they are making themselves—I'm sure they would both laugh heartily if they could. Why, Joyce has even gone so far as to call Mr. Pompey, 'Pompeius Magnus'."

Everyone laughed when Mr. Henderson explained what the term meant.

"Now, you see you will have to do something to help these fellows get their minds away from their foolish animosities before you can expect to approach them on the matter of talking on Lincoln's Birthday. It isn't Janus any more—it seems to be everything. They are really making a business of nagging one another on every possible occasion, and some impossible ones."

Making a Business of Nagging

Mr. Henderson passed the apples again. There was a round of inconsequential chatter, but no suggestion. At last Mr. Henderson ventured a suggestion of his own.

"Why don't you try to get them to go skating? You know the millpond has been fine these last few days, and Joyce was telling me the other day how he used to skate when he was a boy before the war. He said he would bet

anything that he could do just as well now. So many people, old and young, are skating on the pond now that it would not be hard for you to manage to have the two men meet on the ice. Mr. Pompey is quite a gay old fellow. Last winter, I remember, some of his old college chums came along and they all went to the pond one morning and had a lot of fun. I don't know that Mr. Pompey can skate very well, but that doesn't matter. I'm sure Joyce can't skate at all, but he would try to show you that he could if you approached him just right in asking him to go."

Mr. Henderson Suggests a Skating Party

Another round of chatter followed, less inconsequential in character, after which Mr. Henderson made a still more definite suggestion.

"Why not get up a little skating party for their special benefit, and do it so that they will not know what your intention is?"

And so it happened that Mr. Henderson's young callers left that afternoon with definite plans for a skating party at the millpond the second day following. Although the affair was really to be in honor of Mr. Joyce and Mr. Pompey and would certainly be a failure without them, neither of these worthies was to be apprised of the fact.

Inviting Mr. Joyce and Mr. Pompey

Mr. Joyce at first expressed a well-feigned eagerness to participate in the pleasures of a skating party; but when it came to the pinch and he was urged to be one of the party, he was for backing out. Only a little diplomacy on the part of Mr. Henderson saved the day; and Mr. Joyce consented—even promised—to go skating with Karl and Spencer, though he was profuse in his excuses and emphasized the fact that he had not been on the ice for years.

With Mr. Pompey it was different. Harold and Harry had no trouble whatever in inducing him to go skating. Mr. and Mrs. Grayson were going, so Mr. Pompey was informed, and Mr. Pompey knew the Graysons. Other parents would perhaps be present, too, it was expected,

and there would be an opportunity to see some fancy skating by some of the young people who were home for the Christmas vacation. Altogether, it promised to be an even larger convocation of skaters and non-skaters, old and young, different and indifferent, than was at first anticipated by the designing promoters of the scheme.

The day was a good one, though perhaps a little cold, and the pond was all that could be desired. The time had been set at three o'clock, but a number of the boys and girls were assembled an hour earlier. Some wanted to try skating for the first time, and others wanted to put into practice some new wrinkles that they had recently been learning about the art of skating.

Spencer Teaches Anna to Skate

Among the former was Anna. Spencer was teaching her, he himself being the best skater present.

"You see," Spencer began, "when you skate you slide on either the outer or the inner edge of the skate blade—like this—" and Spencer executed a few plain strokes, tipping his foot and inclining his body slightly outward or inward to show Anna how it was done.

Anna was bravely staggering along between two of her companions, her eyes painfully fixed on the ice at her feet. The one thing that she cared most to know just then was how to keep from falling.

"Well, I'll show you," Spencer offered. "Do like this: Stand on both inner edges. Now if you start to slide forward just turn your toes together—see, like this—and if you feel yourself starting the other way, do the same with your heels—see?"

How to Keep from Falling

Anna, released by her companions, began at once to make frantic efforts to preserve her balance, laughing merrily at her own awkward movements.

"But how do you ever make yourself go?" she questioned. "I can't tell which way I am going to start—I—ee-ee-ee!" and Anna grabbed for support. "Show me."

"Start with your left foot," Spencer directed, "and don't turn your foot out too far. See, I'm keeping my

skate almost flat on the ice—if I turn it at all it is a little on the inner edge—and I make myself go by pushing a little with the inner edge of the other skate as it leaves the ice. See—like this. Keep your toe pointed nearly straight forward and swing your shoulder in the same direction as the foot."

Anna essayed a very timid little stroke, still holding to her guide.

How to Make One's Self Go on Skates

"Bend your knee, bend your knee!" And Spencer skated off to demonstrate how much depends upon a proper bending of the knee in graceful skating, a slight bend, and a natural one, with no bending forward at the hips. With an easy, graceful swinging of his shoulders, a gradual lifting and drawing forward of his unemployed foot, a natural shifting of his weight from one foot to the other, Spencer skated across the pond and back. He was really a very good skater.

"You're too stiff," was his comment upon Anna's first feeble efforts. "You can't be stiff and be graceful, too, you know."

"But, goodness me! I feel as if I would just come all apart if I didn't do something to hold myself up!"

"Well, it is easier to keep from getting a hard fall if you just quit trying so hard to stand up, and try instead to get into the swing of it."

Getting into the Swing of it

Anna tried, and made about as much progress as a beginner usually makes, though the one thing in her favor was the fact that she cared little about the number of falls she had. There were some hearty laughs at her expense, in which she herself often joined.

Presently she was watching Spencer again. He was skimming along the opposite edge of the pond.

"But that is not the way you showed me at first," she said, as he came around to her. "Is skating like swimming? Do you have different strokes?"

"This way? Oh, this is the outer edge-roll," Spencer replied.

"The what?"

"The outer edge-roll—there are the outer and the inner edge-roll."

"Well, did—you—ever! I get some rolls, all right, but I roll on my own sides! Show me again."

Spencer skated forward, describing almost a full half-circle with each foot as he made the stroke, keeping his unemployed foot just clear of the ice and being careful not to carry it past the other, his heels close together. He changed the swing of his shoulders with each stroke, shifting easily from one foot to the other, and always keeping on the outer edge of his skates. Then he gave a demonstration of the inner edge-roll, the main difference being that his strokes curved toward one another instead of away, inward and not outward.

The Outer and Inner Edge-rolls

Anna watched, deeply interested, so deeply, in fact, that she forgot her own feet and found herself sitting on the ice. Spencer came to her assistance.

"No, I'll sit, then, if I can't stand," she declared decisively, still keeping her position. "Is that all?"

"Oh, no, there are the same strokes backwards," Spencer then showed how the outer and the inner edge-rolls are done backwards. "Then there are a lot of figures that I don't know how to do," he concluded, "but I have showed you all the different strokes."

"Well," Anna remarked, wriggling herself around on the ice in an effort to regain her feet, "you have showed me enough. It is more than I can do to stand up, let alone getting anywhere! I'll try the plain stroke that you showed me first."

Anna Succeeds Too Well

Shortly afterwards a series of sharp, quick, little screams announced the fact that Anna was succeeding better than she meant to do; she had somehow gained a momentum that was taking her across the pond at an alarming rate. With feet close together, knees stiff, and body bent perilously forward, she was careering madly along, her hands spread out helplessly before her and

her whole countenance picturing agonized expectation of imminent destruction. Spencer made an effort to catch her and both went down in a huddled heap.

"Oh! oh!" gasped Anna, rubbing her knee and rearranging her scarf at the same time, "I couldn't stop—how do you stop when you want to? Why, it's worse than starting, isn't it?"

How to Stop One's Self on Skates

"See—like this," said Spencer, while Anna composed herself in a sitting position to learn the important business of coming to a stop on skates without rushing madly into it, wild-eyed and panic-stricken.

"Just put both skates down on the ice like this," Spencer directed, "and turn yourself so that your skates will cut into the ice sideways, one on the inner edge and the other on the outer edge—it's easy."

"Well," commented Anna, "everything seems easy on the ice. It's about the easiest place to do things that I ever saw!"

The pond was by this time fairly well dotted with skaters, among whom were Karl and Mr. Joyce. The latter was picking his way gingerly across the ice, his skates in his hand. He greeted Anna familiarly, spoke to Spencer, and began a sort of apology to everyone in general, saying that he was afraid that he was a little out of practice on skates—hadn't been on them for years—used to be a good skater—at least they used to tell him so (this with a smile of complacent self-satisfaction)—thought he could manage all right if he had a little time to get the hang of it again; to all of which remarks his hearers gave respectful attention. But Mr. Joyce made no effort to put on his skates.

Mr. Joyce Appears on the Pond

It was not until Harry, Harold and Mr. Pompey appeared on the opposite edge of the pond that Karl and Spencer boldly suggested to Mr. Joyce that he put on his skates and join them. Anna, Lucille, Henry Billings, Miss McAllister and the others were scattered along the pond some distance away, and the boys reasoned that

Mr. Joyce would feel less embarrassment with no spectators.

"Why, what's the matter with these things? They're not like the ones we used to have, are they?" questioned Mr. Joyce anxiously, fumbling with stiffening fingers at the mechanism of his skates.

Karl showed him that he was trying to put them on wrong.

"It has been quite a while, you know," said Mr. Joyce, trying to rise to his feet. "Just give me a hand—you see, I—thanks! It's a little awkward at first, but I'll soon—oo-oop! I'll soon get the hang of it if—if you'll just keep me—careful, boys!—if you'll just keep me up until I get used to the blooming things!"

Mr. Joyce Dons His Skates

The boys piloted Mr. Joyce along, being careful to keep him so engaged in taking care of his feet that he had no time to discover Mr. Pompey.

Meanwhile Harry and Harold were fast becoming acquainted with Mr. Pompey, and were finding him delightful company. He had been telling them how he had just that morning read an account of skating as practiced in London back in the year 1180—a very quaint and interesting account it was, too—and the boys were asking him all sorts of questions about the history of skating, about the different styles of skating, and about the champion skaters of the world.

"The English and the men of the Continent of Europe skate differently," Mr. Pompey was explaining as he fastened on his skates. "In England it is not considered good form to bend the knee as the Continentals do. The body is held erect and the arms kept close to the sides, and the skater glides across the ice in long curves and smooth turns much as a statue might do if it could be set in motion. On the other hand" (and Mr. Pompey flourished a skate by way of emphasis), "the French, the Austrians, and the other Continental skaters, seem to keep closer to the ice. They bend the knee and permit

Mr. Pompey Proves Delightful Company

the arms and the whole body to express more of the rhythm of the stroke.

"This difference comes largely because of the difference between the skates used by the English and those used on the Continent. Here in America the best skaters have a way of skating that may be said to be a combination of the English and the Continental styles. We are freer than the English, though not as theatrical as the French. We keep the head and shoulders well up, and do not let the body bend at the hips, yet the arms swing naturally at the sides and the knees are bent just enough to lend ease and grace to the stroke."

Skating in England and Elsewhere

Mr. Pompey, had he not been so anxious to get out on the ice, might have continued there for an indefinite length of time, for although a little self-conscious and somewhat liable to unexpected slips, he was a fair skater. The boys accompanied him and he talked incessantly, telling them about a winter that he spent in London and how he had been in the Netherlands and had seen the Netherlanders skating on their canals. Altogether, Mr. Pompey was an unusually entertaining talker, and the boys wondered how he could find it profitable to keep up a petty quarrel with Mr. Henderson's eccentric old gardener.

Half an hour later Mr. Joyce and Mr. Pompey discovered one another's presence on the ice. By that time the skaters were giving less attention to the blunders and falls of the learners and the peculiarities of stroke of different individuals. There was more thought of the mere enjoyment of skating, the exhilarating sense of freedom and mastery that comes from knowing how to skate well. Mr. Henderson was right in thinking that the pleasure of an afternoon on the ice would do much to put the two old men in a better frame of mind toward one another, would make each of them more lenient with the other's faults and perhaps more willing to bear with one another's weaknesses for the sake of appearances. Mr.

Mr. Joyce and Mr. Pompey Discover Each Other

Henderson was right, but not even he in his wisdom could foresee the actual meeting of the two pettifogging wranglers on the ice that day, or he might have had grave doubts of the propriety of staging such a situation. Old Janus himself might have indulged in a two-faced smile at such a beginning of a reconciliation.

This is how it happened. Mr. Pompey was so busily engaged in setting forth the merits of skating as a fine art, illustrating his points by artistic examples of his own proficiency in the recreation, and encouraging Harry and Harold to profit thereby, that he failed to notice the approach of a certain pair of skaters, and as a consequence was rudely bumped into. He was not upset, but was set rotating, and away he spun, like a top about ready to fall. Little shouts of laughter accompanied his progress, as those in his way turned aside to let him pass. With arms swinging wildly around like the fans of a windmill and feet ridiculously wide apart as if trying to escape from one another, he careened blindly along; when—horror of horrors!—he was bearing straight down on the hapless Mr. Joyce who was making frantic and absurdly futile efforts to avoid a collision! Into one another's arms they rushed, clasping one another round in a vehemently fervid embrace, and holding on blindly and deliriously, each putting implicit faith in the ability of the other to save him from an undignified sprawl on the ice.

Mr. Pompey Sets Out for a Spin

The Two Enemies Embrace

"Ugh!" grunted Mr. Joyce, as the two men went down simultaneously.

Mr. Pompey maintained an imposing silence, gathering himself up by the aid of Mr. Joyce's coat tails.

The boys crowded around and offered assistance, repressing their laughter by heroic effort.

"Ice is pretty hard," observed Mr. Joyce rather timidly, speaking to no one in particular, yet feeling that he ought to say something.

"It usually is," observed Mr. Pompey crisply, addressing his observation to the opposite edge of the pond.

"And slippery," continued Mr. Joyce, sitting up with his legs spread out in a wide V and a dazed expression on his face.

Mr. Pompey said nothing further. He was conscious of being a little lightheaded. The pond and the skaters swam giddily about.

Failure of the Skating Party

Mr. Joyce remarked that he believed he had better leave the pond, as he thought he had been skating long enough. Karl and Spencer removed his skates, helped him to his feet, and assisted him to the edge of the ice, where he insisted upon being let alone for a few minutes. He said he felt a little sick.

Mr. Pompey resumed his circumnavigation of the pond, but was noticeably reticent on the subject of skating as a fine art. A quarter of an hour later he also excused himself and went home.

"Oh! oh! oh!" wailed Anna to the little group about her. "Wasn't that dreadful! Wasn't it perfectly awful! How can we ever, ever get them to make it up now!"

The boys were holding their sides with laughter.

"Awful? Not at all! It was the bulliest thing I ever saw," exclaimed Harry. "Oh, wasn't it funny to see them grab at one another!" and he went into another spasm of mirth.

"Well," remarked Lucille a little pensively, "it seems that our party turned out to be a failure. That is the way it looks to me."

The Funny Side of It

Mr. Henderson, when he was acquainted with the outcome of the plans for a readjustment of relations between the two old men, laughed heartily.

"But don't give up," he insisted. "Try it again."

"But we can't try skating again, we couldn't possibly try that," Anna protested. "It will have to be something else if it is anything. If it wasn't that we do so want to have a good programme on Lincoln's Birthday—"

"Take them coasting then," suggested Mr. Henderson, interrupting.

"But they will surely suspect this time, and they won't go," Karl objected.

"Take them at night. It is moonlight now, you know. Bundle them up so they'll not recognize one another at first—any way at all so that they will have a good time together again—and it will all come out all right, I am sure. Just try it again and see. They haven't spoken a word against each other for the last three days—not since the skating party—and that is something unusual. I think they're beginning to see how foolish they have been. When they see one another they can't help thinking of that episode on the ice, and the ridiculousness of it makes them forget for the time being all thoughts of unpleasantness."

Mr. Henderson Proposes a Coasting Party

Mr. Henderson's second suggestion was seriously considered and at last it was decided that there could, at least, be no harm in trying it.

All those who had been invited to the skating party were now invited to a coasting party. The time was set for the evening of January ninth, and the place was a long, gradual slope in the public highway east of Weston. Mr. Pompey immediately accepted the invitation, telling the boys, as he did so, that he had enjoyed himself so well at the pond that he was sure he would enjoy coasting with them. He supposed that only three or four of the boys were going, and for this reason it was easy for Harry to prevail upon him to go. But Mr. Joyce at first refused, and it was found necessary to appeal to Mr. Henderson. Mr. Henderson, fortunately, knew exactly what to do.

Inviting Mr. Joyce and Mr. Pompey

"Joyce," he said, "I would like to have you go to the hill with the girls to-night. This affair was a suggestion of mine, and someone ought to be there—some older person, I mean—to see that no one is hurt. You'll find that the youngsters will show you a good time, too. I'll give you my big coat, and the girls will stop for you when they come past. There must be some older person with them,

and I cannot go myself and leave Mrs. Henderson, so I shall have to ask you."

The night of the coasting party the long hill was the scene of much merriment and liveliness. Sleds of all sizes and patterns dotted the snow, some home-made, some "flexible flyers," some hitched together in improvised bob-sled fashion, and two or three regular coasting bobs arranged to seat ten or a dozen people at a time. Lanterns glimmered weakly in the moonlight, like sleepy sentinels along the way. Over the whitewashed fence at the top of the hill was the cemetery, the white tombstones and tall pointed evergreens ironically reminding the fun-makers of the end of all things. "A warning against carelessness," as Mr. Pompey sententiously remarked. The boys were carefully removing every little obstacle from the roadway in order to guard against accidents—upsets and collisions.

A Typical Coasting Party

At first the coasters were principally small boys who trotted patiently up the long incline dragging their sleds behind them, paused at the top long enough to yell, "Get out of the way," or "Look out," flopped themselves face downwards with their sleds under them, and vanished—a black streak between the rows of lanterns. Then came older boys and young men, with clusters of chattering girls, and sleds ingeniously constructed to carry two or four persons. Then came Mr. Joyce, astonished to find himself sponsor for so large and varied a gathering, and wondering how it happened that everybody chose that particular night to go coasting.

Taking Down the Girls and Grown-ups

The boys directed their attention first to Miss McAllister and the girls, taking them down on two or three hilarious slides before they invited Mr. Pompey. They hoped that a casual meeting between the two old men might be effected at the top of the hill, but nothing of the sort happened. Perhaps Mr. Joyce was not recognizable in his big coat, or perhaps he was too busily engaged in acting as official pusher-off to be noticed.

AT THE COASTING PARTY.

Then came rides with Mr. Pompey and other grown-ups—long sweeping descents from the bustle and the hubbub to the awesome stillness of the level road below, the flash of occasional spectres with uplifted hands and noisy shouts betokening the meeting of returning parties from the foot of the hill. It was fine sport—big, compelling sport with a tang of the dangerous and the unforeseen.

Big, Compelling Sport

Then more rides with clinging masses of girls, all screeching hysterically, as girls are wont to do on such occasions. Small boys rolled in the snow from time to time, got themselves entangled in one another's sleds, and piled up in wriggling heaps by the roadside, thus adding to the merriment. Once or twice a long bob-sled was tipped over with ensuing chaos, and shouts of fun from those who scrambled out of the way of the sled behind.

"What shall we do?" asked Anna, as they were toiling up the hill after an unusually perilous ride, "Mr. Joyce just stands up there and looks as sober as a sexton. We'll make a failure of this party, too, if we don't take care. Then all our fine plans for a splendid Lincoln's Birthday programme will have to be given up."

"But Mr. Pompey is having a great time," said Harold who had contrived, much to his satisfaction, to get the two men in one another's way more than once, "wasn't he in that load that just went by? Surely they have met by this time."

"We'll get Mr. Joyce to coast. We'll just put him on and take him if we can't do it any other way. That will warm him up. Nobody could have a grouch in a place like this."

Showing Mr. Joyce a Good Time

Anna's suggestion was carried into effect. Mr. Joyce was persuaded to be one of the next sled-load. He seemed a little indifferent at first, but it was encouraging to hear him remark on the way back that it did him good to see everyone having so much fun. Mr. Pompey whizzed by,

his cap tipped rakishly over one ear and his arm in the air, but Mr. Joyce was just at that moment looking after one of the lanterns.

"I have been spending a good part of the time on the cemetery fence," he explained, "and I hadn't noticed that there was such a crowd. Quite a lot of older people here to-night, I see."

"Yes, quite a lot of them," Lucille admitted.

Mr. Pompey Discusses the Gods of Rome

Mr. Joyce made one or two other trips to the foot of the hill, each time expressing his opinion a little more strongly that there was "nothing like it." Mr. Pompey had fallen into a long disquisition with Miss McAllister concerning some point in Roman history, and they were left at the foot of the hill to settle the matter to their own satisfaction.

Then, as Anna said afterwards, they almost witnessed another failure. And if they had—well, it would have been farewell to all plans for a big Lincoln's Birthday programme.

Too much concern about the gods of Rome caused Mr. Pompey to step into the way of a coasting party that was just coming to a halt, and he was rudely upset. He jumped to his feet, winced a little at a twinge of pain in his ankle, but continued his conversation.

"Yes, I think it was," he was saying, "the ninth, I believe it was. I was just talking to an old crony of mine —we've been sitting on the cemetery fence—and that is

The Gates of Janus Are Closed

what made me think of it. Yes, the—say, Joyce" (Mr. Pompey turned casually to Mr. Joyce, who had just left the sled), "didn't you say that it was the ninth—the date of the feast of Janus? I told you once, but for the life of me I don't remember for sure."

"Yes," said Mr. Joyce lightly, as he tripped over the sled rope to reach Mr. Pompey, "January ninth, that was it. But what is the matter? You're limping! Foot hurt? Better get on here and let us take you home. A little liniment will fix you up all right."

"Oh, it's not very serious, I guess, but—ouch!—well, maybe I had better go. This cold will not do it any good; besides we stayed up there on that fence till I'm chilled."

As the boys vanished in the darkness with the two cronies on the same sled, Anna regarded her friends with a complacent smile.

"Well," she sighed, "it's done! I'm glad it is over with. Such a lovely success, too, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Miss McAllister remarked, "the gates of the Temple of Janus are closed."

A Grand Celebration

And never before in Weston had there been such a grand celebration of Lincoln's Birthday as there was that year. The boys and girls of Miss McAllister's room were justly proud of their programme. The assembly room was filled with a large and enthusiastic audience who applauded heartily all the songs, recitations, and speeches.

But the climax of the day came when the two veterans, Mr. Joyce, wearing the grey, and Mr. Pompey in the Grand Army blue, shook hands solemnly and greeted each other as comrades under the picture of Abraham Lincoln.

CHAPTER XVI

A MATTER OF HONOR

BUT wasn't it dreadful! And right there in the schoolroom, too, right under Miss McAllister's eyes! Why, I don't see how they dared to do it!" Lucille's voice indicated the very highest degree of incredulity.

"Oh, I don't know," was Anna's placid comment, "that Billings boy will do almost anything, and you couldn't really blame Harry, could you? You don't like to see a boy that knuckles under and has no backbone, do you? I wouldn't give a snap for that kind of a boy," and Anna emphasized her words with a haughty little jerk of her head and a twist of her mouth expressive of extreme contempt.

Anna Stands Up for Harry

"I know," stammered Lucille, unable to meet the argument of her friend, "it is all right for a boy to take his own part, but I don't think he ought to be a bully."

"Well, Harry wasn't a bully, was he? Henry Billings was the bully."

"But he—"

"Yes, I know he did, but when a boy is put in Harry's position, what else can he do? You wouldn't have liked it if he hadn't done as he did." Anna regarded her companion with a somewhat mischievous look. "Now, would you?"

Lucille Finds Fault

Lucille kicked up a bit of sod with the toe of her shoe. "Oh, I don't know," she stammered. "Let's not stand here talking about it. It's all over now, anyway, and I have to hurry home and get to work on my vocational theme. Do you remember what those references were that Miss—"

"Now, Lucille, listen a minute, and don't try to switch to some other subject. You musn't blame Harry. Think how he would feel if he knew that you did. And, mark my word, this affair isn't all over. Harry was taking your part to-day, but now he will take his own part and show that Billings boy what's what."

Lucille was alarmed. "You don't mean they'll fight, do you?"

"Oh, no, perhaps not that, but Harry always makes the other fellow understand how a boy ought to behave. I know Harry."

"Honestly, Anna, I was silly to cry about it and cause such a disturbance, but Henry just kept teasing me and teasing me until I couldn't stand it. I stayed inside on purpose, so he wouldn't tease me, and then he came in early just on purpose to do it, I think. My! but Harry did look angry when he pitched into Henry! And Miss McAllister heard it all and just let them quarrel for a minute, too. I wonder why she did that."

Lucille the Cause of the Disturbance

"Just the same, I wouldn't give much for a boy that would stand by and let another boy act as Henry was acting toward you. And you wouldn't either."

"But I don't think boys ought to 'throw one another down,' as Harry said he would do with Henry; I don't think they ought to do that. I don't see much difference between that and fighting."

"Well, maybe there isn't much difference, but it is one way of settling matters. Do you remember the story Miss McAllister was telling us the other day from Shakespeare, the one with the wrestling in it?"

One Way of Settling Matters

"'As You Like It'?"

"Yes, that was the one. Now you couldn't think any the less of Orlando—wasn't that his name?—you couldn't think any the less of him for wrestling, could you? What would he have amounted to if he hadn't been able to do it? That's the thing—to be able. And Harry is able—I know that."

"But Henry doesn't believe that he is. Didn't you hear Henry brag about what he could do, just as he bragged last summer about the way he could catch fish, do you remember? I do hope they'll not get into trouble over this. And all on my account, too."

Blaming Harry

"But you can't blame Harry, though," Anna insisted, bringing the conversation back to the starting-point. "Now, do you? Really?"

"Oh—maybe not—I don't know," and Lucille shrugged her shoulders with a little gesture of uneasiness. "Anna, I must go. I've been standing here wasting my time when I ought to be doing something on this theme."

"Remember," Anna called after her, "and don't blame Harry."

And Lucille did not blame him. She met him the next day with a smile and thanked him very graciously for taking her part as he had done.

But every pupil was wondering what Miss McAllister would have to say about the affair. They knew that it was not her custom to let things of this nature go unnoticed. The boys had been disorderly in the schoolroom and they would be called to account for their offense. Never before had there been an offense quite so flagrant in its nature as this. How would Miss McAllister deal with it?

What Would Miss McAllister Do About It?

The two boys themselves, out on the playground, had nothing whatever to do with one another. Harry gave all his attention to the throwing contest in progress just then, and Henry seemed greatly interested in watching a man who was painting the house across the street. When the pupils were called in to their seats wondering glances were directed to the boys, and Henry and Harry felt themselves the centre of an attention that had never before been bestowed upon them. Lucille was very uncomfortable, but she tried not to show her discomfort. And what did Miss McAllister think of her as being the occasion of the disturbance? she wondered miserably.

Miss McAllister was quick to note the suspense with which the atmosphere was charged, and equally as quick to relieve it. She went at once into the very heart of the matter.

"Two of the boys," she began (and Lucille turned her head to look out of the window), "gave us to understand yesterday that they know something about wrestling. They didn't wrestle, of course—and I don't think they meant to—but they made some rather extravagant statements about their ability as wrestlers," Miss McAllister smiled, "and so we have decided that they may tell us to-morrow afternoon why it is desirable to excel in this particular sport."

Unpleasant Notoriety

Miss McAllister paused. Harry and Henry sat apparently unconcerned.

"We take it that they do desire to excel as wrestlers, or they would not have made the strong statements that they made yesterday. And since they do, we want to hear their reasons. They might be able to give us a little joint speech on the subject. That would please us better than anything else, I think. In the meantime we shall all go on with our work as if nothing had happened. I am sure that they will be able to explain their point of view satisfactorily when to-morrow comes."

Was that all? Did Miss McAllister intend to dismiss the matter in so few words? Not a single word had been spoken to the boys directly; and yet it seemed that she had said all that it was necessary to say just then. Miss McAllister had a way of handling difficult situations that was positively marvelous. She apparently let things take their own course, and they always straightened themselves out in a short time with no outside aid whatever.

Miss McAllister's Way

"Anna," said Lucille, as the two girls lingered again on the usual corner that afternoon, "I just feel like staying at home to-morrow afternoon. I'm afraid they'll bring my name into the talk in some way, and I don't want to be there if they do."

"Nonsense, Lucille! They're going to talk about wrestling; they're not going to talk about you!"

Lucille backed down the walk again. "Yes, I know, but—"

"Don't be silly!" Anna interrupted sharply. "I hope you get along better with your theme to-night than you did last night. Good-bye."

Perhaps if the next day had not been such a fine one, the matter would not have been settled so satisfactorily. But the weather was mild and sunny, just the kind to help the affair to settle itself.

The School Goes for a Walk

"We shall go for a walk," Miss McAllister announced, "out east of town and then through the woods to Henderson's Field and back past Mr. Henderson's. We ought to stop and thank Mr. Joyce and Mr. Pompey for the talks on Lincoln that they gave us."

The walk was uneventful—at least at the beginning—and the bare woods were a little cold and disagreeable in spite of the warm sun. Miss McAllister called attention to certain buds and other interesting things along the way, and aroused some interest in a tree-naming contest, but it was plain to her that nothing would long engage the attention of her pupils until the business of the afternoon was settled.

"Walk briskly," she directed, suiting the action to the word, "and we shall soon be back and feeling like new persons for having had this fresh air and exercise."

Henry's Rudeness

Some of the boys bolted forward playfully, and Henry even crowded Miss McAllister out of the path in his effort to get past. She seemed to take the incident as a matter of course, but many of the pupils resented it.

It was more than Anna could bear. "Oh!" she exploded to Lucille, "I could just—oh!—that Billings boy makes me so indignant! Did you see the way he did just then?"

Soon, however, the conversation, thanks to the efforts of Miss McAllister, was again in its normal channels.

Laughter and light jests were passing from one to another, and Henry's conduct was apparently forgotten. Harry and Henry seemed to be on the best of terms. They had even gone so far as to make allusions to what they chose to call their coming "trial" of that afternoon.

"It's all right," Lucille remarked to Anna. "You see, they haven't anything against each other now. I am so glad it's all blown over, aren't you?"

And then, as Lucille said tearfully after it was all over, suddenly she found herself the cause of making the whole matter ten times worse. The party was just entering Henderson's Field when Henry, nettled by some veiled allusion to the episode in the schoolroom two days before, made some cutting remark to one of the boys. Words followed, and personal allusions, and finally references to Lucille as being a "starter of quarrels." By this time the boys had fallen behind, and it was not possible to hear all that was said, but enough was heard to convince the girls that the general squabble had resulted in a renewal of the affair between Harry and Henry. Harry, for his part, was disposed to be lenient with Henry and was willing to take Henry's abuse so long as Henry confined his remarks to him personally. But when Henry made a second, and this time very ungentlemanly, allusion to Lucille, Harry's anger broke out. The rest of the party had by this time reached the street, and, for the sake of appearances, the girls gave no further heed to what was passing between the boys. Miss McAllister appeared not to have heard any of it.

Hostilities Again Break Out

Half an hour later, when all were again in their seats, the absence of Harry and Henry was discovered and commented upon.

"They'll be in in a few minutes, I am sure," was all that Miss McAllister had to say.

And in a few minutes they did come, flushed and breathing hard from the run they had had. They hurried to their seats, wiped the perspiration from their faces, re-

garded one another intently for a few seconds, then looked to Miss McAllister.

She was, as usual, quick to analyze the situation. "We'll take up our regular work for a short time, and then we'll hear what the boys have to say on the subject they are to talk about this afternoon."

Quizzing Harry

Presently, when the boys had cooled off somewhat, and Miss McAllister saw that the tension in the room had risen to the breaking-point, she spoke casually to Harry and asked him what he could tell them about wrestling.

"Did you look up any facts about wrestling as a sport?" she inquired, and Lucille thought she saw a twinkle of mirth in Miss McAllister's eye. "Or were you not interested in that phase of it?"

"The ancient Greeks wrestled at their games," Harry replied a little evasively.

"But were the Greeks the first to wrestle?"

Harry indicated that he did not know. Henry was equally unable to answer the question.

The Oldest Sport Known to Man

"No, they were not. Wrestling is the oldest sport known to man. In Egypt near the Nile is a famous old temple with sculptured scenes on its walls showing wrestling matches as they were engaged in in that remote time, at least three thousand years before the time of Christ. And one of the remarkable things about it is that men wrestled in those days almost the same as they wrestle now. I have read that all the holds and falls as wrestlers know them to-day, are shown in those sculptures."

It seemed strange that Miss McAllister should be talking about wrestling just as if she understood the professional side of it, but this wonderful teacher was apparently able to converse on any subject under the sun.

"In certain of the old Hebrew records we read of wrestling, showing that it was known and practiced among the Jews at an early day. You spoke of the ancient Greeks—can you name one or two of the ways in which we have learned about the wrestling of the Greeks?"

Harry remembered the vase paintings that they had talked about on a former occasion.

"Yes, the vase paintings probably tell us the most. But in the twenty-third book of 'The Iliad' you will find a description of a wrestling match between Ajax and Ulysses that tells us much about the manner of wrestling in those times, and it is a wonderfully stirring account besides. Sophocles, the great Greek dramatist, who wrote at a much later time, tells of a wrestling match. Coming down to our own literature, I am reminded of one of Chaucer's tales and of the wrestling match in the story I was telling you the other day from Shakespeare. So you see that literature is full of allusions to wrestling as a sport; though many times, if the records are to be trusted, it was not purely a sport. I think the same may be true to a limited extent to-day."

Wrestling Matches of Literature

This last remark from Miss McAllister contained a hidden meaning, that, to the larger part of the pupils in the room, was not hidden at all. Henry hung his head and Harry squirmed in his seat.

"Well, Harry, you may tell us some of the advantages to be gained by a boy from a knowledge of wrestling and some skill in the art."

Harry thought a moment. The eyes of all in the room were upon him, and he knew that he must say something, but embarrassment made him momentarily speechless.

Advantages Gained from Wrestling

"Henry?"

Henry, too, was silent.

"Think of the fine Florentine statue of the wrestlers, and of the statue that we talked about that was found in Herculaneum—why are they so beautiful?"

"The wrestlers had beautiful bodies," Harry replied. Then, remembering his wrestling matches with Spencer, Harry discovered that he had something to say. "Wrestling is one of the very best exercises known. It develops all the muscles of the body, just as swimming does. It makes a fellow able to stand a lot."

"You mean to say that it is a good test of endurance," corrected Miss McAllister.

"Yes. And it helps a fellow to get over being stiff and awkward. It limbers up his joints and makes him more free and graceful in his movements." Harry stopped abruptly, having jerked out these sentences somewhat unwillingly and with evident embarrassment.

Strength, Grace, Endurance

"To sum up, then," said Miss McAllister, who was fond of summing up things, "we may say that wrestling produces symmetrical physical development along with strength, that it counts for gracefulness as well, and that it is one of the best tests of endurance. All this may be said for swimming. But is that all? Have you ever seen a contest between two professional wrestlers?"

Harry admitted that he had.

"Tell us about it. Tell us how they stood, how they attacked each other—how they wrestled, in short."

Harry was a little surprised. He had not expected Miss McAllister to be so insistent in her questioning. He hesitated.

"How did they face each other? We want to know." Miss McAllister's prompting was not to be ignored.

How Wrestlers Face Each Other

"Well," Harry began, recalling not only the professional match that he had referred to, but also the contests that he and Spencer had engaged in many times at the pentathlon and elsewhere, "they look rather funny as they face one another. They stand with their legs straddled apart and their knees bent a great deal, and their bodies leaning forward from their hips. Their hands hang down in front of them as low as their knees, as if they were feeling around in the air for something, and all the time the men are looking one another squarely in the eyes like two cocks about ready to jump at one another in a fight. If you didn't know what they were doing you would laugh at them."

"Then how did they begin wrestling?"

"One fellow tries to get his hand around ready to

seize the other fellow by the wrist or by the back of the neck, and then the other fellow tries the same thing. For some time they keep this up, each one feeling around in the air for a chance to get a hold and at the same time watching carefully that the other fellow does not get a hold first."

"And how do they usually take hold at first?"

Harry thought a moment, reviewing some of his own wrestling experiences. "Well, each fellow has one arm against the back of the other's neck and the other hand tight hold of the other's wrist. That's the way they get a hold in the beginning."

How Wrestlers Begin

"But I don't quite understand," said Miss McAllister, evidently becoming much interested in the tactics of wrestling. "Will you and Henry please step out and show us?"

The boys looked at each other, then at Miss McAllister, as if to ascertain whether or not she really meant what she said. Was she not pressing the matter a little too far?

"Show us, boys—we would like to see."

There was nothing to do but to obey, and so the boys stepped out very sheepishly and very reluctantly and gave an illustration of the position assumed at the beginning of the contest.

Harry and Henry Demonstrate

"Now can you show us some of the holds in wrestling?"

It was plain that Henry was less enthusiastic about this part of the proceeding than was Harry, who used him to illustrate the few common holds that he knew, around the neck, under the shoulders, over the shoulders, or on the arms and legs.

"Is any kind of a hold a fair hold?"

"Oh, no! Strangle holds are not fair, and holds that may cause a dislocation or a broken bone are not allowed either. And no striking or kicking is allowed."

"And when is a man vanquished in the contest?"

"When both of his shoulders touch the floor together."

"Very well. We have learned something about wrestling. You may take your seats again, boys. And now can you tell some of the other gains to be derived from wrestling, besides strength and development?"

The boys were silent.

"Henry, let us hear from you. What can wrestling do for a boy?"

"It gives him nerve," said Henry, plainly anxious to avoid further discussion of the subject.

Courage, Alertness, Fairness

"You mean courage, I suppose. Surely, courage is a necessary part of every boy's character. Nobody admires a boy who cringes or is a coward. Can you think of anything else?"

"He has to be quick and wide-awake," suggested Harry, as though desirous of helping Henry through the ordeal of Miss McAllister's questioning.

"Alertness, then, we'll say. Courage and alertness. What else?"

This time it was Henry who had something to say. He spoke as one who knew, with all the zeal of a new convert. "It shows a fellow that it always pays to be square! You have to be square and open when you wrestle! The other fellow is just as good as you are!"

"Courage and alertness and fairness," continued Miss McAllister in a calm and even voice, much as if she were adding a column of figures. "Anything else?"

Neither of the boys had any further remark to make.

Appealing to the School

"We have been talking especially about wrestling as a sport—as a contest between two men for the pleasure of the contest and the gain to be derived therefrom. Now I want to ask you who have been listening to Harry and Henry, what you think about wrestling between school boys that is not engaged in merely for sport. What do you think of it? Are there times when it is necessary that a boy make good his claim that he is the better fellow?"

Harry and Henry hung their heads, speechless in embarrassment. Miss McAllister had come to the point at last! Lucille flushed hotly and Anna clapped her hands softly under her desk. But the school broke out at once in an expression of opinion by nods and gestures and vehement exclamations.

It all depended, the boys said. And then, with the quick insight and instinctive honor characteristic of boys when deciding a matter of this sort, they went straight at the heart of the matter and declared Harry fully justified in his attitude toward Henry. There was no discussion, no weighing of matters pro and con, no loss of time in coming to a decision. Harry was square, his mates declared, and Henry deserved what he got.

The Judgment

"Are we to understand that the affair has been satisfactorily settled?" questioned Miss McAllister, directing her words to Harry and Henry. "There was a reason for your coming in a little late?"

Harry nodded.

Henry, overcome by humiliation and the realization that he was disgraced in the eyes of his schoolmates, was on the point of breaking down. He hid his face in his arms. Harry saw it. Quickly stepping from his own seat to Henry's, he sat down beside Henry, put his arm across Henry's shoulder, and spoke a few words to him. Immediately the whole room broke out into loud and prolonged cheering for the two boys. Miss McAllister smiled in her pleasant, sympathetic way.

The Magnanimity of Harry

"But aren't boys queer?" remarked Lucille sometime later. "Harry and Henry are better friends now than they were before!"

CHAPTER XVII

OLD SCORES AND NEW

PERHAPS Harry was not wholly to blame. Perhaps part of the responsibility should be laid to the weather and the season of the year. Certainly a boy should not have all the blame laid upon him if his thoughts turn persistently to baseball in the spring of the year after the frost has left the ground and the vacant lots are dry. He would be less than a boy—surely less than an American boy—if he did not feel within him the promptings of the baseball instinct. To pitch the ball, to wield the bat, to make a home run—is there not something irresistible in the mere thought? And then, on a bright April morning, to be the possessor of a brand new catcher's mitt—what can we not pardon in a boy's conduct under such circumstances? So perhaps Harry was not altogether to blame.

A New Catcher's Mitt

It happened because he met Spencer and Spencer had a ball. Without a moment's hesitation Harry retraced the half-block back to the house and returned with his new mitt.

"Come on, Spence, it'll be a good thing for you to limber up your arm a little. Pitch me a few good ones!"

Spencer pitched, and Harry had the exquisite delight of feeling the ball meet his new mitt with a resounding thud that set his muscles tingling. As Spencer warmed to his play, Harry thumped his fist into his mitt in an approving manner and bestowed upon it such voluble and expressive praise as befitted the occasion, reminding Spencer occasionally of its points of superiority over all other mitts of its class.

A Game of Catch

"Now let me try it awhile," Spencer suggested, tossing

READY FOR THE BALL.

the ball up and catching it as an indication that he cared no more just then for strenuous pitching, "and see if you can give them to me as hard as I let you have them."

Harry did his best, practicing sundry gyrations and spiral contortions intended to aid him in demonstrating to Spencer that the fine art of pitching is not confined to the mere throwing of the ball. It was something, in playing catch, to know how to make the ball meet the mitt with that delicious thud!

"How do you like it? Isn't it a dandy? Here! Get this!"

Harry had just donned the mitt for the third time and had received one of Spencer's "hot ones," when there was a call from the corner of the block. His mother was at the edge of the porch. **Time for School**

"Har-ree! Har-ry! O Harry! You'll be late for school!"

Spencer was backing up the street, pitching as he went, and Harry was enjoying the luxury of a few last catches when—the bell! Without a thought of the possible consequences, Harry turned back to the house to get his books and to leave his mitt until noon. It would never do to disappoint Miss McAllister a second time by forgetting the books, and it would be an equal breach of discipline to rush into the schoolroom with a new catcher's mitt under one arm.

"Run, now! Run!" His mother warned, her voice a little impatient and highly pitched. "What a boy!" (to herself, with a sigh) "if it isn't one thing it's another!" **Harry Is Tardy**

With flushed face and irregular breathing Harry burst into the schoolroom exactly three minutes after the bell had ceased tolling. Spencer was in his seat, listening intently along with the others to the little talk that Miss McAllister was giving. It was evident that Harry's absence had not yet been discovered by the room in general, for his entrance caused everyone to start in surprise. A moment later there was a chorus of sighs, whis-

pered exclamations, and even a few audible indications of regret and disapproval. Miss McAllister was silent, regarding Harry with a look of mingled sympathy and reproof. Harry understood only too well the reason for this demonstration on the part of the pupils. It was the custom in the schools of Weston for the pupils of a room to be awarded a half-holiday each month, providing the percentage of attendance did not fall below a certain mark and there were no tardy marks on the register. Harry, by being tardy, had robbed his schoolmates and himself of a promised excursion that Miss McAllister had long been planning for her room. He hung his head and shuffled into his seat, feeling that the humiliation of the situation was almost unbearable.

Consequences of Tardiness

At noon Harry went to Miss McAllister and offered an explanation and an apology. She listened to all that he had to say, expressed great regret over the incident, and then told him that she hoped he would do something to wipe off old scores and establish himself again in the good graces of his companions. Harry wondered at first what she meant; but before the day had passed he understood.

Everyone shunned him and frowned upon him. Then Harry remembered how a boy had been accorded similar treatment a few months previous for the same offense. Shortly afterward this lad's parents had moved away from Weston, and the boy had gone without having made restitution in any way for his conduct. But Harry could not go away; he had to remain and face things as they were. What could he do? The boys, for the most part, said little, but their actions spoke their disapprobation. Spencer remonstrated by telling Harry that he ought to have known better than to run back to the house; Harold was open and fierce in his denunciation; Henry laughed in a superior sort of way, and Karl said nothing. The girls scolded. Anna was so vehement in her remarks that she afterward repented, declaring she "didn't mean all

Harry Is Ostracized

she said," while Lucille confided to Anna her intention of "freezing" Harry whenever she met him on the street or the playground. Harry bore all the punishment with patience, even his mother's rather tart remark that she "couldn't really blame his schoolmates." Miss McAllister, as usual, let matters take their own course.

"What can a fellow do to put himself right?" Harry questioned of Spencer at the close of the second afternoon, Spencer being the only one of the boys who had shown any inclination to accompany him on his way home. **Harry's Humiliation**

"Get your mitt; let's have a game of catch," was Spencer's evasive reply. "My arm will get out of practice."

But games of catch with Spencer, however satisfying at the time, were but a palliative at best, and not a remedy for the constant humiliation that was torturing Harry's breast. They could not "wipe off old scores," as Miss McAllister had expressed it. Besides, the new mitt, the occasion of Harry's delinquency, was less an object of admiration than before. It seemed to have lost some of its power to charm, though it still greeted the ball with as gratifying a report.

Harry's mitt finally made its appearance at school, and gradually many mitts appeared. Then came bats, gloves, and other baseball paraphernalia along with baseball itself. Harry joined his schoolfellows and played with the best of them, permitting his precious mitt to be used by every catcher that stood behind the box, yet he was conscious that the boys had not forgotten. While nothing was said on the baseball diamond, and no unpleasant allusions were made, yet Harry's sensitive spirit was quick to detect the coldness in the atmosphere. Tardiness, in Miss McAllister's room, was a fault that was inexcusable—almost inexpiable, in fact. No game of baseball, however exciting, could make that matter right. **The Baseball Season Opens**

It was not long before the girls, fearing perhaps that

Harry was being accorded too much consideration by the boys, began to complain against baseball on the school playground. They "couldn't even cross the playground" without fear of being hit, and they thought it was "horrid" to begin it so early in the season, anyway. Why didn't the boys go to Henderson's Field and play baseball on Saturdays? With these and other remarks of like import the girls expressed in veiled language their disapproval of the way Harry was being tolerated by his fellows, conjuring up a dozen reasons why he should be made to feel how "perfectly awful" it was for them all to lose a promised holiday through his carelessness. Harry was not unmindful of the general attitude toward him as one who had done nothing to reinstate himself in the favor of the school.

The Girls Interfere

But the objection of the girls to the boys' playing baseball seemed not to weigh much with them after all; for one day a bevy of schoolgirls strolled across the diamond and asked to "hit the ball a few times."

"We can hit it, I know we can," said Anna, walking up and calmly taking the bat from Harry's hands. "You'll let us, won't you?"

"Pitch some easy ones, Spence," called the catcher condescendingly.

"Humph!" ejaculated Anna with a curl of her lip, "pitch them as you always do! I guess I played with Father last summer and I know how!"

Girls and Baseball

She faced the pitcher like a seasoned player. Spencer affected not to give heed to the catcher's advice, and soon Anna had made a base hit.

"Oh, it's no fun to run; I'd rather hit the ball," she remarked, walking back to the box with characteristic feminine disregard of the rules of the game. "Now let Lucille, and then let me do it again!"

Lucille was far less capable. After one or two bunts that sent the ball rolling toward the pitcher's plate, she resigned in favor of another of the girls.

"Why can't we just play without sides, and stay at the bat as long as we want to?" questioned Anna with amusing artlessness. "When you have to be on a team you don't have nearly so much fun."

"You mean, each fellow for himself, don't you?"

"Sure, can't you fix it that way?"

"Say!" Harry uttered the word with such force and abruptness that he startled his hearers, who had been practicing a studious indifference toward him. "I'll tell you what! Let's—"

Harry Has an Idea

A shout from one of the boys drowned Harry's voice and he made no effort to continue. But he had an idea—almost a revelation. It was destined to give him the opportunity for which he had long been seeking. Anna's thoughtless remark had been the starting-point, and Harry's mind was busy devising ways and means to accomplish his purpose. When a favorable time presented itself he spoke to his companions, not too confidently, and a little deferentially.

"Will you come to Henderson's Field Saturday? I'll show you a game of ball that is just the kind you want—each fellow for himself and all that, with no teams. It certainly is a jolly game."

The boys said nothing. It is possible that they were thinking that no game of ball could be an improvement over the old game, and that there was no necessity of trying anything new.

"Girls like to play this," continued Harry, making his point with admirable precision. Then, turning to Anna and Lucille, he made his meaning a little plainer. "You stay at the bat as long as you earn the right to be there."

A Game Girls Can Play

Questions followed these preliminary remarks from Harry, but he was politic enough not to satisfy the curiosity of his hearers; and by referring again and again to the fact that he could solve the difficulty of admitting girls into the play, who would insist upon remaining at the bat regardless of the established rules of baseball,

Harry inspired confidence in his claim. The boys saw an opportunity to help Harry to atone for past faults, and the girls saw a chance to play ball on equal footing with the boys. With commendable diplomacy Harry caused the girls to forget, for the time being, that they had any grievance against him; and when school was out that afternoon it was agreed that all would meet at Henderson's Field, as Harry had suggested, and there learn the new game of ball that seemed to promise almost unlimited batting privileges and an opportunity for a player to demonstrate in unmistakable terms his superiority over his fellow players.

Laying Out the Triangle

When Saturday morning came the ground had dried, the air was warm, Spencer had a new bat and Harry his new mitt, and everything was propitious. The two boys busied themselves in laying out the triangle (for Harry's new game was played on a triangle and not on a diamond), fixing bases, etc.

"Now this will be the batter's box," Harry announced, marking the place with a flat stone, "and we'll measure everything from this."

"How long must this triangle be on a side?" questioned Spencer, preparing to step off the required distance. "Ninety feet, like a regular baseball diamond?"

"Oh, it doesn't make any particular difference, I guess. Ninety feet seems like a good long stretch from first base to second, but maybe it will be all right. We'll try it and see."

The Bases in the New Game

Spencer stepped off a triangle estimated to be ninety feet on a side, but in reality somewhat less than eighty-five. The flat stone of the batter's box marked one corner.

"Now this will be the first base, just as in regular baseball, you see," and Harry marked the second corner with a stick of wood.

"And I suppose this is the second," said Spencer, marking the other corner in a like manner.

"Yes, that's the second base; there isn't any third."

"No third base?"

"Oh, I suppose we could play with a third base, but it doesn't give the batter as good a chance, and this game is in the batting, you know."

"Batter's box, first and second bases," commented Spencer, indicating the three corners of the triangle. "Where's the pitcher's plate?"

"Well, let me see—about here, I should think," and Harry selected a spot about the centre of the triangle, though somewhat nearer the line from first to second base. Harry knew from experience that, owing to the frailties of human nature, it was better to have the spot marked in some way, but no flat stones were at hand and so the place was left unmarked save by a simple trampling down of the earth.

The Pitcher's Plate

Just back of the batter's box the position of the catcher was fixed, though rather indefinitely, as a matter of necessity.

"You act as if the catcher might want to stand off near first base somewhere," laughed Spencer, ridiculing Harry's insistence upon exactness on some occasions and his disregard of it on others. "And you talk of the home plate as the batter's box. The batter stands to one side of the home plate, you know."

"Yes, I know, but we always called it that. I guess if anyone stands right on the line he'll soon see the difference. Call this the home plate, then; that's really what it is." Harry stood facing Spencer and the pitcher's plate, and tapped the flat stone at the home plate with his bat from time to time, after the manner of a boy who expects a ball. Harry was certainly an enthusiastic sportsman. It mattered not to him if things were not always called by the correct name, so long as the fun was there.

The Home Plate

"Now I suppose you'll want to fix places for the fielders," continued Spencer in his bantering tone.

"No, you can't do that, because the number isn't al-

ways the same. They just spread out back of first and second bases wherever they are most needed. We used to call them 'bug-hunters' sometimes."

Spencer laughed. "It looks to me like a crazy kind of a game," he remarked, "but I'm ready to give it a try-out. What do you call it?"

"Town ball."

"Town ball?" echoed Spencer. "Why is it called that?"

"Oh, I don't know—that's just the name of it."

The Name, "Town Ball"

"I'd call it 'country ball,' if I were to name it. You said they always played it where you went to school in the country. Why not call it 'country ball'?"

"Because it's town ball," Harry replied with dogged insistence. "That's the name of it,—I guess I ought to know—we never played any other kind of ball out there."

"All right—town ball, then. But how does it go?" Spencer pitched the ball high into the air and caught it in an indifferent way, as if giving Harry time to formulate the rules of the new game.

"Just wait. I'll tell you when the others come." Harry was too shrewd to give Spencer a chance to do any of the explaining when the time for explanations came. "Let's have a game of catch. Come on."

Harry Tingles with Enthusiasm

Somehow the mitt was better than ever before. Harry was tingling with enthusiasm and eagerness. After all, the mitt that had been the occasion of so much trouble was now to help in removing it all. Harry did not for a moment doubt (as, indeed, he had no reason to doubt) that this new game of town ball would set matters right again between him and his schoolmates. Though not as scientific as baseball, and not a game to foster the spirit of teamwork to quite the same degree, town ball is nevertheless a game of some repute and a game well calculated to excite lively competition. As a kind of variation of baseball, it would have the advantage of novelty, and that alone would render it popular for a time in Weston;

and furthermore, it would furnish an opportunity for the girls to play on an equal footing with the boys.

Harry was not posted on the matter, or he might have known that town ball is perhaps as old a game as baseball itself. It seems indigenous to many country communities and small towns, originating, nobody knows how, but popular among boys everywhere. Though teamwork is necessary in town ball, it is the teamwork of two unequal groups—the batters and the remainder of the players—the former being compensated for their lack of numbers by their advantage in position; and this is the kind of teamwork that appeals more especially to the boy. The nature of town ball is such that it encourages a boy to play primarily for himself and secondarily for the interests of his team, and this, as everybody knows, is the kind of play that a boy likes. But Harry, being a true philosopher, did not consider any of these things. He played only for the fun of it, which is the way to play, caring not at all for the scientific aspects of the game.

Teamwork in Town Ball

When the others had arrived Harry placed himself in a commanding position and described the grounds—the home plate, the first and second bases, the pitcher's plate, and the rather indefinite position of the catcher and the still more indefinite positions of the fielders.

"Now let's see," Harry began, "how many are there of us here?"

"Does the number make any difference?" asked one of the girls.

"Do you have to have nine on a side?" asked the boys.

"No, the number makes no difference, though it isn't much fun if too many play. It's better to have more than one game going at a time if there are more than a dozen playing. Ten of us? That will make a fine game. Let's see—Spencer will be first batsman because he has the new bat. We ought to have about four batters."

Harry Starts the Game

The four batters were chosen and numbered. As

might have been expected, they included Anna and Lucille.

"Harold will be catcher to begin with, and I will be pitcher."

"What about the rest of us?" asked Henry. "Who's first baseman?"

"We don't have any basemen in town ball. The rest of you are all fielders—first, second, third and fourth fielders."

The fielders received this intelligence with silence.

The Fielders

"No, let me see," Harry hastened to say, remembering Harold's doubtful capacity as catcher and recalling the manner in which they used to remedy such a situation in the country, "we'll have a short-stop. He stands back of the catcher and comes next after the first fielder."

"Back of the catcher and next after the first fielder!" repeated one of the boys, puzzled by Harry's statement. "How do you make that out?"

"Why, it's like this," explained Harry, "every player has his turn, and when a player is put out each one moves up a notch. Here," and Harry began arranging the players in a row, "it goes this way: The fellow the farthest from the bat is the third fielder in this game to-day, then the second fielder, the first fielder, the short-stop, the pitcher, the catcher, the fourth batter, the third batter, the second batter, and so up to Spencer, the first one at bat. Now when Spencer is put out, he goes to third place in the field and everyone moves up in order—the third fielder becomes second fielder, the second becomes first, the first fielder becomes short-stop, the short-stop becomes pitcher, the pitcher takes the catcher's place, the catcher is fourth batter, and so on. Do you see?"

Rules of the Game

"Yes, but how can you put a man out without any basemen? That's more than I can see." This remark came from Harold, who prided himself upon his thorough knowledge of the rules of baseball, contenting himself with the science of the game since he had not the art.

"You cross him out."

"Cross him out! What's that?"

"Throw the ball between him and the base he's running for. Or, if you hit him with the ball you put him out."

"Hit him with the ball! What a game!"

Harold did not stop to consider that it is not always an easy matter to hit a runner with the ball, especially as town ball is ordinarily played with a ball made of twine tightly wrapped around an elastic centre such as a small rubber ball, and such a ball is not as true in its course as a baseball. The erratic tendencies of the ball add to the hazards of the game, which, unlike baseball, is not restricted by rules and regulations.

Crossing Out a Player

"All right! Play ball!" shouted Spencer, anxious to try his new bat. "You can't learn the game by standing around talking about it."

Harry tossed his mitt to Harold, while he himself took his place at the pitcher's plate. The fielders trotted to their places, running backwards with their eyes on Harry.

"Wait!" called one. "Who's the umpire?"

"The umpire?" Harry laughed.

"Yes—how can we—"

"And the score!" called another. "How do you manage that?"

Harry laughed again. He then made an effort to explain how each player really scores for himself, the better player remaining longer at the bat as a reward for his superiority.

The Score

"Then when is the game over?"

"Whenever we stop playing. And when another game begins, the players take the places that they had at the close of the game before."

"Come on! Come on!" Spencer was calling. "Play ball!"

Spencer remained at bat for some time, making three home runs almost one after another, since the other bat-

ters were put out before they had reached first base. Then, seeing that he was likely to remain still longer in possession of the bat, he purposely permitted himself to be crossed out so as to encourage the girls and the poorer players. Out in the field Spencer distinguished himself by the spectacular manner in which he captured flies.

Harry, surprised at his own awkwardness, had the pleasure of making but one home run. His attention was somewhat occupied in sundry explanations and directions to green players, and he was too anxious concerning the success of the game to give much thought to his own play. This was the opportunity he had been wanting to "wipe off old scores," and he could not afford to waste it.

Encouraging Girls and Green Players

Of the other boys, Henry was a poor player, Karl but an indifferent one, and Harold very poor. The girls did remarkably well. On account of the fact that they were girls, they were accorded favors and advantages by the boys that aided them greatly in maintaining an equal footing.

"You ought to do it," Spencer said to Harry, as the two were serving their time out in the field. "This isn't like baseball—we're not playing with our equals—and it's up to us to be square and see to it that the others have a good time."

"Sure!" agreed Harry, enthusiastically, glad to find Spencer so willing to make the game a success. "Now Karl, there, is the only one that really knows much about baseball, and he's doing just as we are. He's letting the others make a home run every now and then just so they'll not lose interest in the game. Because, if they did, you know, we couldn't play. The game would break up if we weren't willing to work together."

Letting the Others Have a Good Time

Not long afterward Harry found himself at bat with Spencer pitching. Everyone liked Spencer's style of pitching, and no one hesitated to express his admiration. One by one the batters took their places, and one by one they were put out. Harry, by looking carefully to the

interests of those who were running while he was at bat, succeeded in helping more than one otherwise poor runner make a home run. As a result, Harry was considered a good man to have at bat. So it was, that, by looking out for the girls and the smaller boys, Spencer and Harry had also the satisfaction of good positions for themselves. The girls, delighted to be permitted the privilege of playing ball (which, to them, consisted chiefly in striking the ball with the bat), often asked Spencer or Harry to pitch for them.

The Girls Are Delighted

"Oh, I think the new game is perfectly grand!" exclaimed Anna, when the game had been called off. "I never knew I could do so well. Did you see that ball I knocked way out over Henry's head the last time I was at bat?"

Lucille, too, was properly enthusiastic, and told Anna that she wouldn't ever think of "freezing" Harry again.

The girls had left the field and the smaller boys had started a game of marbles when half a dozen older boys —would-be baseball players—appeared.

"Now," called Spence, who had been having a game of catch with Harry, "now is your time to show what a game of town ball can be like!"

Harry's heart gave a bound. Here was a chance to play a real game, he thought to himself—a game in which each fellow looks out for himself and makes no concessions to poorer players for the sake of keeping them in the game. In ten minutes he had made all the necessary explanations and the boys were ready for the game.

Playing the Real Game

"It's the only way to play when you haven't enough for a game of regular baseball," Spencer added. "Don't you see? Look out for yourself and let the other fellow do the same. If he isn't as good a player it's up to him to make himself better if he wants to play. All right, fellows, play ball!"

Then followed what Harry afterward characterized as a "corking game" of real town ball. The game was fast.

There was much shouting, many jests, and a few gibes. Once or twice sharp altercations arose, altercations that developed into noisy arguments with gesticulations and rash statements and even threats on one occasion—and the game was interrupted temporarily; but three minutes afterward all was forgotten and the game was again in full swing.

If a batter was poor he was soon put out, sometimes by making a target of him as he made his way from one base to another. If a pitcher was poor he was endured, but hooted and execrated and made to feel his inferiority in every way possible. If a catcher needed two or three short-stops behind him he was apprised of the fact in unmistakable terms. If a fielder fumbled the ball, he was called "butter-fingers" and other names equally trite, though equally as expressive. The rule seemed to be to denounce a player for being poor, though not to praise him for making a brilliant play. Good playing was taken as a matter of fact and nothing was said. It was always the unfortunate, the under dog, that received the attention of the others.

A Fair Field and No Favors

As the boys warmed to it, and the possibilities of town ball as a fast game and a game in which each fellow has a fair chance with every other, came to be generally recognized, Harry forgot altogether that he had had anything to do with introducing the game. He was one of the players and that was all; he took his share of gibes and vociferative abuse and enjoyed whatever glory was his by virtue of excellent, though apparently unnoted, plays; he faced the pitcher as bravely as any, ran as well, was trapped between bases and made a target of as often, and went to the field to begin earning his place at the bat again as regularly as any. His was the spirit of the true lover of sport.

Town Ball Is Voted a Success

"That beats a one-horse baseball game all hollow!" was the comment of one of the boys, as they left the field sometime in the afternoon.

"Gives every fellow a chance, no matter how many or how few!"

"Makes a fellow work for what he gets, too!"

"Lets a fellow show what he can do at running up a score of his own, you bet!"

With these and other comments to his credit Harry went home that afternoon with his beloved mitt under his arm—the mitt that had been the occasion of so much pure enjoyment (the trouble was wholly insignificant now)—feeling that he had indeed "wiped off his old scores" by substituting new ones.

Restored to Favor

He was after this no longer ostracized, but was received back into the fellowship of his comrades. The boys magnanimously forgot all past injuries. The girls no longer averted their faces when he approached, and Miss McAllister's smile grew as warm and cordial as ever.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FRIENDLY FIELDS

"OH, YOU'RE mistaken, you're mistaken," corrected Mr. Henderson, shaking his kindly head at his little group of callers and drawing his wicker chair back from the edge of the veranda in order to protect himself from the April shower that was falling. "The country is a far pleasanter place than you think, and more wonderful the longer you know it. A boy ought to be proud to be able to say that he was born in the country."

Discussing Country Life

Harry clapped his hands silently behind Harold's back and smiled up delightedly at Mr. Henderson from his place on the rug. A shadow of disappointment passed over Harold's countenance at Mr. Henderson's unexpected reply.

"But I don't see why," he objected. "It must be mighty tiresome, so quiet and so monotonous all the time." Harold looked at Lucille, as if for support to his objection.

"Not at all, not at all, is it, Harry?"

The Only Place to Live

"Oh, don't ask Harry. He'll say the country is the only place to live; he used to live in the country, you know." And Harold gave Harry a friendly push that tumbled him down the top steps into the rain.

"Well," Anna burst out with a show of impatience, "it doesn't look as if the country would be a very pleasant place this morning, and just the very morning that we wanted Ella to go flowering with us, too. I think it's horrid!" And Lucille and Ella echoed her words with petulant vehemence, as they sank into the hammock.

"I don't think so," Mr. Henderson said, smiling at

Anna's frown and Lucille's pursed up lips. "If this shower hadn't come up just when it did I wouldn't have any callers, would I?"

"But why," questioned Harold, who had been studiously regarding Mr. Henderson for a few moments, "why is the country such a wonderful place?"

"Just cows and horses and chickens and things like that," Lucille flung out a little contemptuously, in tardy agreement with Harold's first statement. "And rainy days," she added with disgust.

"Don't you like horses?" queried Mr. Henderson.

"I'd rather have an automobile."

Our Good Friend the Horse

"That isn't an answer to my question. I'm afraid you don't know horses. Did it ever occur to you that you can tell things to a horse that you couldn't tell to another person?"

"To another person?" Lucille opened her eyes wide at Mr. Henderson's strange remark. "To a friend, you mean?"

"Yes; you can't make a friend of an automobile, can you, and tell it things and have it rub its nose in your hand and sympathize."

"Oh, I see what you mean. But a horse isn't a person, and you said 'person.'"

Cultivating a Horse's Acquaintance

"No, a horse can't talk, but he seems like a person to me, just the same; he can be loyal to you, and love you, and appreciate what you do for him, and work for you, and isn't that about all that a friend does?"

Lucille sat thinking. Harry regarded Mr. Henderson with approval written large on every feature.

"You hadn't thought about that, had you? Really, I don't see how you can help liking horses. They are patient, intelligent, faithful and obedient, and that is more than you can say of many people."

"But they're not all that way," put in Harold. "I've seen some mean ones."

"Oh, of course; horses are like people, some are stub-

born and stupid. I don't suppose you ever thought about trying to bring out the good in a horse, though, and cultivating his acquaintance so as to make a better horse of him, did you? Why shouldn't you? You would be surprised if I should tell you about a horse I once owned. Or, Billy, for instance. I don't like to boast about Billy, but really he has improved wonderfully in the last two years. He used to be pretty stupid about some things—he is rather thick-headed even now about a few things—and he caused me a lot of trouble, but I think now that Billy is a first-rate pony."

The Improvement of Billy

The boys nudged one another and laughed, remembering the time that Billy caused them a lot of trouble—the time of the celebrated "Softofit Case." "Billy's all right," they agreed.

"And dogs—dogs are like people, too," remarked Ella, who was beginning to feel an interest in the conversation. "We have a dog that is a regular blockhead about some things—for one thing, he's afraid of cats—but I like him and I just couldn't bear to see him misused or hurt in any way. Mamma says he's the worst coward she ever saw—and his name is Lion, think of it!"

"Well," said Mr. Henderson, "Billy and Lion may have their faults, but it seems to me that they are entitled to kind treatment and to be considered as living beings, just the same. I hope that if any of you ever see a horse or a dog mistreated that you will do all you can at once to take the animal's part. To my mind, a man who mistreats a dumb animal puts himself on a lower plane than that of the animal."

Kind Treatment of Animals

Lucille felt that the conversation was wandering without her having gained her point. She meant to bring it back again.

"But cows—they're not so much like persons, are they? They don't follow you around and think so much of you, do they?"

"Oh, they may not be as intelligent as horses, but I

think a cow is perhaps more patient than a horse. It will not do for you to say anything against the cow. I'm afraid you could get along better here in Weston without horses than you could without cows. Did you ever think of that? You like beefsteak, don't you? And milk to drink? And then we make use of the hide, the hair, the horns, the hoofs, and even the bones of cattle. When I was a small boy my grandfather used to drive a team of oxen. Surely, you must feel some gratitude and consideration for an animal so useful as a cow. Much the same might be said of the sheep."

The Patient Cow

"But pigs! Ugh! The dirty things!" Lucille ejaculated by way of evading Mr. Henderson's remarks.

"Hogs aren't as dirty as you think. It depends largely upon the way they are kept. You would live in the dirt, too, if someone shut you up in a little pen and you couldn't help yourself. A hog is a living being just as much as a man is. He may be coarse in his habits and not very refined about his table manners, but we can overlook that."

"What has all this to do with making the country a pleasant place to live in, I'd like to know," interrupted Anna. "Horses are horses and cows are cows."

Mr. Henderson smiled and looked at Harry. "Well," he said, drawling his words and slowly shaking his head, "just how much do you know about horses and cows, I wonder? I lived in the country a good many years, and I think I could tell you a few little things that would help you to see that the country boy has a chance to learn a number of very interesting things at first hand. We were talking of horses and cows. Now we will suppose that this shower of rain was a driving rainstorm and there were horses and cattle out in it. How would they stand?"

What a Country Boy Knows

"How would they stand? They would get under the trees, probably."

"Well, maybe they would; but would they face the storm or turn their tails to it?"

Mr. Henderson's callers looked at one another as much as to say, "What a silly question!" Harry smiled in a knowing way.

"What about it, Harry?"

"The cows would face the storm and the horses would turn the other way."

"Humph!" sniffed Harold, trying unsuccessfully to conceal his growing interest.

"You see," Mr. Henderson continued, "I just wanted to show you that you don't know horses and cattle by merely seeing them here on the streets. Harry can tell you that."

The girls wanted to know why the horses would turn one way and the cows the other.

"My father used to say that it is because a cow fights with her head and a horse with his heels; that may be the reason, or it may not be, I don't pretend to say. Now let me ask you another question. Suppose I were driving a flock of sheep along the street and I wanted to drive them in at the open gate out yonder. Suppose, now, that there was a hole in the fence not far from the open gate, and that the first sheep went through the opening in the fence. What would happen?"

Driving a Flock of Sheep

Mr. Henderson leaned back in his chair and smiled in an amused way at the blank countenances of all save Harry. The rain still pattered away, and a poor bedraggled robin hopped out on the lawn down by the hedge and chirped disconsolately. No one spoke.

"Harry?"

"They'd all go through the fence if they could."

"Of course, they would. So you see," Mr. Henderson concluded, "you can't say that you really know sheep, though you may have studied in your geographies about the great wool-producing sections of the world."

Still there was no response.

"And it is the same with other animals," Mr. Henderson continued. "How many of you know a gopher from

ONE OF THE FLOCK.

a chipmunk, or a red squirrel from a gray one, or a skunk from a weasel? And would you know a mink or a muskrat or a ground hog if you saw one? All these things a country boy has an opportunity to learn first hand, and things learned in this way mean more to the learner than do things learned from books. Isn't it much pleasanter to watch that brave robin down yonder by the hedge than it would be to sit indoors and read about him in a book?" Here Mr. Henderson turned abruptly to Lucille. "How many birds do you know? Name them over."

The Country Boy's Woodland Lore

Lucille named the robin, the English sparrow, the blue jay and the crow. "Oh, yes," she added hastily, "I know another, the bat."

"The bat!" laughed Harry. "A bird? The bat is an animal."

"But they fly around—why aren't they birds?"

"Birds have wings, and bats don't, though people say they do. That's one reason. And birds have beaks, and bats don't."

"Well, isn't that queer! We saw one once last summer—one night—don't you remember, Anna? It zigzagged around and bumped into the side of the house like it was blind. Are bats blind? People say 'as blind as a bat'."

Mr. Henderson laughed. "You never caught one, I guess, and held it in your hand like a cold, wriggly mouse, and had it try to bite your fingers. You wouldn't say then that it was a bird. But we were talking about birds; Lucille knows four. How many do you know, Anna?"

About Bats

Anna thought a moment. "Not any others that I can think of now, except the wren. We had a little wren in our lilac bush last summer."

"And you?" Mr. Henderson indicated that he was speaking to Harold.

"I? Oh, I don't know what kind of birds they are—the ones that you can throw stones at—that sit on the telephone wires."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Henderson. "Young man, don't let me catch you throwing stones at birds! Why!" Mr. Henderson gasped, "you ought to be spanked for that! Don't you know any better than that? I didn't think one of our boys would do such a thing."

Throwing Stones at Birds

"But I never hit very many," Harold apologized, a little taken back by Mr. Henderson's vehemence, "they fly away."

"That's just it—they fly away. Don't you know that birds are among the best friends that we have?"

Harold's only reply was a questioning look. The others waited for Mr. Henderson to continue.

"I was reading a statement in a magazine the other day that the farmers of this country lose hundreds of thousands of dollars every year on account of the killing or frightening away of birds. It doesn't seem possible, does it? But birds catch insects that are injurious to crops. When birds are scarce the insect pests increase very rapidly and farmers have to spend money to fight the insects. Boys don't think of these things—town boys, especially."

"But birds eat cherries and grain, don't they?"

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Henderson. "You don't begrudge a few cherries and a few grains of wheat to a bird that catches insects and sings songs for you, do you? I would be willing to give a whole tree full of cherries just to have the birds around, though most people are not so kind as I am in that respect. I call a man pretty stingy that begrudges a bird his dinner. Now, don't you?"

The Service of the Birds

"And I think a boy is mean that will rob a bird's nest of the eggs," added Ella, flinging her braid over her shoulder with a toss of the head and a twist of the mouth that gave emphasis to her speech.

"To be sure he is, though I don't think many boys do that any more. If they thought of the disappointment and sorrow to the mother bird and the meanness of the act, I am sure they would never do it. But Harry hasn't

told us how many birds he knows. I am anxious to compare his knowledge with yours."

Harry named the meadow-lark, the bobolink, the bee-martin, the phoebe-bird, the ground-sparrow, the cat-bird, the song-sparrow, the oriole, the blackbird, the bluebird, the woodpecker, the thrush, the killdeer, the swallow, the quail, and the humming-bird, "besides hawks and owls and buzzards," as he expressed it. **Harry's Friends Among the Birds**

"I see you are a country boy, all right," Mr. Henderson remarked. "I might add more, such as the different finches, cousins of our quarrelsome English sparrows, though brightly colored little fellows and sometimes beautiful singers, the nuthatches, and others that it is possible to see or hear in this locality. But we have mentioned enough. If you have ever been in the woods at sunrise on a June morning, you will never again say that the country is a dull place."

"Let's go some time!" exclaimed Anna to her girl friends in a burst of enthusiasm.

"There might be snakes!" Lucille remarked by way of evading Anna's suggestion, "and snakes are poisonous!"

"Did you know," questioned Mr. Henderson, changing from one topic to another with admirable facility, "that the rattlesnake and the copperhead are the only poisonous snakes in this part of the United States? In the South another venomous snake, the cotton-mouth, is sometimes found, but these three are all. True, there are others in other parts of the world, but I am speaking of our own country." **A Little Talk About Snakes**

"Oh," questioned Lucille, "are there as many different kinds of snakes in this part of the country as there are different kinds of birds?"

"Well, perhaps not as many different varieties, but I could name six or eight kinds of snakes that you might meet in the fields and woods and along the streams within a few miles of Weston."

"What do snakes eat?" Lucille was becoming interested.

"Snakes, like birds, are among our best friends. They live on insects, large insects principally; though some snakes catch toads, frogs, small animals like gophers, and even birds."

Here Harry interrupted to describe how he had once seen a snake pursuing a toad, and how the toad protected itself by puffing up so that the snake could not get a hold.

Interesting Facts About Toads

"The toad was tired of hopping because the snake could so easily keep up with it, so it just sat still and puffed itself out. When the snake tried one side, the toad puffed out farther on that side and drew in its arm as if it was cold, and then it did the same when the snake tried the other side. After a while the snake gave up trying and crawled away."

"Toads! Ugh!" Lucille shrank in disgust. "I'm afraid of them!"

"What a foolish girl!" laughed Mr. Henderson. "Don't you know that toads are perfectly harmless, inoffensive little creatures, living on insects that are injurious to crops, and even preferring to stay hidden during the day so as not to get in the way of anyone?"

Harry had something interesting to tell about toads, but Anna interrupted to ask how a snake could swallow a toad or a gopher. "Are you sure?" she asked. "A toad is as big as a snake's head!"

The Snake's Jaws

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference—it wouldn't make any difference if it were bigger. A snake's jaws are so hinged that they can open so as to enable the snake to swallow an object larger than its head. But what were you going to tell us about the toad you saw, Harry?"

"I saw a toad pull off his skin, just as if he was pulling off his shirt over his head, and when he had it off he rolled it up and swallowed it! Honestly, Mr. Henderson, I saw him do it!"

The girls gasped in surprise. Mr. Henderson only smiled again. "I don't doubt it in the least," he said, "I saw the same thing once or twice myself when I was a boy on the farm."

"Snakes shed their skins, too, don't they?" put in Harold. "I found a snake skin once."

"Oh, let's not talk about snakes and toads any longer," suggested Lucille. "I know they must be interesting, but I should have a hard time getting used to them. Miss McAllister says I am silly about it. We had a frog at school once and she took him right in her hands to make him keep his foot under the microscope. I don't see how she could do it. Frogs are just a kind of toads, aren't they?"

Lucille's Fears

"Well," Mr. Henderson observed, weighing his words carefully, "you might as well say that ducks are a kind of chicken. Frogs, you know, spend the earlier part of their lives in the water as polliwogs, and always spend a great part of their time in and around the water. Toads are not water animals at all. That is one difference."

Harry was ready to tell about his experience hunting frogs, but somehow the conversation turned itself upon insects, especially bees, ants, and spiders.

"Spiders are not insects," corrected Mr. Henderson, "they are little animals." Then it was necessary for him to explain the difference between an animal and an insect.

Harry had a fund of information concerning spiders and their habits: the different kinds of spiders, the different webs, the prey of spiders and their ways of capturing it, from the great black and yellow garden spider to the tiny red variety like brilliant red specks. The girls' knowledge of spiders was confined to those found in the attics at home, and they admitted that they had never considered the little pests worth noticing.

Spiders a Help to Man

"But why do you call spiders pests?" asked Mr. Henderson. "Flies and mosquitoes and cockroaches may be

pests, but what does a spider ever do to harm anyone? They busy themselves in helping you to get rid of the pests that I just named—and you don't even thank them. I always encourage spiders to live in my garden, just as I encourage toads."

"Isn't that splendid!" exclaimed Ella, openly admiring Mr. Henderson's large-hearted kindness toward every living creature.

Harry, once launched on his favorite topic, country life, was not willing to remain silent, and took the first opportunity to tell how he had once seen some ants dragging a caterpillar down into a hole in the ground. From ants the conversation passed to bees and wasps, and Harry surprised his hearers with an admirable amount of information on these subjects.

Various Insects

The girls and Harold mentioned the yellow-jackets that they had met in the berry patch near Denwood Lake the summer before. Mr. Henderson told some wonderful things about bees—things so wonderful that Anna said she believed bees knew more than some people.

"They probably put what knowledge they have to better use," was Mr. Henderson's comment.

"Oh, dear," Anna complained, "I do wish the rain would stop. I think maybe we might see some bees on the flowers in the woods."

Mr. Henderson explained that it was hardly likely that they would find any bees so early, as bees usually gather the first honey and pollen from fruit blossoms. Then someone asked whether the trees in the woods yielded honey, and before long the conversation had turned to trees entirely. Mr. Henderson was questioning his visitors as to their knowledge of trees as he had questioned them concerning birds.

Naming the Trees

"Now let's hear Harry," he concluded. "Name all the trees that you know, Harry."

Harry began: "Maple, oak, beech, basswood, ash, hickory, walnut, butternut, willow, ironwood, cottonwood,

sycamore, poplar, tamarack, elm, birch, wild cherry, locust—"

"That will do," Mr. Henderson interrupted. "Now perhaps Ella can name a few that we don't find in this part of the country."

Ella named the pine, the hemlock, the spruce, the cedar, the fir, and one or two evergreen shrubs.

"And these are only a few of the trees that we might name, only a very few. Did it ever occur to you that trees have personalities like persons? The elm is tall and stately with wide protecting arms and an air of benignant fatherliness; the oak is rough and sturdy and somewhat stubborn in his attitude toward the world; the maple is handsome, well-dressed, very friendly in his attitude, and very lively; the beech is inclined to be hard and unsympathetic; the basswood is a jolly good fellow in every respect; the sycamore is very wise and very independent in his attitude; the birch is the delicate fine lady of the forest; and so it goes. Just notice the next time you are in the woods, and see how easy it is to get acquainted with the trees."

Personalities of Trees

"Why, isn't that wonderful!" exclaimed Lucille. "I always thought the woods such a lonely place."

"Not a bit of it, not a bit of it—you simply didn't get acquainted, that's all."

"I believe the rain is letting up a little!" Anna peered up at the sky from the end of the veranda. "I'm so anxious to get out into the country—I never knew it was so wonderful before, and I have been out at the lake ever so many times."

Anna Is Interested

"Being out at the lake for a few weeks at a time isn't like living in the country, is it, Harry?"

Harry agreed that it was not, and that no person who has always lived in a town or a city can have any adequate notion of the real charm of the country.

"Take the stars, for instance," remarked Mr. Henderson. "Of course we have the stars everywhere, in the

city or in the country, but it is only out in the open that one can really learn to know the stars as they are. When one comes to know the stars they will seem as much like personalities to him as do the trees and the birds and the clouds. It would be just as foolish to look for certain stars at this time of the year as it would be to look for robins in January. Of course they are with us, but we can see the stars only part of the time, you know, and so they seem to come and go with the seasons of the year.

Personalities of Stars

"Sirius, for instance, is one of the most noticeable, very bright and full of color—a flashy star; Arcturus is brilliant, too, but somewhat reddish and more subdued; Capella is cheery and warm—a bright yellow; Aldebaran is red and a little cold in his manner of looking down at us; Antares is very red and yet unlike any other star in appearance; Vega is a lovely greenish blue, pure and spiritual in personality; Regulus is red and, as his name implies, kingly; Altair seems shy; Procyon is rather pale but very friendly; Castor and Pollux are the twins; the Pleiades are the seven lovely sisters; and so I might continue for a long time, naming the different constellations and the first and second magnitude stars. Then there are the planets, too, that are to be seen in the sky and are often mistaken for stars—Mars, Venus, Jupiter and Saturn, and sometimes on rare occasions Mercury. The other two are invisible to the naked eye. I wonder how many of you know the stars at all."

A Lover of the Stars

"Isn't that wonderful!" exclaimed Lucille. "You know everything, don't you, Mr. Henderson, even the names of the stars! I didn't know they had names like that! Why, they all look alike to me!"

"Well, when you see a crowd of strange people they look very much alike, don't they? But you find they're not alike when you come to know them. It's the same way with the stars. You ought to get acquainted."

The rain was now falling harder than ever. Mr. Hen-

derson quieted the impatience of his callers by telling them that he believed it was the "clearing up" shower, and that the sun would soon come out and dry the ground, so they could continue their projected trip into the woods. It happened that his predictions were true. Before long the rain had ceased and the April sky was clearing.

"How soon it has changed!" Lucille was standing out on the walk looking at the sky. "Why, even the weather is wonderful if you watch it, isn't it? What a beautiful rain this has been!" **April Weather**

"At this time of the year the weather is very likely to be wonderful," was Mr. Henderson's dry comment.

"Tell us some more about the country," pleaded Anna and Ella. "It's so interesting."

"Tell them about making maple sugar," suggested Harry, remembering his own week-end experiences in the country a few weeks previous. "I'll bet they don't know about that."

Then Mr. Henderson told of the sugar camp in his father's woods, how the trees were tapped, the sap collected, how it was taken to the evaporator and boiled down to syrup or sugar, and how wonderful it was to be out in the woods in the late winter when everything seems dead, yet shows unmistakable signs of life. "It's something you never can forget," he concluded, "the dreary, thawing days, the big, bare trees, the dead leaves under foot, the smell of wet wood and the delicate scent of the maple bark, the odor of boiling sap, the vacant stillness of the woods—ah, those are wonderful days!" **The Sugar Camp**

With but a slight encouragement Mr. Henderson was led to speak of other "wonderful days" in the country.

"Hay-making? Oh, yes, that is a season of the year that you can't forget, either. I can remember how I used to get up with the sun on June mornings—and that is pretty early to be up, for the days are the longest then—and how clean and fresh everything seemed, how the dew glistened on the grass and the birds sang, and how

good it seemed to be alive. And then in the hayfield the scent of the clover, the warm odor of withering stalks and leaves, the click of the mower, so monotonous and yet so cheerful, the soft stubbles under my bare feet—what boy of the city knows anything about such pleasures as those! And then when the hay is ready to be taken in, how sweet it smells, how the grasshoppers pop up from the stubble here and there and the crickets chirp in the late afternoon, how the wagons creak under their loads—yes, hay-making is a wonderful time of the year, too.

Hay-making and Harvest

"And in the harvest field when the days are hottest and the air is filled with that peculiar fragrance of ripe grain, how fine it is to be a country boy then! And in the cornfields when the corn is ripening—the checkered shade in the corn rows, busy insects everywhere, the waving tassels and showers of pollen, watermelons in the shade of the woods—how I wish I could be a boy again! And later in the fall when the fruit is ripe and the vegetables are being gathered in for the winter, and the air is spicy and sharp in the morning and the leaves are beginning to fall—who says the country is a lonely place to live! It's the only place—the only place, to my notion, where a boy can really be happy."

A Favorite Poem

Then, as Mr. Henderson grew more and more enthusiastic, he repeated a little poem by James Hogg, one that he said he wanted the boys to learn, so charmingly simple and expressive it was:

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

"You see," he added, as if apologizing for his evident enthusiasm and excess of emotion, "I was a country boy, and I can't forget."

"Now that I think about it," said Anna, "some of the best times that I have had have been in the country. You remember what good times we had living at Kennebunk last summer, Lucille—the fishing, the berrying, and all—and you remember the day we went to Uncle Tim's farm for nuts, and the fun we had on the ice. Really, I never thought about it before. And to think, Lucille, we don't really know the country at all! How different it seems when we hear Mr. Henderson tell about it!"

Anna's Verdict

During the greater part of Mr. Henderson's general remarks Harold had remained silent, content merely to drink in eagerly every word that he heard. "Say!" he burst out enthusiastically, "I'm going out to Grandpa's and stay all summer if Father will let me! Honest, I am!"

"Well," remarked Mr. Henderson, rising from his chair and going to the edge of the veranda to look at the sky, "I hope that none of you will ever say that the country is a dull place to live until you have lived there—then you'll not say it."

When the little party of flower-hunters bade good morning to their kindly host and started out across the fields that day, they went with a heightened sense of the beauties of nature and the glorious privilege of being permitted to enjoy them.

A Bird and Beast Club

Anna, Lucille and Ella later sat down to rest and gloat over their spoils. They had found violets, anemones and dear little bluettes, and began to arrange them in the small baskets they had brought.

"Girls, let's start a Bird and Beast Club, and we'll keep notebooks and make collections. Won't it be fun?" Anna proposed. "And we'll go on exploring hikes."

The girls greeted the proposal with enthusiasm, and the boys, coming up just then, demanded to be admitted to membership in the new club.

And so it was agreed.

CHAPTER XIX

MIXED DOUBLES

ANNA rejoiced in the possession of a birthday present from her father, a gift that excited the admiration of all her friends, and no doubt stirred in their bosoms emotions a trifle less altruistic—pleased expectations of sharing with Anna the enjoyment of her gift. She had asked for something "different"; something that people do not ordinarily have presented to them on their birthdays; something that could not be eaten or read, or worn, or carried about on special occasions, or put up to look at, or put to any of the uses to which birthday presents are often put; and she wanted a present that would not lose its newness with the passing of the season. Mr. Grayson had listened with an amused indifference—had even inquired playfully if she would be satisfied with the moon in a basket—and had concluded the interview a little abruptly; and when her father comported himself in a manner like this it was an omen of good—a most encouraging sign. But Anna was hardly prepared for the surprise that awaited her.

The Unique Birthday Gift

When, a few days later, workmen began to dig up a plot of ground near the corner of the orchard, and other workmen began to haul gravel from the pit at the edge of town, Anna decided that her father had perhaps had something other than the consideration of birthday presents to occupy his mind that day. That evening she approached him again, softening her request a little and calling him her "dear good Daddy" who always gave her exactly what she wanted.

The Workmen Begin on the Present

"But I have already ordered your present," he told

her. "Haven't you seen the workmen out back of the maples?"

"Oh, what is it? A garden with gravel walks and a fountain?"

Mr. Grayson laughed. "Wait and see," he said.

A Tennis Court!

Anna waited and in a very few days she saw. The gravel was mixed with clay and spread carefully over the ground and rolled down. Posts were set, screens of wire netting were erected, and—

"A tennis court!" Anna exclaimed.

The next day the tape and the net arrived and the court was finished. Anna embraced her father with a thousand thanks, hugging him with one arm and the new rackets and balls with the other. Such a present exceeded her fondest expectations; it transcended her wildest dreams.

Every evening, during the time yet remaining before Anna's birthday, Anna and her father played tennis on the new court. Mr. Grayson, once a fair tennis player but now somewhat "out of the knack of it," as he expressed it, did not consider his obligation fulfilled until he had taught his daughter the rudiments of the game; and it is but fair to Anna to say that he had a most enthusiastic and apt pupil.

A Birthday Tennis Party

Then a bright idea entered Anna's mind. She would give a party on her birthday—a tennis party—and thus celebrate the day and dedicate the new court. It would be a day to be remembered—an event for which her friends would never cease to thank her.

"And, Mother," she confided, knowing full well that her father would assent heartily, "all the party dress I need is a middy blouse and short skirt, all white, with tennis shoes to match!"

So it happened that Miss Lucille Anderson, Mr. Karl Williston and Mr. Harry Creighton were invited to spend the afternoon of the 24th at the home of the Graysons, tennis to be the order of the day.

"Oh, Anna," exclaimed Lucille, arriving early to have

a congratulatory chat with her hostess, "I don't know a thing about tennis, and I'm afraid I'll just spoil your game; I never was on a tennis court in my life."

"Pshaw! You'll soon learn. That's what I wanted you to come for. The beautiful thing about tennis is that you enjoy the game from the very first—even while you're learning it."

Then Anna explained how her father had made her acquainted with tennis and how she was going to teach her guests as her father had taught her. She spoke glibly of the score, of "lets" and "faults" and "forfeited strokes," and of "form" in play—"forehand," "backhand," "lobs," etc.

Anna Parades Her Knowledge

"It's easy to learn the rules of the game," she concluded, "and if you know those there's nothing left but to practice. Father and I have had some fine games. Of course we always had to play singles, though one or two times Karl stopped after school and we played three-handed. To-day we'll play doubles—mixed doubles."

Lucille listened to Anna's ostentatious parading of her knowledge of terms peculiar to the game with a look of puzzled interest.

"Mixed doubles! What are they? I thought we were going to play tennis."

Anna laughed indulgently. "We are. That's only the way you speak of the game when a boy and a girl play against another boy and girl, just as you call it 'singles' when two persons play one against the other."

Singles and Doubles

"Oh, I see. Let me take the racket and see if I can hit the ball."

The boys arrived, Karl with his own racket and shoes and Harry with a borrowed outfit, and began at once to knock the balls about in their eagerness to get into the game. Anna overlooked this little breach of etiquette, smiling condescendingly and indicating by her attitude that she was awaiting an opportunity to start the game.

"When Father comes from the office this afternoon he

will show us how we can correct our mistakes," Anna announced, deftly coming to the point of beginning her instructions, "but first we'll play awhile to learn the rules. Karl has played before, so Karl and I will play against each other. Lucille, you'll be Karl's partner and Harry will be mine."

Harry playfully doffed his hat and sprang to Anna's side in the attitude of a soldier saluting his superior.

"We really ought to toss up our rackets to decide the court and the service, you know."

Karl won the toss.

"Now according to the rules of the game you may choose the end of the court in which you will play or you may choose to serve first. Which will it be?"

"Court" and "Serve"

Karl chose the court that he preferred. Anna announced that she would serve first.

Lucille and Harry stood by with a look of puzzled concern on their faces. Harry shrugged his shoulders in a gesture indicative of hopeless ignorance and tapped his forehead significantly.

"Court and serve," he said. "Would you mind telling a fellow what you mean by your jargon?"

"Court," said Karl, stepping out with a wave of his hand and a bow of mock seriousness, as of one about to announce a great truth, "the ground enclosed by the base and side lines—size, thirty-six by seventy-eight feet; to serve—that which Anna will presently do."

Karl's Definitions

"Serve what? Lemonade?"

"Not yet," laughed Anna, "serve that ball, that is, strike it over the net the first time. You'll see; just wait."

"Net," announced Karl, continuing his tomfoolery, "three feet high in the middle and three and one-half feet at the posts; posts—each one three feet outside of the side line; service lines—four and one-half feet inside of the side lines from one base line to the other, also across each end of the court twenty-one feet from the net; half court line—this strip of tape right here, passing through

the middle of the net from the service line at one end to the one at the other; racket—the disturbance made by a greenhorn before—"

Here Harry walloped Karl over the shoulders with his coat, and Lucille inquired if it was necessary to remember all those distances in order to play the game.

"Oh, no, he's just fooling; but you see these smaller inner rectangles, they're the service courts, four of them. When I strike the ball over the net the first time it must fall in the service court diagonally opposite. Come on, boys, let's begin."

How to Count in Tennis

"How do you count this?" Harry inquired, combing his rumpled hair with his fingers, as he came around to take his place with Anna. "What do you play for?"

"You play for points," Anna explained, "and the side that first gets four points wins the game. The first point is called fifteen, the second one thirty, the next one forty, and the last one game."

"But what is a point?"

"Oh, I see what you mean—well, it's just like this," Anna replied, wondering how she was going to make the matter clear to Harry's inquisitive mind, "if we put the ball over the net and they fail to return it to us we score a point. Do you see?"

They Begin the Game

Harry was for asking further questions, but Anna made it plain to him that he could best learn the game by playing it. Taking her place, therefore, in the court that fell to them, Anna instructed Harry as to the part that he was to play in the game.

"You see, I serve first. I stand back of this line—this is called the base line—on the right side of the court and serve to Karl. He stands on the right side of their court, don't you see, and receives the ball. The place for you is somewhere near the back part of the service court to my left; Lucille stands in the service court to the left of Karl on the other side."

"What do I do? Just stand here and watch you play?"

"You watch the ball—don't watch me play. When Karl returns it send it back to him."

Anna served the first ball with admirable precision into the centre of the service court, and Karl failed to return it.

"Fifteen!" she sang out, hopping lightly to the other half of the base line for her next serve.

The First Bound

"Why didn't you get it as it went over the net?" called Harry to Karl, forgetting for the moment that they were playing against one another. "I could have hit that without half trying!"

Harry did not hear Karl's reply, for Anna at that minute walked up to him from the back, took him by the nape of the neck, and led him into the other service court, telling him that that was his place while she served to Lucille. "And don't ask too many questions at first; the reason Karl didn't hit the ball was because a served ball cannot be returned except on the first bound."

"Oh, I see!"

"Ready?" called out Anna.

"Talking to me?" called Lucille in reply.

"No, to Karl. I can't serve until he is ready. If I did it would be a let, and I would have to serve the ball over again."

"He's ready," Lucille answered, wondering what it meant to be "ready."

A Net Ball

This time Anna served the ball into the net. Lucille made a rush to return it and excited some laughter by her manner of attacking the net.

"Wait—wait!" called Anna. "I have another ball, you know. That was a fault, and I still have one more chance to serve you a good ball."

Anna scored again. The ball bounded from the back of the service court, and Lucille made one reckless swoop for it with her racket and missed it. Karl gave her a little instruction as to the manner of holding her racket, and Anna was ready to serve to him again.

"That makes thirty for us, you know," she called, motioning at the same time to Harry that his place was now in the other court again.

Anna's first ball fell back of the service court this time, and she took advantage of the occasion to explain that a ball so served is a fault, entitling her to another trial. The second ball was returned by Karl in good form, immediately volleyed by Harry, returned again by Karl, sent back by Anna from the back part of the court, and finally landed just over the net in front of Harry by Karl.

Karl and Harry Keep the Ball Going

"Thirty-fifteen!" shouted Anna.

"Whee! that's some fun, isn't it!" exclaimed Harry.

"Let me show you something," said Anna, stepping up to Harry. "Hold your racket like this when you are waiting for a ball; see, with the blade of it resting on the fingers of your left hand, then you're ready for the ball when it comes."

Anna's next serve to Karl resulted in another prolonged exchange of the ball, the point finally being scored by Karl and Lucille.

"That's thirty-all!" called Anna, intent upon keeping the score definitely in mind, more for Harry's benefit than for any other reason.

Here there was a pause in the game, while Anna called Harry and Lucille together and gave them a few directions to help them to better their playing. "Father says that you should stand so that you can very easily make a start in any direction after the ball. Stand with your weight on your toes more than on your heels, put your feet a little farther apart than you would ordinarily have them, and with your knees bent a little. And remember about always having your racket ready. Father says you must always hold it firmly—that's the very word he uses —firmly."

How to Stand in Playing Tennis

Serving again to Karl, Anna had occasion to explain that serving from the wrong court is a fault. Stepping

over to the proper court she served the second ball, Karl failed to return it, and the score was forty-thirty.

Anna and Harry Win

The next time Anna served the game was won by her and Harry. Harry made a spectacular display of his ability to return a ball into the most unguarded part of the opponents' court and won much praise from Anna.

"That's what counts more than anything else, Father says—quickness of sight and activity."

The next game was served by Lucille. She insisted, too, upon calling out the score each time. Harry played remarkably well for a beginner, being especially noted for his ability to make a rapid play. Karl was slow, and lost a point or two on account of Harry's superiority over him in this respect. Anna played well, considering the fact that her attention was constantly distracted from her play by her effort to keep Harry and Lucille informed of new things that were continually coming up in the course of the play. Lucille was reckless and thoughtless, and tried Anna's patience sorely.

Two of the things that Anna was called upon to explain in the course of the second game were the terms "love" and "deuce."

"Love," "Deuce" and "Vantage-in"

"No," she corrected, when Lucille had erroneously announced the score, "the score is love-fifteen. The server's score is always mentioned first in announcing the score, and as you made no point your score is called 'love.' If you should lose the next point it would be love-thirty."

But Lucille did not lose the next point. So evenly were the players matched that the score was soon deuce.

"That means that each side has made three points," Anna explained, "and now neither side can win until it has scored two points in succession. If you win the next point—you're the server—the score is called 'vantage-in'; if we win it, it is 'vantage-out.' But you must remember that neither side can win the game until it has scored two points in succession."

It so happened that Anna and Harry won again. Indeed, Harry gave promise of becoming a fine player.

"Now let me tell all of you what Father showed me about handling my racket," said Anna, gathering her guests about her and demonstrating with her own racket. "Father says that you should practice a long swinging stroke—a sort of a swing of the whole body from the knees upward. Your racket should start from a point as far back as you can reach—see, like this—and you should bring it forward with an easy, free swing of the arm from the shoulder—see the way I do it—until it has gone forward as far as you can reach. It is a mistake, Father says, to use your wrist so much in making the stroke—use your whole arm and make a long, easy stroke from the shoulder. And another thing that I have noticed about your playing, Lucille, is that you do not always hold your racket horizontal when you return the ball. You can't expect to play well if you don't."

The Proper Swing of the Racket

In the games that followed the effect of Anna's suggestions was apparent. Interest increased as Harry and Lucille learned more about the best way to handle the racket and became better acquainted with the rules of the game. At the end of the fourth game the players stopped for a rest. Anna ran into the house and brought out a pitcher of lemonade and the party repaired to a shady spot to enjoy it.

"We'll go on and play a set," she announced.

"What's that?"

"The side first winning six games wins a set, unless both sides have won five games. Then the score is games-all, and one side must win two games in succession to win a set."

They Play a "Set"

"Isn't it wonderful!" exclaimed Lucille. "There's ever so much more to the game than I thought at first. It looks so simple—just knocking the balls back and forth across the net—but it is really a very complicated game after all, isn't it?"

In the games that followed Anna paid more attention to her playing and proved her ability to play a very fair game for a beginner. Karl, on account of his slowness, lost more than one point; Harry, fast gaining a reputation for quick and spectacular plays, made points at the most unexpected times; and Lucille, though unable wholly to overcome her wild recklessness of manner and her tendency to get the ball over the net regardless of everything else, improved very perceptibly in her play. The set was won by Anna and Harry after eight games had been played.

Mr. Grayson Appears

At this time, as if he had been waiting for that particular moment to appear, Mr. Grayson arrived. Anna greeted her father enthusiastically, related to him in one breath the story of the games that had been played that afternoon on the new tennis court, and begged him to observe the play of a single game and give criticism upon it, as they were in a hurry to learn.

"Just tell us some of the biggest mistakes that we make in holding our rackets, and in striking the ball, Father."

Mr. Grayson, after regarding the situation a moment, said he believed that everyone had played enough for that day, but he would be glad to answer questions and give instructions.

A Strenuous Game

"Too much tennis the first day may make you feel too stiff and lame to-morrow ever to want to play again. Tennis is a game that requires a great deal of physical exertion, and you should be careful not to overdo at first. Now what was it you wanted to know about the racket?"

"Well," Anna replied, "I showed them how to stand—you remember how you showed me—and told them a little about the racket, but I didn't say anything about forehand and backhand strokes and all that."

"Oh, I see. That's simple enough. You understand, in tennis all strokes are not made in the same manner. It is often to advantage to make one stroke in one way

and the next in another. The aim of the player in returning a ball should be to put it in that part of his opponents' court that is hardest for his opponent to reach just then. There is much in knowing how to strike a ball so that it will bound at a desired angle, and many times it is necessary to curve the ball if it is to be played most effectively. All these things you will learn by practice. You will learn, too, how to return a ball so that the opponent will be unable to judge accurately its velocity. But what I can show you now is how to manage the forehand and the backhand strokes.

Forehand and Backhand Strokes

"Always grip your racket tightly at the end. Never place the forefinger along the handle, as some very poor players do. Meet the ball with a full racket, swinging the racket freely from the shoulder and allowing the whole body to help in executing the swing. Now we will suppose that you are standing as you should stand when prepared to receive the ball: your weight evenly distributed on both feet, your knees slightly bent, and your whole body ready to change its position in an instant. Your racket will lie across the front of the body, supported by the fingers of the left hand. Now, in making the forehand stroke the left foot is brought forward and a little in advance of the right while the arm reaches back and is swung forward to make the stroke. In making the backhand stroke you naturally have a tendency to grasp the racket in a different manner—like this, perhaps—while your right foot is brought forward as the arm reaches out for the stroke."

How to Hold the Racket

"Now tell about serving, Father."

"I don't know as there is much that I can tell, though there is a great deal that I might show you. The first ball should be sent at great speed with an overhand stroke. The second one need not be so fast. It is a mistake to serve a ball so that it falls easily and slowly into the service court and bounds at an angle that will enable the striker-out to return it without effort. And it is also

a mistake to send it up so high into the air that it passes over the net at a great height, for then the striker-out can easily return it. Remember always to place the ball in that part of the service court that your opponent is leaving unguarded at the time. By drawing the racket across the ball as you strike it, you can cause it to curve or to bound from the court in an unexpected way when it strikes the ground. In this way you are able to surprise your opponent. Remember, too, to watch how your opponent meets the ball with his racket; you will perhaps be able to judge how it will fall into your court and will be the better able to meet it."

The Proper Way to Serve

Here Lucille interrupted to inquire the meaning of the term "striker-out." Harry wanted to know about the position of the server.

"The person who plays the ball is the server, and the one who receives it is the striker-out. In serving the player stands back of the base line—he must be careful not to walk or step or hop, but must stand in one spot with both feet back of the line—and his first serve in every game will always be from the right half of this line as he faces the net."

"What if a ball falls right on the line?" asked Lucille.

"In that case it is counted as falling within the court."

"And do you always play from one court as we have been doing?"

"No. Players should change courts at the end of the first and third games and of every other game thereafter if playing singles—in doubles, at the end of the set. I think you understand all about the rest—how the striker-out in the first game becomes the server in the next, and how, when you are playing doubles as you have been to-day, you and your partner serve turn about, first one game and then another, the same person serving throughout one entire game. In striking-out it is the same way—you are striker-out for one score and your partner for the next."

Changing Courts

"Anna talked about faults and lets. What are they?" asked Harry.

"Well, let me see if I can sum it up in a few words. You see, the server has two chances to place a ball in the service court; in other words, if the first trial is a failure he still has another ball. Now a fault is a failure on the part of the server. It may be that he did not stand as he should—with both feet back of the line—or that he ran or jumped a little in serving; either of these things would be a fault. Or it might be that he struck the ball but did not put it over the net; or maybe struck it so that it went into the net; either of these things would be a fault. Or if the server failed to cause the ball to land in the proper service court across the net—that would be a fault. Or if he served from the wrong court—that, too, would be a fault."

What Is a "Fault"?

Harry made a gesture indicating that he was trying to hold in his memory all that Mr. Grayson had just said. Mr. Grayson smiled and continued a little more slowly to explain the difference between a fault and a let.

"A fault is a failure on the part of the server to serve properly. If he makes a fault he still has a chance to score on the second ball, but if he makes a fault the second time the opponent scores, since he is allowed but two trials. Now a let is a play that does not count at all. For instance, if the ball should strike the top of the net and then fall into the proper service court it would be a let, or if a ball is served when the striker-out is not ready —that, too, is a let. A let does not count, you understand. If a server should make such a play on his first attempt to serve, he would still have two trials."

What Is a "Let"?

"Oh, yes, I see—at least I think I do just now. But if I were playing I would probably not remember all that you have told us."

"Well, suppose you don't remember it all. You will find that as occasion arises you will learn. There is a big difference between the science of a game and the art

of it—it's one thing to know the rules and quite another to know how to play. If you direct your attention to playing the rest will take care of itself. Tennis is one of the finest of outdoor games, and once you have acquired a liking for it, so to speak, you will always be enthusiastic about it."

"It's surely a good game to give you exercise," remarked Karl, shifting his position a little wearily.

"And it teaches a fellow to move quickly," added Harry.

Tennis Develops Muscle Control

"Yes, and it does more than that, though that is a great deal," said Mr. Grayson. "Tennis not only gives one vigorous exercise and develops quickness of sight and agility, but it develops muscle control. No one can be a good tennis player who does not have excellent control of his muscles."

"Oh, Father, we've talked about tennis long enough—we're rested, let's play another set," pleaded Anna.

But just at that moment Mrs. Grayson appeared to announce that dinner would be ready in a short time—Anna's birthday dinner—and all thought of another game was abandoned for the day.

"Wasn't my birthday party a grand success!" Anna exclaimed in a burst of gratitude to her father that night. "You couldn't have thought of anything better for a birthday gift! And the best of it is that the party has only just begun. We'll keep on celebrating all summer, won't we?"

"READY? PLAY!"

CHAPTER XX

THE SECOND BATTLE OF HENDERSON'S FIELD

"IT WAS just about a year ago at this time that we had that contest to see which side would win Henderson's Field, wasn't it? Don't you remember?"

Spencer's remark carried with it no feeling of resentment or concern for anything that may have happened in the past. It was an open confession of good will and fellowship.

Karl's New Game

"Now tell us about this new game you have, Karl," Spencer continued. "Is it something that any number can play?"

The boys were gathered at the corner of Henderson's Field. One or two had expressed a desire to play something besides town ball, and someone had suggested another Indian chase through the woods. An appeal was made to Karl, who, because of his habitually quiet manner and his air of sober thoughtfulness, was often called upon to decide questions of this kind. His suggestions invariably met with approval.

It Suited the Woods Exactly

"Yes, any number can play," he replied, "and it's a game that suits the woods exactly—hiding and surprising one another and all that just like an Indian fight."

Karl immediately had the attention of all save the few who were reluctant to abandon the old game of town ball that morning. These few, holding out stubbornly for a time, made a pretense of enjoying themselves without their comrades, but before long gave up their make-believe and joined the group that was listening to Karl's description of the game.

"Now will all of you play? If you will, then we'll run

home for a minute to get the things that we need for the game. Do you all say 'yes'?"

There was a unanimous response in the affirmative.

"All right, then," Karl returned with more than his usual enthusiasm. "Every fellow must have a ball."

"A baseball?"

"No, it needn't be a regular baseball. It's better if it isn't. An ordinary rubber ball is all right, or a yarn ball, or any kind of a ball that you can throw easily; a baseball is too hard."

Accessories of the Game

"Is that all we need?"

"I'll bring the rest—no, let me see, Spence can bring part of it." Karl turned to Spencer and asked him if he could bring a piece of white muslin that could be torn into strips.

"White muslin!"

"Yes, not so very much; you can do that all right, and I'll see to the rest of the preparations."

Karl's directions, as he had intended that they should, excited much curiosity. The boys were more than anxious to get the balls and return. Karl set the time for return and the gathering dispersed, some of the boys bargaining with others for balls to be used in the new game and all speculating on possible uses for the white muslin torn into strips.

At the appointed time the boys were reassembled at the same corner of the field, each with a ball. Karl produced a piece of red calico and laid it alongside Spencer's white muslin, as if measuring the one by the other.

Red Calico and White Muslin

"Now the first thing is to choose sides," Karl began, kicking away the brush and pulling up one or two large weeds, so as to make it possible for all to stand in the shade. "Spence and Harry can do that."

The choosing was accomplished and the boys stood, seven on each side, awaiting further directions. Karl was tearing the muslin and the calico into strips, seven red and seven white.

"Now we have to have calls for each side," he continued, passing the strips of cloth out to the boys.

"But these—what are these for?" questioned two or three of the boys, handling the pieces of muslin and calico as if they were so many pieces of the finest silk.

"They're for badges," Karl informed his hearers, forgetting for the time that he had let his enthusiasm lead him into trying to explain two things at once. "The Reds on one side and the Whites on the other. You tie them around your arm—make sleeve bands of them," and Karl proceeded to adorn Spencer's sleeve with a band of white. "That's so the fellow who is hunting you will know which side you belong to."

The Reds and the Whites

"You said we would have to have calls. What kind of calls? Do you mean yells?"

"No, just whistles of some kind. Let's see, the Reds may have this—" and Karl imitated the call of the quail, "Bob-white! Bob-white! Bob-bob-white!"

"And how would this do for the Whites?" asked Spencer, imitating another bird-call, "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

"That'll be just the thing! Bobwhites and Whippoorwills we'll be. Can all of you make the call? Come, let's all try and see if we can."

A chorus followed of calls good, bad and indifferent, repeated and interrupted in bewildering confusion until most of the boys were prevented by laughter from continuing.

The Bobwhites and the Whip-poorwills

"Now listen," Karl was saying, "let me tell you how this thing is to be played. First we'll take our places—no, first I'll tell you about the game, then we'll take our places. One side will go to the pasture through the woods along the creek—you know the place I mean—and the other will stay here. Spencer and I have watches, and at exactly eleven o'clock the hunt will begin."

"What are we going to do? Each side try to capture the other?"

How to Play the Game

"No, this is the way," Karl explained. "Each side will advance through the woods and every fellow will be on the lookout for the enemy. The balls are the weapons, and when you hit one of the enemy he is dead and out of the game. He hands over his sleeve band and isn't good for anything except as a scout after that."

"A scout? What do you mean by that?" asked one of the boys.

"Why, he can only spy around for his own side and report to his fellows what he has discovered as to the whereabouts of the enemy. He still keeps his ball, but he cannot use it. If he is hit the second time by one of the enemy's balls he is out of the game altogether. He hands over his ball then, and quits for good. Do you see?"

Someone made a light remark about the possibility of a player's being killed the second time, but this passed in a ripple of laughter and Karl continued.

The Winner Takes All Badges and Balls

"So you see, the game is finally won by some fellow who manages to gather in all the badges and all the balls. When you hit a man he hands over his badge and also any other badges that he may have in his possession, badges that he has captured himself, you see; and it is the same way with the balls—if he has any balls that he has taken from scouts he hands these over, too."

There was a chorus of "Oh, yes," and "I see," and similar expressions, and the Whites said they were ready to go to the pasture right away.

"Now, remember," Karl concluded, "first you're a man, and then you are a scout—"

"Then you're dead for good!" someone added.

"—and it is better if you manage to work in pairs. Two men together can manage to protect each other, for a man can do scouting, too, just the same as if he were a scout; or a man and a scout together, you see. Anything is fair—hiding and springing out for a surprise, fooling the enemy into believing that you are somewhere else, pre-

tending that you have others with you, and so on—anything but using the other side's call. Everything is fair but that."

"But what is the use of the call?"

"Oh, that's for you to use in calling to your mates, or in decoying the enemy into a certain place where you want him, or for anything that you like in the way of communication. Each side can fix up a code of signals, you know, and the enemy can't understand, though he will know where you are. It's lots of fun."

Instituting a Code of Signals

Spencer and Karl compared watches, and Spencer and his men, the Whites or the Whippoorwills, left the field for the pasture. Harold and Henry were on the side with Spencer, and as the boys departed, many were the bantering remarks and the mock good-byes between them and Harry, who remained with Karl.

As soon as the Reds were left alone Karl proceeded to institute a code of signals.

"Now remember, fellows, one call like this, 'Bob-white!' means 'Here I am.' Two calls, 'Bob-white! Bob-white!' mean 'Where are you?' Three calls mean 'I am coming.' Do you understand?"

The boys repeated the signals, calling and replying to one another.

"But those aren't all. A call like this, 'Bob-bob-white!' will mean 'I need help,' and this 'Bob-white-white!' will mean 'I am only a scout'."

The Bob-white Calls

These, too, were repeated.

"Of course, two fellows can arrange a call between themselves if they don't use any of those calls. And remember, fellows, it's a good plan to listen to the signals of the enemy so as to learn what they mean if you can. They have a code of their own, too, you know."

Eleven o'clock came and Karl was ready to lead his men into the woods in pursuit of the enemy. As they passed along, he gave a few final directions.

"Now I'll start out alone at first—that will leave

three pairs of you—and if I get in a tight place and need help I'll call. Remember, boys, stick to your badge as long as you possibly can. If you're in the bushes and behind the trees it will be easier to dodge a ball, so be careful about exposing yourself in the open. And stick to one another in trouble—remember that, too."

With these parting injunctions Karl struck out through the woods for himself. For some time he followed a little path that led away from the field in the direction of the creek. When the sounds of his comrades' footsteps could no longer be heard, he felt strangely alone. Only the rustling of the forest leaves and the occasional call of a bird or the hum of an insect disturbed the stillness. The sun shone through the leaves in long yellow bars. All things invited repose. Karl dropped down for a moment on a log and listened intently for any sounds of the enemy. Once he fancied he heard a faint "Whip-poor-will!" in the distance, but later decided that he had been mistaken.

Karl Strikes Out Alone

Resuming his way, he passed a little cleared space with a row of small brush heaps. Beyond this the path was no longer discernible and Karl found himself wandering about aimlessly in the woods. Unconsciously he began to feel a great liking for the place. Again he dropped down on a log to listen. No sound save the whisperings of the trees and the hollow tapping of the woodpecker. Karl noticed a thin black line of ants crawling along the log and stooped over to watch them, recalling what Mr. Henderson had once said about the habits of ants.

A Narrow Escape

Zing! A ball whirred past Karl's ear! He jumped and dodged behind a tree. The enemy, whoever he was, would have to recover his ball, and that would perhaps give Karl a chance to capture his badge. But no! the ball was tossed back by some invisible hand from the thicket! So there was a pair of them! Karl thought of his unprotected position and began to figure on his chances for escape.

Slipping cautiously from his place behind the tree he crept along on the ground to the shelter of a clump of blackberry briars. Rolling under these, he concealed himself as best he could and awaited the time when the two Whippoorwills would go away. Presently he heard a call in the direction of the little clearing, "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!" it said. "Two calls," said Karl to himself, "I wonder what that means." The calls were repeated. There was no response.

Discovering a Whippoorwill

After a few moments Karl wriggled to the edge of the briars and looked about. Not thirty feet from him, his head above the stump behind which he was hiding, was a Whippoorwill! His face was turned in the opposite direction and he was quite unconscious of the fact that he was discovered. Karl immediately concealed himself again. It would never do, he reasoned to himself, to risk the chance of being caught, since he was alone and too far from his comrades to signal for help. The other Whippoorwill was no doubt in hiding near by, and to call would be to betray his hiding-place under the blackberry bushes.

The third time the call from the clearing was repeated, "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

Still there was no response from the Whippoorwill behind the stump. Stillness everywhere, save for the tapping of the woodpecker.

A Bobwhite Is Chased

Presently Karl heard a disturbance in the distance, as if someone were being chased through the brush. A moment afterward came the call, "Bob-bob-white!" and then again soon afterwards, "Bob-bob-white!"

"Some one of our fellows is in danger; he's being chased," thought Karl. Yet there was no response from any quarter. Karl knew that to respond would be to betray his hiding-place to the Whippoorwill behind the stump. Would the fellow never move?

Then, as if in response to the call from the clearing, Karl saw a Whippoorwill making his way through the

underbrush in the direction of the brush heaps. Remembering the Whippoorwill behind the stump, Karl made no effort to capture a badge. But the Whippoorwill behind the stump at last rose to follow. Karl calculated as well as he could, threw his ball, and missed the enemy! Fortunately, the Whippoorwill did not know that he had been the target of Karl's aim, and the ball passed by him into the thicket beyond, just as he broke into a run to join his comrade.

Firing at the Enemy

Karl's problem now was not to conceal himself from the eyes of the enemy, but to recover his ball. Creeping from his place in the briars—a very uncomfortable place, to be sure, but the best he could find—he searched long and carefully for his ball without finding it. A call from the clearing interrupted him, "Whip-poor-will-will!"

A different call, Karl thought. "Now what does that mean?"

Immediately afterward came the response, "Whip-whip-whip-poor-will!" from what seemed to Karl to be the top of a tree not far away in the direction of the creek.

"Whew! in the trees! I'll be seen sure!" fussed Karl, still searching desperately for his lost ball. "They seem to be thick around here!"

Karl found his ball under the edge of a log when he dropped down to hide from someone who was advancing along through the saplings to the left. When the footsteps had died away Karl rose and looked about. Apparently the woods were deserted, save for the insistent woodpecker.

Search for a Lost Ball

"Bob-white! Bob-white!"

Karl listened closely for the repetition of the call. Again it came, "Bob-white! Bob-white!"

Knowing that someone was calling to ascertain the whereabouts of some other of the Bobwhites, and thinking that he himself was very likely the one sought, Karl replied with three calls, saying that he was coming.

Breaking through the brush on the run, he continued in the direction of the call regardless of the danger to which he was exposing himself. Stopping for a moment to rest, he heard someone following him in the rear. He turned to face his enemy and met one of his own side, a Bob-white who, like himself, was fleeing from the neighborhood of the clearing.

Meeting a Friend

"It's no place to hang around," he panted. "The brush heaps are full of Whippoorwills!"

"But you ought to chase them," suggested Karl, forgetting that he might apply his suggestion to himself.

"Chase them yourself; I don't care for it. We can't afford to lose any more men! Did you know that Spence got three of us the very first pop?"

"Three!"

"Yes, sir, three of us right off! So you see we have only three scouts and four men now. Harry had one badge when I left him to look for you, but I think he must be in a pretty tight place by this time, for I saw two Whippoorwills going his way a little while ago. Their side will win if we don't look out."

The boys broke into a run again, hopping over logs, stumbling and squirming through thickets and dodging trees in their effort to reach Harry. They had almost gained the creek at the edge of the woods when they were pursued by the two Whippoorwills that Karl had just been warned of. Turning about suddenly, they opened fire on them and one Whippoorwill was forced to give up his badge. The other fled in great confusion, and Karl was just gloating over their luck when a sharper from the opposite side of the creek hit his comrade with a ball and forced him to give up both his own badge and the one he had just captured.

Gaining and Losing a Badge

Taking his comrade with him as scout, Karl resumed his way to the assistance of Harry. "Bob-white! Bob-white!" he whistled, then waited for a reply.

"Bob-white-white!" came the reply.

"Somebody that's only a scout," said Karl, "but maybe he can help us. We'll see. Come on!"

With but three men left, and perhaps not more than three scouts, the outlook was very unpromising for the Bobwhites. Karl determined to find Harry at all hazards. Taking the scout with them who had answered the call, Karl and the first scout followed up the creek for a long distance, keeping on the right bank. There were no indications of the enemy, and Karl decided at last that they would stop and listen for calls and perhaps do a little reconnoitering. The second scout had told Karl that Harry was last seen near the big elm tree not far from the bridge.

Defeat Threatens the Bobwhites

Karl concealed himself under the side of a small pile of brush where he could command a view of the creek bank and sent his scouts out to look for Harry. For a long time he lay wondering what sort of a place Harry had chosen for his last stand, and speculating upon the possibilities in the way of trapping some of the Whippoorwills. The sun was hot and the brush heap afforded scant shade. Karl was thirsty. Still there were no signs of the returning scouts. After what seemed a full hour to Karl, though it was in reality less than half that length of time, one of the scouts returned, flushed and out of breath, to report that Harry, with his one remaining man, lay in ambush far up the creek, and that three of the Whippoorwills had chased Karl's two scouts after they had left Harry, and had captured the other scout.

Reports from Harry

"That leaves just the two of us here," he concluded. "Harry sent out two scouts, he said, but they never returned. He thinks they were killed back by the clearing, for he sent them in that direction to look for us. So you see we can't depend on any but you and Harry, his man and myself."

"Well," said Karl after a moment's thought, "it's plain that there's only one thing to do, and that's to get to Harry as soon as we can. How far is it?"

"Oh, it's a long ways up the creek, and there are Whippoorwills between us and Harry. It'll not be easy."

At that moment there was a call from the trees on the other side of the creek. "Whip-poor-will!"

"There!" exclaimed the scout. "Harry says he thinks that is their danger signal. He says he heard it on two occasions when he was chasing them, so it must be that there are Bobwhites around somewhere!"

"Maybe the lost scouts!" and Karl proceeded at once to call "Bob-white! Bob-white!" Then, taking his scout by the arm, he scurried away. "Let's run," he whispered, "they'll be after us right off!"

Campaign to Join Forces

The boys had not proceeded far in the direction of Harry before they heard the enemy call repeated, this time on the other side of the creek again, and farther up. They argued from this that Harry and his man must be advancing to meet them. Soon after the same call came from their left and a little to the rear.

"They're following us!"

"Yes, but I think there's only one back here, and very likely he's only a scout and can't do us any harm more than to let the others know where we are."

After cautiously advancing for some distance, Karl paused and called for Harry. Almost immediately afterward came a response a little to the rear and over in the woods from the creek.

"We've passed him!"

Turning about in their course, Karl and his scout struck into the woods in the direction of Harry. On the way they encountered the lone Whippoorwill, who was indeed a scout and nothing more, and gave him a good chase but failed to hit him. Harry heard the commotion and came to the rescue with his one man.

The Whippoorwills Close in

"What a chase!" he exclaimed, "I've been hunting you almost all the time since you left us, as we went into the woods! Did you know that they're closing in on us?"

"How?"

"Spence and one man are back of us, probably crossing the creek about now, and the others—all but one, I think —are coming from the clearing. We'll have to do something to fool them, or it'll be the last of the Bobwhites!"

Keeping close together, the boys trotted along in the direction of the clearing, laying their plans as they went.

"Now you see," Harry was saying, "we may have two scouts somewhere over here in the neighborhood of the clearing and it would be foolish not to try to find them. They may know something about the Whippoorwills in the brush heaps."

Figuring the Enemy's Forces

The boys were quite in the dark as to the number of Whippoorwills that had been captured. Harry had one badge, Karl told of the one that he had seen captured and retaken, and since the lone Whippoorwill that they had just passed was only a scout, it was plain that the Whippoorwills could not have more than four men at most.

"They might not have even four," Harry figured. "One of the fellows that I sent toward the clearing still had his badge and it may be that he got one before it was taken."

"But how do you know that he is only a scout now?" asked Karl.

"He signaled it to me."

Suddenly the boys stopped. From the distance, rather faint and timid, came a call, "Bob-white!"

A Timid Call

"There's one of the fellows now! Either he's calling to the other, or calling in hopes that we may be near, for he's not calling very loud."

"Must be Whippoorwills are not far away!" remarked Karl.

"Sure! Now let's lay a scheme to get them. We'll send our scout out and he can find the other fellows, and the three of them can go over towards the clearing and scatter out a little and call to one another from different places and raise quite a disturbance, as if there was a whole flock of Bobwhites in the woods around there.

That'll bring the Whippoorwills this way and we'll lay for them. The scouts can call in different ways, fast and slow, high and low, so it will seem that there are four or five of them."

"And we three stay right here?" asked Karl. "I think it would be better if we scattered out a little, too. Spence and his men will be sure to pass through not far from here as soon as they make up their minds that we are not over by the creek. Why not each of us look for himself, and if one sees any Whippoorwills he can call the number like this, 'White-white!' for two, or just 'White!' for one. Don't you see? Then the other two will know what to expect."

Strategy of the Bobwhites

"That's a good idea! All right, boys, let's scatter."

Karl turned off into the woods to the left, and Harry went to the right. The other man followed the scout toward the clearing. Karl found nothing to occupy his attention for some time, except the thick brush and tangled undergrowth. Presently he came upon a small open space where a clump of tall weeds had grown up during the summer. He was about to pass on into the woods again when he noticed that the weeds had been trampled down in one place, as though someone had been lying there in hiding. He looked closer and saw that the weeds were but freshly broken and that two or three of the taller ones were slowly unbending. "Just left his hiding-place, whoever he is," thought Karl.

On the Trail of the Enemy

"White!"

The call came from the clearing. Karl turned to retrace his steps when he came face to face with a Whippoorwill just then leaving his hiding-place between two trees. In an instant Karl had hit him with his ball, and the fellow was forced to give up his badge together with others that he happened to have in his possession. Karl was so interested in finding how much spoil he had captured that he did not notice how the fellow managed to disappear so suddenly.

"Two red badges and two white ones besides his own! And two balls! That means—"

But Karl did not finish his soliloquy, for at that moment he heard the chorus of Bobwhites calling from the clearing. So well did the boys follow directions that Karl felt certain of success.

"White! White!"

Evidently Harry had seen two Whippoorwills pass.

Karl Takes Much Booty

Karl again turned to retrace his steps and for the second time met a Whippoorwill. However, it was only the one whose badge he had recently captured, so he had little to fear.

"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!" whistled the scout, dodging behind a tree to avoid Karl's ball. "Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

"Bob-bob-white!" came from the direction of the clearing. And then again, "Bob-bob-white!"

"Somebody's in great danger," thought Karl, stealthily following in the direction taken by the scout who had just escaped, "but just let me get this fellow out of the way first."

"Bob-bob-white!" Then came the sound of someone running through the woods. A moment later the man who had been with Harry burst from a thicket and crossed Karl's path. His pursuer followed and was instantly stopped by Karl, who threw at him and missed him. He turned and threw at Karl and also missed. For a moment they stood laughing, then rushed for their balls. In the meantime a Whippoorwill scout appeared and Karl took to the woods for safety.

An Indecisive Battle

Near the edge of the little clearing Karl met Harry who waved a white badge in triumph.

"They have only three men left then," said Karl, displaying the booty he had in his own possession.

Just then one of the scouts came up.

"Here," said Karl, handing over the spoils, "you take

MEN AND SCOUTS IN AMBUSH.

these and keep yourself in a safe place—then if one of us should be taken the Whippoorwills will not know anything about the number we have left. They'll not get anything but just our own badges, you see."

Karl and Harry Confer

"I think our other man is lost," added Karl, gloomily relating the incident of a few moments past. "A man with two scouts after him!"

"Oh, never mind, we'll get together behind the brush heaps and do something yet."

Karl and Harry, with the scout who had the trophies, met one of the other scouts in the clearing. He held out his hands in a helpless fashion and shook his head.

"Killed—dead—couldn't run fast enough," he said. "Lost his ball and now I'm the only one left!"

This reference to the other Bobwhite left Karl and Harry in no doubt as to the number of their forces. Only two scouts and the man in the woods, besides themselves!

"Now the thing to do," said Karl, "is for us to keep together—Harry and I—and for you to go out looking for our other man. And we'll have one scout left here with us."

"Find him if you can," put in Harry, "and give us one call if you see him and two if you see a Whippoorwill."

"We'll stay here behind this brush heap," Karl added, "so you'll know that the rest of the Bobwhites are all in one place."

A Lull in the Battle

For some time after the scout disappeared there was no sound from the woods save the continued whispering of the trees. It was very warm and the boys were tired. They leaned their heads against a bough and sat listening. The other scout was hidden with the trophies under a near-by thicket. The sun, shining down from the zenith, announced the hour of noon.

"I'm getting hungry," whispered Harry.

"So am I."

"Let's—sh!"

Someone was stealthily creeping up on the opposite

side of the brush heap. Two were creeping up! They settled themselves for a little consultation. Spencer and Harold!

"No," Harold was saying, "I don't think so. I think he went out on a hunt for the other fellow—the one that Henry caught."

"Then they can't have many men left—not more than four."

"Not that many—only three."

"That's more than we have," Spencer said in reply, "just you and Henry—you'll never be able to get them."

Spencer and Harold Appear

Karl and Harry strained every sense to get the whole of the conversation between the two Whippoorwills on the other side of the brush heap.

"You say Henry finally got both of the scouts?" Spencer continued.

"Both of them—he called to me twice."

"Then they have just—here comes Henry now!"

The boys rose to greet their comrade, and Karl and Harry shrank closer into the brush heap.

"Caught!" whispered Harry, "we're the only ones left!"

Henry was speaking. "Whew!" he said, "it was a chase. I'm all tired out—but I got them even if I did lose my badge!"

"Lose your badge! Then Harold is the only man left! And we're the only scouts! Here, let's see what you have."

Bagging Spencer and Henry

Karl, by means of gestures, told Harry that they would jump out and surprise Harold. Harry agreed, and the boys were squirming their way out of the brush when Henry stepped around and caught a glimpse of them. Immediately Harold fled to the next pile of brush. Spencer and Henry were soon forced to give up their balls, along with the other trophies they happened to have, and the chase began for Harold.

Stumbling accidentally into the thicket where Karl's

remaining scout was concealed, Harold captured all the spoils of the Bobwhites that the scout was guarding, and fled in the direction of Henderson's Field. The boys followed, Karl in advance.

Stopping a moment to listen, Karl was pelted on the head with a ball from Harold when he least expected it. Harold had concealed himself along the way, determined to fight to the last. Karl rushed back to announce his misfortune to Harry, then decided to wait by the side of the path until Harry should come up. Again Harold surprised him, and this time he was out altogether.

Chasing Harold

The fight was now between Harry and Harold. Harold had hidden himself behind a log, lying full length on the ground. Harry advanced along the path, stopping occasionally to listen, until he had covered nearly all the distance to Henderson's Field. Harold, with all his trophies, remained behind the log until his foe had reached the edge of the field, when he rose and followed.

The boys met. Quick as a flash Harry threw. Harold, too, threw, but being a little hampered by the great number of balls stowed away in his pockets, he was not as quick as Harry; and the trophies went to Harry.

The Trophies Go to Harry

The second battle of Henderson's Field was over, and the boys gathered with their comrades to talk over the incidents of the chase on the way home to dinner.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BEE FOLK

ONE day late in June Karl treated his friends to a day's visit at his Uncle Tim's in the country. Uncle Tim greeted the little party of dusty travelers with a welcome that was unmistakably genuine. With the single exception of Karl, he had seen none of them since the day of Miss McAllister's nutting party the fall before.

"Pretty tired you must be, walking all the way from town. Come out under the trees and we'll see what can be done to liven you up a bit."

A Visit to Uncle Tim's

Uncle Tim squinted in his shrewd way and disappeared, but only to reappear presently bearing a tray laden with something that bulged promisingly under a cloth. The clink of glasses and Uncle Tim's smile portended a surprise in the way of refreshments, and everybody was hungry and thirsty.

"Come on down under the old apple-tree by the garden," he said, leading the way to a shaded grassy bank a few rods distant. "And don't think because I offer you this that I have nothing that might suit you better," he added, uncovering the tray after all had been seated.

"Milk and honey!"

A Land of Milk and Honey

"Yes," chuckled Uncle Tim, "you've read about the land that flowed with milk and honey—well, this is the place. Here's some bread, too, though I believe nothing was said about the bread in that land; if you like bread with it, all right, though I'll take mine without the bread. If we just had some of those fish that we caught at Denwood Lake about a year ago! Do you remember the time you took me fishing?"

"Remember! I guess we do! The time that Henry Billings caught the bullhead twice?"

"Ah, yes! and you were a little afraid of the fish and the worms," Uncle Tim continued, turning to Lucille. "Have you come to like Nature better than you used to? You wouldn't be afraid to handle the fish now, would you?"

Then followed a rambling talk in which Karl and his friends related little incidents of the morning's walk tending to establish their claim that they had learned to love the out-of-doors a great deal more since the time Uncle Tim had told them about fish. Mr. Henderson had opened their eyes to many unsuspected things to be learned about the trees, the birds, the clouds, the stars, and the varied life of the fields. The conversation took the form of a duologue between Uncle Tim on the one hand and his visitors on the other, the whole party speaking, as it were, as one. When one spoke he seemed to voice the thought of all the others, so sure was Uncle Tim's perception of the thoughts and feelings of his hearers. And when Uncle Tim spoke, no one ventured to interrupt, such was his ability to hold the interest to one topic.

Uncle Tim's Nature Talk

"And so you still think that there may be some things in nature that are not worth studying? Let me tell you this, my young friends: there never was a truth in nature that was dull or uninteresting unless it was made so by the person who expressed it. Everything is wonderful, though some things are more wonderful than others. Yet many times we pass by unnoticed some of the most wonderful of all."

Nature Never Dull or Uninteresting

Here one of the girls jumped and gave a little cry, half of fright and half of vexation.

"Oo-oo! A bee!"

"Better keep the honey covered," Uncle Tim directed, calmly taking the cloth by the corner, "but first, I'll let this bee have all she wants."

With the end of his finger he scooped up a little of the honey with the bee, covered the dish with the other hand, and told his callers to sit nearer.

"Now, here, for instance, is an inhabitant of a world as marvelous as any you have read of in any fairy tale. She belongs to one of the little nations that I have over in the garden, and she is probably only taking back what rightfully belongs to her. See how contentedly she sips at it. When she has a load she will go back to the hive and probably bring with her on her return others to help her carry away the honey here on my finger. It would take a half-dozen bees to carry this away at one time."

Uncle Tim Is Not Afraid

"Oo-oo! Here's another one! Kill it!"

"Kill it!" Uncle Tim echoed in a tone of great surprise. "Would you commit murder? This is probably one that our friend here has already told about the honey—perhaps on a former trip to the hive."

"But why doesn't it sting you?"

"Sting me!" Uncle Tim gave a laugh of amused vexation. "That is all that most people think when they see a bee. If they knew anything at all about bees they would certainly not have this blind prejudice—for prejudice is what I call it. Sting me!" and Uncle Tim gently stroked the little honey-sipper on the back with the end of his finger.

"But bees do sting!"

"Sure, they sting, but not when they are gathering honey, and never unless they have a very good reason for it. The notion that bees 'naturally hate' some people is an erroneous one. If they are hostile to a person it is the fault of the person himself and not of the bees. Bees are quiet, peace-loving little creatures, asking for nothing so much as to be let alone. I was just saying that we often pass over some of the most wonderful things in nature simply because we do not trouble ourselves to observe closely. Now these bees could tell you a most wonderful story if you could understand

The Wonderful Story of the Bee

them. I might tell you some of it myself if I knew just how to go about it. There is so much to tell that I do not know where to begin. Perhaps it would be best to follow the bees."

So saying, Uncle Tim rose from his place and led his hearers to a place a few rods to the right, within a few feet of a beehive.

"Afraid? Nonsense! Come on! Sit here at the side, and you boys sit on the other side. The bees are working, and we don't want to disturb them by getting in their way. This is close enough to see, and if you sit quietly and mind your own business, not a bee is going to harm you." **Watching the Bees**

"Oh, look! Look!"

"Don't point. Keep your hands still. Your gestures might excite suspicion on the part of the sentinels."

"The sentinels?"

"Yes, the bees that guard the entrance—the policemen, so to say. You see, the colony of bees that we see here is really a very populous city. People have always been accustomed to regarding a swarm of bees as a number of bees ruled by a queen. This is not true. It is true that they have a queen, but their government is a republic and not a monarchy. I don't know whether you will understand me or not when I say that the republic of the bee folk is the result of long centuries of civilization in bee land, just as our republic is the result of long centuries of civilization. The bees here before us are civilized—actually civilized.

"Their life, as we see it, is not like the life of their remote ancestors. They have, by a process of evolution, built up a very complex civilization, and they have solved some of the problems that have vexed mankind for centuries—solved them for bee life, I mean. For instance, you hear men speak of 'increasing population' and 'decreasing food supply'—the bee folk have solved this question for themselves. You hear men talk of **The Civilization of the Bee**

'feminism' and the 'suffrage question'—this, too, they have settled. You have heard much about 'communal or individual ownership of property'—the bee folk know how to manage this. You hear about 'right' and 'might'—this is another question that they have settled satisfactorily for themselves.

"Think of it! Of all the inhabitants of this earth, these little insects—together with a few others of the same family, known as the Hymenoptera—possess the highest degree of intelligence after that of man! People say it is instinct. But people who say this do not know what they are talking about. Instinct never makes a mistake, and bees sometimes make mistakes in their calculations, as I could easily prove to you. Instinct is unable to cope with a situation wholly new in the life of the individual or of the race, but bees constantly adapt means to an end and otherwise make the best possible use of new situations. Bees have reason, rather than instinct; or, better yet, reason and instinct. Bees have wonderful little brains—truly marvelous little brains—in their tiny heads.

Bees Can Reason

"There is an old adage that there is nothing invariable about bees. Beekeepers know this well. A beekeeper never can tell just how a colony of bees will decide to handle a new situation, or what they may take it into their heads to do about a given circumstance. Everything that the bees do is done with absolute thoroughness, and done always with a mind to the future of the race. If they make mistakes, as they sometimes do, they are careful to profit by the lesson that their mistake has taught them.

The Bee Republic

"As I said before, each little colony (little, it may seem to us, though men have been very careful to count and have found that a colony ordinarily contains from 80,000 to 90,000 bee people)—each colony, I say, is a fully organized and well-governed republic. Each republic has traditions and a code of morals of its own, just as

republics among men have. Some of these bee republics are industrious to a degree far beyond their neighbors; some are quarrelsome, like republics in our world; some are greedy, and will even resort to pillage on occasions; some are wealthy; some are poor; some are well governed; some are careless about their political system; and so on. You can scarcely believe it, can you? But let us get down to things more particular. Watch closely here in front of the entrance for a few minutes.

"Do you see those bees posted at the sides of the entrance, so still and so wise-looking? Once in a while one of them moves about a few steps to the right or to the left, or forward and back, like a policeman on his beat. They are the sentinels I mentioned. They guard the entrance against robbers—against bugs, worms, and other things that would harm the swarm. If you watch long enough, you will see that they are relieved from time to time by others who take their places.

Sentinels of the Hive

"Notice, now, those bees standing in a row with their wings fanning the air. There is another row on the other side of the entrance, as you will see. Once in a while some other bee takes the place of one in the row and begins to fan in turn. They are the bees who ventilate the hive, and thus evaporate the raw nectar that has been carried in, so that it becomes honey. All night long this fanning is continued, and the current of air going in at one side and out at the other is especially noticeable, as you may demonstrate to your satisfaction with a candle flame. Inside are other ventilators, too.

Ventilating the Hive

"And along with these bees are others that seem to have no work at all—nothing to do but to walk up and down and watch the honey carriers coming in and going out. But every bee has her work, and these are the members of what we might call the Helpers' Committee, I suppose. They help the bees that fall with their heavy loads and are too tired to reach the entrance after alighting. See that one there! She is relieving a poor tired

The Helpers' Committee

forager of her load. Here is one talking to a police bee. I don't know what she is telling her, but it is probably something about the disposition of that leaf that has blown up in the way."

"Talking! Can they talk, too?"

"Well, I say talking, for that is the only way I know how to express it. You see their little antennae—feelers, you call them. If you watch carefully you will learn that bees communicate with one another by means of these. They have other means of communication, too, no doubt, but this is one that we see oftenest. Yes, sure enough! The Helpers' Committee has decided to drag the leaf away, but I guess the wind will do it for them. When a bit of dirt, or a straw, or—"

How Bees Talk

Uncle Tim was interrupted by a chorus of "Look! Look!"

"Hush!" said Uncle Tim, looking solemn. "That is a funeral. Those bees are undertakers. And that poor ghastly white thing with the big dark eyes that looks so like a bee is a dead pupa—a bee that has died in the cell for some reason before it was ready to come out. See how they carry it away from the entrance? Dirt and sticks and things like that they drop just over the alighting board, but dead bodies are carried far off. When a worker is ready to die she dies in the field, usually, and thus saves the trouble and the expense, we might say, of a funeral.

A Bee Funeral

"There comes a black ant. Now watch. You'll see something interesting. See! There is a little conference going on about it! There they go! See that? One bee took the ant in her arms, so to say, and flew away up in the air. If we could follow her we would see that she carried the ant up a distance and then dropped it. That is the way they manage ants, who like to slip in, if they can, and steal the honey."

Disposing of an Intruder

"Look at the bees with yellow on their legs! Is that honey?"

"No, that is pollen—the dust from the flowers. Those bees are the pollen carriers—the younger bees, usually. You will notice that the pollen is of different colors, and that one bee never carries more than one kind at a time. The pollen from dandelions is of an orange color; that from clover is russet; apple-blossom pollen is pale yellow; the pollen from blackberries is a greenish white; that from poppies is almost black; and other kinds of pollen are red, gold, buff, gray, and so on. The pollen is put into cells—bins, we call them—and is used for different purposes. Mixed with layers of honey it makes what is known as beebread. The nectar that bees gather from flowers varies somewhat, as the pollen does. An experienced beekeeper can tell by the taste and the color of the honey the kind of flower from which it was made."

Pollen Is of Different Colors

"What is that bee doing? Look, they're after another bee!"

"Oh, no. They are only brushing and combing a poor worker who is all tired out and disheveled. See how carefully they do it with their tongues and their fore feet. Presently the worker will be ready to go back for another load. Or perhaps that particular bee is a water-carrier, since she seems to be so dirty. The water-carriers bring water to give to the baby bees inside—the little larvae, or white worms in the cells. Usually, the water-carriers work in the morning before the dew has dried and in the late afternoon after the flowers have begun to close.

"Now if we could see inside the hive—as beekeepers often do in handling their bees—we could see the nurse bees at work taking care of the young larvae. The nurse bees are the youngest bees of the swarm. Before they are old enough to fly they busy themselves taking care of the babies. Nobody is idle in this wonderful bee city. The nurse bees secrete a kind of bee milk that they feed to the baby bees along with honey and water. Later, when the larva stretches out in the cell, there are bees

The Nurse Bees

whose office it is to seal the cell over so that the worm can have its sleep and grow legs and wings and a head and become a full-grown bee.

"As the nurse bees grow older they go outside from time to time—usually about the middle of the day—and practice flying in front of the hive, always facing the hive at first, so that they will not be lost and so that they can get the location of the hive in mind. The bees that go out to the fields to work always come back to their own hive, you know.

"Besides the nurse bees inside of the hive there are other kinds of workers. Some we might call porters. The foragers, or the bees that carry in honey and pollen from the fields, do not stop to unload their cargo in the cells where it is to remain. That would be a waste of time. They unload in cells not far inside of the entrance, and the honey is then carried by the porters to the storage cells farther up. In this way much time is saved. And bees never waste time.

Porters of the Hive

"Then there are the bees who wait upon the queen. They go about with her, feed her, keep her clean, show her where to lay the eggs, and pay her all the respect and adoration that people usually pay to royalty, even walking about backwards in front of her so that they are always facing her. They are called the queen's retinue. I haven't time to tell you all the wonderful things that they do for her.

"Besides these there are the wax-builders—the engineers, the mathematicians, the sculptors, the architects, the chemists—a most wonderful army of little workers. You might smile at the idea of chemists, but it is a fact that the honey cells are never sealed over until the contents are ready to be sealed. Nectar, as it comes from the flower, is three-fourths water and contains what is known as cane sugar. Honey is never more than a sixth part water and contains grape sugar. Honey is acid, while nectar is neutral. The acid in honey is formic acid

Chemists Among the Bees

—the same acid that is in the poison sac of the sting. Some men believe that the chemists put a tiny drop of acid from the sting into the cell before sealing it, so as to preserve the honey, though authorities differ on this point. But I started to tell you about the wax-builders."

Here Uncle Tim took a piece of honeycomb in his hand and called attention to it as he talked, brushing aside a bee from time to time who came to examine it.

The Wonders of Comb-building

"I scarcely know where to begin in telling you about comb-building. It is so wonderful in every detail. Look at this comb. Here are a few cells not sealed over as yet. These cells, as you see, are hexagonal in shape, their bases composed of three rhombs; and the cells on opposite sides of the midrib, or common base, are so ordered that one of these cell-bottoms forms parts of three cell-bottoms on the opposite side. By this arrangement there is the greatest possible economy of space with the least expenditure of wax and labor.

The Bees Calculate Exactly

"The most wonderful part of all is the way in which the bees manage to build this comb from both sides at a time, always keeping the comb in line and never making a cell the tiniest fraction of an inch too deep or too shallow. The wax walls, as you see them here, are a one hundred and eightieth part of an inch in thickness, and these cells are one-fifth of an inch in diameter and five-eighths of an inch deep. Another kind of cells that I shall mention later is one-fourth of an inch in diameter and one-half inch deep. Then there is the queen cell, but I shall speak of that later, too. The combs are always built so that there is a passageway between them wide enough for two bees to pass on opposite combs. In modern beehives the combs are arranged by the beekeeper, though always with reference to these calculations of the bees."

"Where do the bees get the wax?"

"The wax is secreted from the bodies of the workers in little pockets on the under side of the abdomen. It comes out in little flakes, and the bee has a little tool

on her legs with which she takes off the wax and molds it, chewing it in her mouth and mixing it with other secretions to form comb. When it comes from the bee it is as white as snow. The wax-makers—the comb-builders—hang always in a thick cluster. By means of a change in their respiration they are able to raise the temperature of the hive several degrees during the process of comb-building. This is always necessary before the wax scales will appear.

The Wax-makers

"Some bees—the architects, we might call them—do not secrete wax at this time, but devote themselves to molding and shaping the cells. The cluster hangs below the comb that is being built, and as each bee has her tiny bit of wax ready she goes to the top and fastens it to the comb, returning below as soon as she has done this, so that others may contribute their bit of wax. The architects keep on the job, pinching and molding and building the cells. If a particularly hard problem in engineering comes up, as it sometimes will, especially in the old style hives, a consultation is held and the bees decide upon the best way of building the comb, so as to give it the needed strength to hold the weight of the honey and bees, and yet have the necessary passageways and the proper slope to the cells. The combs hang vertically, like this, so that the cells are horizontal. But in order that the honey may be kept in the cells, they are built with an upward slant of four or five degrees. The larger cells—called drone cells, because it is in them that the drones are hatched—hold more honey and require less wax, and it sometimes happens that the bees decide to build drone cells if the honey is coming in very fast and they have no place to put it."

The Bee Architect

"Tell us about the baby bees—the little worms in the cells."

"Well, you know there are three kinds of baby bees—the baby queens, the baby drones, and the baby workers. I shall speak of the worker first, because that is the kind

that you know. The queen, you understand, is the mother of all in the hive, drones, workers, and any young queens that may be hatched. She does nothing but lay eggs during a certain season of the year, and she can lay as many as three thousand eggs in a day—think of it! She is really only a monstrous egg-laying machine, and that is why the bees guard her and care for her so carefully. They know that the life of the swarm depends upon her.

The Baby Bees

"At the end of the third day after the egg is laid in a worker cell, it hatches into a tiny white grub or worm. The egg itself is very small, long in shape, white, and glued to the end of the cell (or, the bottom of the cell, as we are in the habit of speaking). When the little larva hatches it is fed by the nurse bees, until it grows so large that it can no longer remain curled round in the cell. It takes nine days for it to attain this size. At the end of the ninth day it straightens out and the bees seal it up. Then it sleeps nine days longer and in the meantime it changes from a larva to a pupa, to hatch out at the end of the twenty-first day, a young worker bee. At first it is a little weak and timid, but the nurse bees brush it up and soon it is ready to begin its work of caring for other little ones.

Sealing up the Larvae

"The baby drones grow in a similar way, only more slowly. They are hatched in the larger cells that I mentioned as drone cells, and they remain eleven days in the larva state and eleven days in the pupa, so that in all they are twenty-five days in coming into the world. As the drones are so large, it is necessary for the bees, in sealing them up in the cells, to raise the cappings of the cells a little to accommodate the drones' heads, so that a comb of drone brood that has been sealed presents the appearance of a layer of brown peas, split in halves and laid with the round side up.

Baby Drones

"The baby queens hatch from the same kind of egg that the workers hatch from, but they have a cell built

especially for them. It is hard to describe accurately to one who has never seen one. At first it has the appearance of a small acorn cup. The little larva is so well fed with a special kind of food, called royal jelly, that it actually swims in the delectable stuff. At the end of six days it is old enough to be sealed. And about six days more and it has become a young queen ready to step out into the world if the bees are willing. So you see the bees can have a young queen within fifteen days after the egg has been laid. The queen cell, after the young princess has been sealed over, has the appearance of a very long and rather small closed-end thimble. The princess hangs with her head downward."

Royal Jelly

"And don't the bees let her come out when she wants to?"

"Not always. I suppose that I will have to do the best I can to tell you about the queens, though it is a very complicated story, and one not easy to tell. It is so much easier to watch it with your own eyes. In the first place, then, let me say that the bees have but one queen at a time to whom they pay homage. She is, as I have said, only a machine for laying eggs. She is really feeble-minded as compared with the workers. She could not gather honey if she wanted to, could not carry pollen, and although she has a sting that is longer than a worker's and curved (the sting of the worker is straight) she never uses it save to fight another queen. She is fed and attended very carefully by her courtiers during the egg-laying season, though at other times of the year she goes about with scarcely any attention at all from the workers. She cannot secrete wax. She has only four nerve ganglia in her body where the worker has five. In fact, she is an inferior sort of creature in all but one respect: that she is the mother of all the others.

The Queen Bee

"And isn't it enough that she is the mother? Without her the swarm would speedily perish. If she is injured or lost or taken away, the news spreads like wild-

fire, and the whole bee republic is thrown into the greatest confusion. She is a ferocious creature toward other queens, there being an ineradicable jealousy between queens. That is why the workers will not let the young princesses out of the cells when they want to come out. If they did, the old queen would kill them on the spot. Usually there are six or eight of these princesses ready to come out about the same time. This happens some time in May usually, though perhaps in June.

Mother of All the Hive

"Beekeepers do not know how the egg that hatches the princesses is placed in the queen-cell cup; some believe that the queen is made to lay it there, while others believe that the bees carry it there from a worker cell. No one has ever seen the process. However that may be, when the bee republic begins to prepare to swarm they always build these queen-cell cups. And when the princesses are ready to come out all is in readiness for a swarm. The bees have kept the old queen from laying—probably by refusing to feed her as they have been feeding her—and she is then light enough to be able to fly. There are few babies left to feed, and so everything is in readiness for a grand holiday.

The Young Princesses

"But this leads me to tell how the bees swarm. That, too, is a complicated process. You have perhaps seen a swarm of bees in the air and know how they seem to give themselves up to a joyous abandon. But it is not for long. On the day that the bees decide to swarm (some men believe that it is the queen who makes this decision) everyone who is to leave the old home with the queen makes preparation by loading himself with honey. Then the swarming note is sounded and all pour forth. At first everything seems to be chaos. Round and round the bees wheel, sometimes high up in the air, the queen with them, usually, until they find a place to cluster. They never fly directly away from the old hive to the woods. The beekeeper, therefore, has an opportunity to

How Bees Swarm

hive them in a new hive. The reason why they cluster is this: Before they can go away they must first know where they are to go, and in order to settle this question they send out a small scouting party to look for a new home. This scouting party is sometimes gone several hours, or even days, while the bees still cluster and await them.

"Suppose, now, that the beekeeper does not take care of his swarm. As soon as the scouts return, they tell the others about the place that they have chosen, and immediately the whole swarm rises and goes off in a 'bee line' for the place. Once there, they set to work to make a home of it. The first thing is to get it cleaned and have combs built. While certain bees set about the business of cleaning and plastering up the place, varnishing it with propolis, or bee-glue that is gathered from tree-buds, especially willow buds, others cluster and begin the business of comb-building, as I described it to you. Some few go at once to the field, and it often happens that the carpenters are greatly rushed to get the combs ready and the house in order for the first honey. The old queen begins again to lay and soon there are babies to care for and life is going on as usual."

Making a New Home

"Then do the bees in the old hive let the princesses out?"

"Usually. At least one of them has been let out. As soon as she has learned to fly, which is after a few days, she is ready for her wedding flight. If she returns safely from her wedding flight, the others are let out or killed in their cells. While the young queen is in the hive and before she is old enough for her wedding flight, the bees have much ado to keep the cells well guarded and to keep the princesses within from breaking out. The virgin queen in the hive utters a peculiar piping sound familiar to beekeepers, expressing her hate toward the guarded princesses, while the princesses respond to her in the same way. Often this piping can be heard at night.

The Virgin Queen in the Hive

THE HAUNT OF THE BEE.

"Whether the bees let all the virgins out or not depends upon whether they want to cast a second swarm. Sometimes they swarm when the virgin queen takes her wedding flight. Sometimes they do not. In the latter case, as soon as the queen has returned from her wedding flight, the guards let the young princesses out and a mighty slaughter begins, the new queen killing the virgins. If the virgins are all let out at once, they fight one another, and the strongest one is left to take her wedding flight and become the mother of a new swarm. I might tell you a great many little details in connection with this matter of the virgin queens, but it is all too complex for you to understand very well unless you have observed bees a great deal as I have.

A Battle Royal

"Before telling you of the wedding flight I must speak of the drones. You know it has been often said that the drone is a poor good-for-nothing fellow. It is true that he cannot gather honey or pollen and cannot make wax. It is true that he will not work—in fact, he cannot, since he has not the necessary working tools as the workers have. He has no sting. He has a small brain. He is always at the mercy of the workers, not being able even to feed himself without help. At certain seasons of the year there may be hundreds of drones in the hive, but in the winter there are none at all.

The Life Story of the Drone

"Many beekeepers are of the opinion that drones are free to go from hive to hive, not remaining always in one colony, as workers do. At any rate the drone is a happy-go-lucky fellow, loud, noisy, and always having a good time. He has wonderfully strong wings and can fly at a tremendous speed. He has a wonderfully keen sense of sight, and a fine voice. The drone is the father bee, as the queen is the mother bee. But the most wonderful part about it is that he has no father himself. He is the father of workers and queens only, never of other drones. I might explain here that worker bees are hatched from the same kind of an egg that hatches a queen—they are,

The Drone Has No Father

in fact, undeveloped queens. On rare occasions—I cannot tell you about it now—worker bees may even lay eggs, though these eggs hatch only feeble drones. Under ordinary circumstances, when there is a queen, or the means of raising a queen, workers are sexless.

"On her wedding flight the virgin queen flies far and fast and high up in the air. She is married to the drone high in the air and the poor fellow always dies immediately, so that she lives a widow ever afterward. Perhaps she may never leave the hive again, unless it be with a swarm. She returns to the hive after her flight, and is immediately paid all due respect as the mother of the colony. Soon after she begins to lay, laying fertile or infertile eggs at will—the fertile eggs in the worker cells and the infertile eggs in the drone cells. Ordinarily the percentage of infertile eggs is small, since infertile eggs hatch only drones. This is perhaps the most wonderful phenomenon that men have observed in the study of bees."

The Wedding Flight

"How long does a queen bee live?"

"That depends upon circumstances, of course. A queen that grows old with a swarm will live to be five or six years old, though as she grows older she becomes feeble and cannot lay as many eggs. Sometimes the bees decide that their queen is too old to be of any further use to them in keeping up the strength of their republic. Then they raise another queen, as some believe, by taking an egg that has been laid in a worker cell in the usual way (or a worker larva not more than three days old) and enlarging the cell to make a queen cell of it.

Making Away with the Old Queen

"When the new queen has had her wedding flight and is ready to take charge of the hive, they kill their old mother—actually murder her—and pay homage to the new queen. When bees kill a queen, as they sometimes do, for one reason or another, they do not sting her. It seems to be an unwritten law in bee land never to sting a queen. Instead they form a close ball of bees about

her—bees changing places from time to time so as not to lose their own lives in the process—and smother her to death. Beekeepers call this 'balling' the queen. Sometimes it takes a number of hours to accomplish this execution.

"In executing the drones, the bees prefer to cripple the poor fellows by disabling one wing or injuring them in some other manner. In the latter part of the summer, when the honey flow has begun to decrease and the bees have no further use for the drones, they make a wholesale massacre of them. Sometimes this massacre takes place all on the same day, a number of colonies joining in massacring their drones; but oftener it is prolonged over a number of days. The drones are unable to defend themselves save by escape from the hive. Once out of the hive, they are not allowed to return, sentinels being kept posted all night long in front of the hive to keep them out. These sentinels are relieved from time to time by others when they begin to suffer too much from the cold. But when morning comes the poor drones have all perished of cold.

Execution of the Drones

"Bees will even go so far as to haul the poor drone babies from their cradles and drag them out—ghastly white corpses with great staring eyes. The massacre of the innocents is always a terrible thing to see. But all this must be done in order to conserve the stores for winter and perpetuate the life of the swarm. No idlers are tolerated in the bee republic."

"And how long does a worker live?"

"In the busy season of the year a worker bee literally works herself to death, many of them living no longer than four, five, or six weeks; but in the fall, when the bees prepare for the winter, the workers have a life of as many months before them. Contrary to the general belief, bees do not sleep during the winter. They gather themselves together in a closely packed bunch with their queen in the centre and keep themselves warm, as they

How Bees Winter

do when building comb. The queen does not lay until sometime in December, when a few eggs are laid to keep up the strength of the swarm. But certain activities must go on. Ventilation must be kept up and honey must be passed around. Bees do not eat all the honey they can during the winter, oh no! The honey is always at the edge of the cluster, and it is passed from bee to bee until each has had her share for the time. Those bees at the edge get cold and others take their places in turn. If the honey store is low, each bee has to be satisfied with less. However long and cold the winter, the honey is always measured out so that it will go as far as possible, though sometimes it is exhausted and the bees starve. The queen, of course, is kept alive to the very last."

Winter Economy

"When bees carry honey in the summer, do they eat it?"

"Well, now," said Uncle Tim, shifting his position a little, "that brings us to another field of observation—the anatomy of the bee. A bee is a most wonderfully constructed little creature. The nectar from the flowers is carried in a little bag that will hold about as much as might be contained inside a sweet pea. This little bag, or honey sac, as it is called, is so constructed that its contents can be disgorged through the stomach of the bee or discharged into the stomach if the bee chooses to eat. Pollen is carried in little baskets made of strong curved hairs on the hind legs, and the worker uses her legs to empty these pollen baskets. On her fore legs she has a strange little contrivance for cleaning her antennae—a sort of toilet set, so to speak.

The Anatomy of the Bee

"The antennae are organs of touch and smell, and perhaps the seat of another sense that men know very little about—a sense that enables a bee to calculate distances. In some mysterious way the antennae are also used in communication. A bee has two very large compound eyes, made up of thousands of smaller eyes. These compound eyes are used in the field. Inside the hive the bee

The Bee's Organs of Sense

uses other eyes—three eyes in the front of her face specially constructed to enable her to see in the dark, as you might say. It is certain that bees hear, but men have been unable to locate the organs of hearing. The bee's tongue is a very complex organ, though not a tube as many people believe. It is constructed somewhat like a telescope of open folds of tissue. The jaws of bees are very strong, so strong that they use them for a great many purposes, even gnawing through wood with them. Bees breathe through little spiracles, or breathing holes in the side of the body.

"Each bee has four wings, so constructed and arranged that in flight the hind pair is hooked to the fore pair. The power is applied at the front of the fore pair, so that the wings move with a kind of a wavy motion, always inclined at the proper angle whether rising or falling. The abdomen of the bee is attached to the thorax by a very slender 'waist,' not to use a big word in describing it, and this contains powerful muscles which enable the bee to use her abdomen as a sort of rudder to guide her in flight. The abdomen hangs downward while the bee is flying.

The Bee's Wings

"The sting is not, as is generally supposed, formed like a needle. It is very complicated in construction, and is made principally of tiny barbed blades which work alternately, thus burying the sting more and more deeply, even after it has been torn from the body of the bee. The poison sac contains a small drop of beautifully clear liquor, very sour to the taste. When a worker loses her sting, as she ordinarily does in stinging a person, she nearly always dies. One should never pinch a bee's sting in removing it from the flesh, for that squeezes more of the poison into the wound; one should scrape it off. I might go on and tell you more about the anatomy of the bee, especially some of the peculiarities of the queen or the drones, but I shall not. I have told you enough to show you that they are not such ordinary little folk as you thought."

The Bee's Sting

"Now tell us about how you handle the bees. Don't they ever sting you?"

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Uncle Tim, with a gesture of helplessness, "that would take as long as it has taken me to tell you even the little that I have told you, and I fear it would not mean much to you, for it is a whole science—yes, and an art—in itself. Beekeeping is perhaps one of the very oldest of the crafts. The ancient Egyptians had apiaries on boats on the Nile that floated up and down the river with the seasons. The bee figures very prominently in their system of writing. They chose it as a royal symbol.

Beekeeping a Very Old Craft

"Until the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries honey was almost the only sweet food known to man. I might talk for an hour, just telling you of honey alone and how it has figured in the lives and literature of all nations. I might tell you of the wonderful way in which modern beekeepers handle and market their honey, how bees-wax is rendered and made ready for use, how bee poison is extracted, and a score of other things; but I meant only to tell you a little about the bees themselves, so that you will regard them differently hereafter.

"Remember, when you see a honey bee, that she is a citizen of a republic—a city-state—and that she owes her present state of civilization to long centuries of evolution and changing conditions, just as we owe ours to the same things. I might tell you, too, how men are able to give evidence that this is a fact, but that would perhaps not interest you so much. I would have to tell you about other kinds of bees.

Uncle Tim Clinches His Argument

"But," concluded Uncle Tim, putting a great deal of emphasis upon the word, "remember this: The bee is only one of the creatures of the great out-of-doors; and if you have found this one creature to be so marvelously interesting, is it not possible that other creatures would repay a careful study?"

There was a silence. One of the boys was examining

a piece of honeycomb. The girls were gazing intently at the front of the hive. A few bees were sipping at a drop of honey on the corner of the tray.

"Don't you think so?" interrogated Uncle Tim.

"You know, Uncle Tim, we have a Bird and Beast Club and we are studying birds this summer. We get up, oh, ever so early to hear the birds sing, and the boys made birdhouses." Lucille had to stop for want of breath.

"Is that so?" Uncle Tim ejaculated. "Well, that's fine. Perhaps you would like to study bees next. I'll invite the club right now to come out and visit my hives whenever they like. In fact, you have a standing invitation. I'll send you word when the bees swarm or anything particularly interesting is about to happen in the hive. Don't you think you can learn a great deal from the bees?"

Uncle Tim's Invitation

And an enthusiastic chorus gave assent.

APPENDIX

MORE OUTDOOR GAMES

ARROW CHASE: The players choose sides. One side chases and the other is chased, the object of the chasers being to overtake the members of the other party before they have returned to the starting-point.

At the starting-place the members of the pursuing party count two thousand in order to give the others a full start. Each member of the running party is provided with a piece of chalk with which arrows are chalked at intervals of ten or fifteen feet along the path, showing the direction taken by the runners. The pursuers, following the course of the runners as indicated by these arrows, attempt to overtake the runners before they have completed their course back to the starting-point.

Arrows Chalked by Runners

The arrows must always be chalked in plain sight, though not necessarily from the point of view of the course taken. Posts, stones, fences, walks, etc., afford convenient places. The game is best adapted to surroundings where the runners may easily conceal themselves from the pursuers by doubling back on their course, passing behind buildings, etc., as in a village.

BALL STAND: This game is played with a tennis ball. One player is chosen as thrower. At the beginning of the game the players stand in a row about twenty feet from the wall of a building, while the thrower tosses the ball against the wall or upon the roof so that it will bound or roll back. The thrower, as he throws the ball, calls the name of one of the players who must attempt to catch the ball before it reaches the ground. In the meantime all the other players run as far away as pos-

Played with a Tennis Ball

sible. If the ball is caught the players return and the thrower throws it again, and calls upon some other player to catch it.

But if the ball is not caught by the player called upon, he calls out, "Stand!" whereupon the other players stop wherever they may be. He now throws the ball at one of the players. If this player is hit he announces the fact by calling out, "Hit!" and becomes, in turn, the ball man. The players continue their flight until he calls, "Stand!" which he does as soon as he has recovered the ball. If the ball man fails to hit a player all players return to the starting-place, where he becomes thrower for a new game.

The Ball Man

Barley Break: The players choose partners. A barley field, about two rods square, is marked off, and on either side of it a similar field; so that the ground needed for the game is a long rectangular strip divided into three parts, the middle one of which is the barley field.

One couple, with linked arms, takes the barley field, and the others, who need not link arms, take the other fields. The couples from the end fields now advance, one at a time or in pairs, into the barley field and trample the barley by dancing around as much as they can without being caught, in the meantime taunting the couple with linked arms by calling, "Barley break! Barley break!" When one of the trespassers is caught he must remain inactive in the barley field until his partner is caught, when the captured couple take their place as keepers of the barley field while the others all return to their fields.

Keeping the Barley Field

The game is made more interesting if no attempt is made to catch the two members of the same couple in succession. The couple with linked arms must not step outside of the boundary of the barley field; neither may the trespassers take refuge in the field opposite their own. If so desired the fields may be made larger and more than one couple put in the barley field.

Bound Ball: This game is played on a court measuring about fifty feet in length and twenty-five in width. This court is divided into two smaller courts by a line drawn across the centre. The players, in two equal parties, occupy these courts without reference to order.

At the beginning of the game a tennis ball is thrown by any player to the players on the other court. The player who catches the ball becomes first server. Other players serve in turn. The ball is served by bounding it once and then striking it with the palm of the hand so that it will fall into the opposite court. If it fails to rebound in that court the server is given a second trial. When the server's side has scored five the ball goes to the opposite side.

Using the Palm of the Hand

The score is made upon the failures of the opposing side. One point is scored for failure to return a good serve or a good play; one point for failure to bound the ball in serving; and one point for failure to bound the ball by striking it from above with the open hand.

After a ball is served it may be bounded any number of times to keep it in play or to get it into a good position to be sent into the opponents' court. Any player may play the ball after it has once been served. If the ball at any time fails to bound it is returned to the server, or if it bounds or is struck out of the court and does not bound back, it is returned to the server.

Bull in the Ring: The players form a circle with hands firmly clasped. One player is the bull and takes his place in the centre. He tries to break through the circle by darting under or parting the hands of any two players, and if he succeeds those players give chase to him and the one who catches him becomes the bull.

The Bull Tries to Break Through

Catch of Fish: The players choose sides. Those of one side are the fish and those of the other form the net by clasping hands in one long line. The playground is the stream. The object of the game on the part of the fish is to swim across without being caught in the net.

The players take their places at opposite ends of the playground behind lines drawn to represent the edge of the stream. At a given signal they advance to the centre. The fish try to escape by dodging around the ends of the net. If any fish are caught by the closing in of the net around them, they may not attempt escape by breaking through, but only by passing out through the opening where the two ends meet. Should the net accidentally break at any point, the fish escape, each side returns to the goal, and the game begins again. Any fish caught in the net are out of the game until all the fish have been caught.

Keeping Out of the Net

After the net has made one catch those players forming the net become fish, and the fish that are left form a new net for the next catch. When all on one side are caught the game begins again.

The game may be varied for a large number of players by having two small nets instead of one large one.

Chickidy Hand: Each player clasps the fingers of his hands together. One player, with hands similarly clasped, is "It." At the beginning of the game the players crowd around "It," touching him with their clasped hands, while he counts ten, whereupon all the players run away from him.

The player who is "It" now attempts to tag any of the other players. As the players are tagged, one by one, they unclasp their hands and form a line with "It" at the head, who is still the only player who can tag the others. The members of the tagging line help to pursue and round up the free players for "It" to tag, while the free players attempt to break through the tagging line. If the tagging line is broken it loses one member—the one of the two players (whose hands were parted) who occupied the place toward the head of the line. A free player may not be tagged after he has touched a pair of hands that he is trying to part.

A Good Game of Tag

The contest thus continues between the tagging line

and the free players until the last free player is caught and becomes "It" for the next game.

Cross Tag: One player is "It." He gives chase to another player with the intention of tagging him, but continues pursuing that particular player only so long as a third player does not run between them. When the line of his pursuit is crossed by a third player the former object of pursuit is abandoned and the third player becomes the fugitive. Thus the game continues, the player that is pursued being always the one who last crossed between "It" and the former object of pursuit. When a player is tagged he becomes "It" in turn. The free players may do all they can to hinder the one who is "It" from tagging the player he is pursuing, taking care, of course, that they are not made to cross between the two.

Crossing Between "It" and the Player Pursued

Dodgeball: The players are divided into two equal groups. One group forms a large circle and the other occupies the space inside. The players forming the circle attempt to hit the players within the circle with a ball. A player so hit joins the players forming the circle. The last player to remain within the circle is the winner.

The players inside of the circle may dodge the ball in any manner possible, but may not leave the circle in doing so. Should two players be hit by one throw of the ball, only the first joins the circle. Sides change places for the next game. The ball is recovered from within the circle by an outside player, or tossed out by a player from within.

Every Man in His Own Den: Each player selects for himself a den—a post, a tree, a stone, the corner of a building, or any such point. The object of each player is to make captives of the others by tagging them. A player tagged joins his captor in tagging others, and thus the players gather themselves into little groups. That player wins whose side captures all of the others.

A Novel Tag Game

A player may tag only one opponent at a time, returning to his den with each captive. A player is liable to be tagged

only by those who have issued from their dens after he has left his, those who have left before being the object of his pursuit. At any time a player may return to his den and venture forth again, thus gaining the advantage over all others who happen to be out at the time.

FORTRESS: The players choose sides and each side has a general. Each side has also a prison for captives, that of the defenders being within the fortress and that of the besiegers being at some point without the fortress. The fortress itself is marked on the ground in the shape of a large square or oblong, the size depending upon the number of players, though it should be at least two rods by three in dimensions. Five feet inside the fortress boundary is a line and five feet outside the boundary a line, these lines marking the limits for making prisoners. The object of the game is to make prisoners of all the players of the opposite side.

A Fine Drill for Young Soldiers

At the beginning of the game the defenders are scattered about within the fortress and the besiegers are scattered about at a distance on the outside, each party under the command of its general. At a signal from their general, the besiegers attack the fortress, either singly or in a body, with a rush or with deliberation, as the general decides. Should one besieger succeed in getting inside of the inner guard line of the fortress without being touched by a defender, the fortress is won by the besiegers, and a new game begins, the sides changing places.

The besiegers may take players of the opposite side prisoners by pushing, pulling or carrying them outside of the outer guard line; while the defenders take their prisoners by getting them across the inner guard line. Players must all remain upright in the combat, wrestling or dragging on the ground not being allowed. The prisoners, as soon as taken, are put in the prison of the side taking them, where they remain unless exchanged by the general for prisoners of the opposite side.

Players Must Remain Upright

The besieging general may withdraw his forces at any

time for rest or for conference, and either general may run up a flag of truce at any time for a similar purpose. At such times the generals may arrange for an exchange of prisoners.

The game may be more interesting if one or more sides of the fortress be enclosed by a fence, in which case the guard line is drawn inside the fence. The attacking party should exercise all ingenuity possible in the way of dashes, surprise attacks, feigned attacks, etc.

Hound and Rabbit: One player is chosen for hound. Other players form trees by standing in groups of three with their arms on each other's shoulders. Still other players, in number one more than the number of trees, are the rabbits.

Rabbits Take Refuge in Trees

The hound chases the odd rabbit, who may take refuge in any tree. Since no tree may shelter more than one rabbit at a time, as soon as the odd rabbit enters a tree the rabbit already there must run to another tree. A rabbit enters or leaves a tree by going in or out under the arms of the players forming the tree.

If, at any time, the hound finds an empty tree he may enter it and thus become a rabbit while the odd rabbit becomes hound. Whenever the hound catches a rabbit he becomes rabbit and that rabbit becomes hound.

Japanese Tag: The player who is "It" chases and attempts to tag any of the other players. A player tagged must place his left hand upon the spot touched, and in this position chase the other players. Each player tagged becomes chaser, and must remain in the position above described, with his left hand upon the spot touched, until he has tagged someone else.

A Novel Way to Tag

Pom Pom Pullaway: Two bases are chosen about forty feet apart, or farther, if the number of players is great. One player, who is "It," stands midway between the bases; the others occupy the space back of one of the bases. The player in the centre calls the name of one of the others and then adds the following call:

"Pom Pom Pullaway!
Come away, or I'll fetch you away!"

The player so called must run across to the opposite side, while the player who called tries to catch him before he accomplishes this. If he is caught he joins the player who is "It" and another name is called—the player who was originally "It" being the only caller throughout the game. If the player called reaches the opposite side in safety, he remains there while all of his comrades attempt to cross over. Those caught in the passage join the player who is "It" and help to catch others thereafter. When all of the players not caught have reached the other side, the same play is repeated and they attempt to cross back again. The first player caught in a game is "It" for the next game.

The Best of Running Games

Robbers and Soldiers: Some of the players are robbers and others are soldiers, there being about five of the latter to one of the former. The robbers choose a captain and the soldiers a general. A place is chosen as the prison. The general appoints a guard to watch the prison.

At the beginning of the game all stand at the prison. The robbers are given five or ten minutes' start, after which the soldiers pursue and attempt to catch them, making the start at a word from the general. The robbers attempt to hide so that the soldiers may not find them, and attempt to escape when found, resisting capture or escaping from the prison if not prevented by the guard. The game is won when all of the robbers have been made prisoners.

A Good Game for the Woods

The game is best played in the woods or in any place affording ample opportunity for the robbers to hide. The larger and stronger players should be chosen for the robbers, and the resistance they offer should require a number of soldiers to overcome. The soldiers may aid one another in the search by using a code of signals, by

forming a circle and closing in on the robbers, or by any other device, while the robbers may use any ingenuity on their part to escape discovery or to resist capture.

Run, Sheep, Run: Two captains are chosen, who alternately choose players until all of the players have been divided into two parties. Lots are cast to determine which of the two parties will be the searching party and which the hiding party. The captain of the searching party remains at the goal until the captain of the hiding party returns and announces that his party are all hidden; when the search begins. The searchers follow the direction of their captain, who may order his searchers as he sees fit. The captain of the hiding party, having previously arranged with his party a code of signals and having directed his party how and where to hide, accompanies the searchers and does all he can to aid his party to approach nearer and nearer to the goal without being seen by the searchers. The signals used by the captain of the hiding party to warn his men may be somewhat after the order of the following:

Two Captains

"Five!"—Stay where you are; "Ten!"—Keep on in the same direction; "Fifteen!"—Go back; "Twenty!"—Go around to the left; "Twenty-five!"—Go around to the right; "Thirty!"—Look out for danger.

The Code

When the captain of the hiding party thinks that the proper time has come for his party to reach the goal he shouts, "Run, Sheep, Run!" The other captain, as a matter of course, immediately gives the same signal to his own party and the rush for the goal begins. The player first reaching the goal wins the game for his party. During the search, should any member of the searching party see a player of the hiding party, he should at once tell his captain, who will at once shout "Run, Sheep, Run!"

Stealing Sticks: Players are divided into two parties. A rectangular piece of ground is divided into halves, one side occupying each end. At the back of each half

(at the two ends of the rectangle) is a goal containing six sticks. The object of the game is to get all of the sticks belonging to the opposite side.

A player reaching the goal of the enemy without being caught may carry one stick back to his own goal without fear of being caught on the way back. If caught before reaching the enemy's goal he must remain a prisoner at the goal until touched by one of his own comrades. If a player has thus rescued one of his own side, neither may be caught while the return is being made to their own side. No sticks may be taken by a side when any of its players are prisoners, the rule being that prisoners are to be rescued first.

A Goal with Six Sticks

THROWING THE GOAL STICK: One player is "It" and one is stick-thrower. At the beginning of the game all players gather about the goal (which may be a tree, a post, or the corner of a building), while the stick-thrower throws a stick as far as he can. The moment the stick touches the ground all the players (including the stick-thrower), except the player who is "It," scatter and hide.

Before the player who is "It" may go out to search for any of the players who have hidden, he must first walk to the stick, pick it up, walk back to the goal with it and stand it up against the goal. Should he discover a hidden player he must run to the goal and count, "One, two, three for ——!" But should the player who was hidden reach the goal before the player who is "It," he is considered to have gotten in "free" and is out of the game.

A Stick-thrower and One Stick

Any player caught in the above described manner by the one who is "It" must remain a prisoner at the goal until freed. Prisoners are freed by any hidden player who reaches the goal undiscovered by the one who is "It." A player so reaching the goal takes the stick and throws it as far as he can, thus freeing all those who happen to be prisoners. These prisoners now hide again,

while the player who is "It" must go to the goal, then walk to the stick, pick it up, walk back to the goal with it and stand it up again, when the game goes on as before.

The first one caught is "It" for the next game.

WOLF: A place is chosen as sheep pen. All of the players save one are sheep, with a leader. The remaining player is the wolf. At the beginning of the game the sheep and their leader remain at the pen with their eyes closed, while the leader counts one hundred to give the wolf time to hide. Then the sheep start out on a hunt for the wolf, always following their leader and looking for the wolf in the same place in which the leader looks.

Spying the Woolly Wolf

As soon as the wolf is discovered the leader calls:

"All my sheep
Gather in a heap,
For I spy the woolly, woolly wolf!"

The wolf must then jump toward the sheep (who are all gathered together and standing still) after which he may chase them. The sheep flee to the sheep pen. Any sheep caught on the way becomes a wolf, and joins the wolf the next time he hides. The game ends when all of the sheep have been caught by the wolves.

Should the wolf while hiding see the sheep before they see him, he may, if he thinks that he has the advantage over them in being able to reach the goal first so as to tag them as they come in, call out, "Stand your ground, three feet!" The sheep, upon hearing this, must stop at once, take three steps toward the wolf, and then stand until he jumps and the chase for the pen begins. When there is more than one wolf, the leader of the sheep brings his flock to a standstill as soon as he sees a single one of the wolves, and when the chase to the pen begins, all of the wolves pursue the sheep. The wolf may not make the jump toward the sheep until he has heard the word "wolf" at the end of the leader's call, and so the

The Chase to the Pen

leader may tantalize and confuse the wolf by substituting another word in place of the word "wolf," until he at last decides that the chase should begin and calls, "—— woolly, woolly wolf!"

Wolves and Hounds: Divide the company of players into two parts. There should be twice as many hounds as there are wolves. The hounds must be swift runners, the wolves must use strategy. The hounds are to pursue and overtake the wolves. The wolves are given a half-hour's start. They carry "scent" in the shape of tiny bits of paper which they strew along the trail as they flee from the hounds. They may double on their course, cross and re-cross, and use other artful means to confuse the pursuing hounds. The wolves must keep in the pack, but the hounds may spread out, always following the "scent." The hunting course should include a wide territory, the more hills, hollows and woods the better. A time limit may be set within which the hounds must run the wolves to cover and surround them, or, if they fail, victory will remain with the wolves.

The Hounds Follow the "Scent"